SCARRON'S

CITY

Romance,

Made English.

Horat. de Arte Poetica.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata
Dulcia sunto.

In the *SAVOY*,
Printed by *T. N.* for *H. Herringman* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange*. 1671.

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THE EPISTLE.

THough you neither buy nor read this Book but for your pleasure, yet, if it afford you nothing else, you may justly complain both of your loss of time and money, but I can assure you, it was not writ to delight alone, but chiefly to instruct: As some Physicians purge with agreeable Potions, so some pleasant Books give profitable Advertisements. Experience hath taught us the uselessness of Dogmatick Morals, and let good Maxims be never so often inculcated, they are

observed with no leſs difficulty, than attended to with impatience: but when we ſee Vice made ridiculous, we amend, leaſt we become objects of publick deriſion. The greateſt imputation againſt the Preſent I now make you, is, that it treats only of trifles, and directs in matters of the ſlighteſt conſideration. But let us recollect how many preach great Vertues and decry great Vices, and how few reprehend ordinary defects, by how much more frequent, by ſo much more dangerous, ſince becoming habitual, we ſcarce ever take notice of them. Do we not daily meet infinite numbers of fantaſtick brains? impertinent, covetous, and cavelling, he and ſhe buſie-bodies; yet who minds them of their follies, unleſs Comedy and Satyr, which leaving to Divines and Magiſtrates the care

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of opposing crimes employ themselves in correcting what is indecent and ridiculous; and these are no less necessary, and often more profitable, than all the other serious discourses. For, as many stand in no need of Professors of Philosophy that cannot be brought up without School-Masters, so we rather want Censors of small faults, to which we all are subject, then of those great ones to which only the corruptest are liable. The pleasure we take in rallying others, makes us swallow with delight such Physick as is wholsom to our selves; to which purpose Histories and Characters ought to be so suited to our Customs, that we may believe, we discern in them the persons we daily frequent. And, as an excellent Picture causes our admiration, though we have none for the person it represents; so, Fables

well written and under borrowed Titles, make greater impression on us than true Names and real Adventures; for, he that in presence of a crooked man fains to be crooked, gives him greater sense of his burthen than the sight of another that hath indeed the same deformity; and, the Story of Lucrece *which you will find in this Book, hath, as I am credibly informed, cured a considerable Maid of this Town of her love to a Lord, whose events in all probability must have been like the other.*

All the favour I desire is (since I have been so careful to acquaint you there is not any thing here but what is fabulous) that you do not vainly enquire after the person whose Portrait or History you imagine you have found out, to apply it to such a Gentleman, or such a Lady, un-

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der pretence of reſemblance of Name or Character. I am ſenſible enough that reading this Romance, your firſt buſineſs will be to ſeek a Key, which yet the mixture of the wards will render uſeleſs; and when you ſuppoſe you ſee the Picture of one, you will find the Adventures of another. A Painter that draws Faces, guided only by his fancy, ſhall accidentally give ſome of them Airs not unknown to us, though he deſignes only imaginary Hero's; *and you, when you diſcover in theſe figures the reſemblances of ſome of your acquaintance, will be too raſh, if you cry out this is he; rather be careful (here being* Idea's *of many Fools) that you lite not on your own Effigies.*

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THE CITY ROMANCE.

I Sing the Amours and Adventures of certain Citizens of *Paris* of both Sexes, and though it may ſeem ſtrange that I ſing having no Skill in Muſick; yet *Romances* being Poems in Proſe, I ſhould do ill by any other *Exordium* to deviate from the examples of my Maſters. For ſince old *Virgil* ſung *Æneas* and his Arms, and *Taſſo* of Poetical Memory diſtinguiſhed his Work into *Canto's*, their Succeſſors (not a jot better Muſicians than my ſelf) have ſtill repeated the ſame Tune, and begun with the ſame Note. But I will extend my imitation no farther, nor fall to invoke the Muſes,

as all Poets uſe at the beginning of their Work, thinking it ſo neceſſary that they adventure not on the leaſt Sonnet without a Prayer, to which their Deities are but ſeldom propitious. I will omit many other Poetical circumſtances, and not flea the Eel by beginning at the Tail; like thoſe that think to excel and ſurpriſe by ſuch a repreſenting an adventure. This uſually engages them in a confuſion, that ends not till ſome charitable Squire or Waiting Gentlewoman comes to illuſtrate what hath paſſed, by the diſcovery or ſurpriſal of what tends to underſtanding the Hiſtory.

Inſtead of deceiving you by ſuch vain ſubtleties, I will honeſtly and plainly tell you ſome little Tales or Gallantries happened amongſt Perſons that are neither Hero's nor Heroines, that neither defeat Armies nor ſubdue Kingdoms, but being honeſt People of an ordinary condition, fairly jogge on the High-way. Some of them ſhall be handſom, others ill-favoured, ſome wiſe, others fooliſh, and of theſe I think the greater number: Notwithſtanding which ſuch as conceive they are better qualified, may in them contemplate themſelves, and profit by examples of follies from which they judge they are the moſt remote. To avoid the over-worn paths which others have beaten, the Scene of my Romance ſhall be moveable, ſometimes in one Quarter of the Town, ſometimes in another. I will begin with that which hath moſt of the City commonly called *Place Maubert*.

An Author less faithful and more desirous to appear eloquent would be very loath to omit a magnificent description of this place. His *Encomium* should begin with its Name's Original, telling you it was made famous by that renowned Doctor *Albertus Magnus*, who taught there; that of old it was called, *The Place of Master Albert*, and by corruption of time, *Place Maubert*; and if he occasionally writ the Life of its renown'd Godfather, he was not the first that made a digression as far from the purpose. After this it should be stately built, more or less, according to the expence his fancy resolv'd on: the design of the Place Royal would not at all satisfie him, and it must be at least as fair as that where the Carrowsels had wont to be made in the Gallant and Romantick City of *Grenada*. Do not imagine he would describe it as really it is, a Triangular Place, encompast with mean houses for reception of Tradesmen, he would hang himself but he would make it a Square; and turn all the Stalls into Galleries or Porches, the Windows into Balconies, and Posts into Marble Pillars. But when he came to describe the Carmelites Church, Architecture should freely display it self, perhaps not a little to its prejudice, He would present you a Temple beautiful as *Diana's* of *Ephesus*, supported by 100 Corinthian Pillars, fill all the Niches with Statues made by *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*, and adorn them with Histories in Embossed Figures. The Altar should be Jasper or Porphyry, and if it came in his head the whole Edifice; for in the

Countrey of Romances, the precioufeſt Ston coſt no more than rubbiſh, Neither would h fail of bedecking this Deſcription with Metopes Trigliphes, Volutes, Stilobates, and other uncouth Terms he had found in the Tables of *Vitruvius* or *Vignoles*, ſo to perſwade many of his Skill in Architecture. This makes Authors ſo itch after ſuch Deſcriptions, that they omit no occaſion of making them, nay drag them in headlong, and to lodge ſome Vagabond or Pirat, that carries all he is worth about him, build a Pallace fairer than the *Louvre* or *Seraglio*.

Thanks to my ſincerity I am without any care of this, and though all theſe things might with little charge be afforded to ſet out the Stage, had rather preſent you this piece without pomp or ſplendor, and as was uſual of old with a ſimple Tapiſtry for all Ornament; ſo that I will not ſo much as give you the faſhion of the Church, though conſiderable enough, but leave ſuch as know it not, to go at their pleaſure to view it, or elſe build it in their imagination in ſuch a manner as beſt likes them. All that I think neceſſary to acquaint you with, is that it is the Center of the City Gallantry, and very much frequented, becauſe of the liberty allowed there. Hither about Noon come Bevies of Ladies, whoſe Mothers within ten years wore Chaperons, the certain Mark and diſtinction of Citizens; but theſe they have gradually ſo often pared, they are at laſt vaniſhed. I ſhall not need to tell you there come alſo Gallants of

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the ſame ſtamp, the conſequence is too natural; every one hath her Train of theſe, greater or leſſer, according as her Beauty or Fortune is attractive.

One ſolemn Holyday this Aſſembly was more numerous then uſually, and beſides the Devout, Lovers of Muſick were invited by a conſent of 24 Violins: others flocked to hear an Eloquent Preacher. This was an Abbot without any Abbey, that is, a Son of a good Family in Orders, one of which commonly carries that Title.

His Surplice was laced, neatly folded and ſtarched, his Beard turned up with Irons, his Hair very much frizled to appear the ſhorter, and he affected a kind of liſping, that his Tone might be more taking. He thought the Excellency of his Sermon was to be valued by the Price of the Pews, and he uſed all poſſible induſtry to invite Auditory, ſuch eſpecially as would come in Coaches. He ſent to all his Acquaintance to deſire their preſence, and diſperſed Tickets like the Players.

A fair Maid who was that day to be Collectreſs for the Poor, attracted many, and all Gallants that pretended to her favor, flocked thither expreſly to preſent her ſome conſiderable piece; this manner of Collecting being the touch-ſtone of Maids Beauties and Mens Affections: He that preſents moſt is thought to love moſt, and She that collects the greateſt Sum is held the faireſt; in ſo much that as formerly Gentlemen juſtified their Miſtriſſes Beauty with the

Lance in Reſt againſt all Oppoſers; ſo in later times the City proof is for the Miſtriſs to appear with a Baſon in her hand againſt all Rivals.

The Collectreſs was indeed fair, and had ſhe not been City born and bred, might have been very agreeable to a Man of Quality. Expect not yet that I give you her deſcription, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, for when I have told you ſhe was tall and ſlender, quick and rolling Eyes, flaxen Hair, naturally curled, and many other particulars of her Perſon, you will not for all that know her; nor that ſhe was perfectly beautiful: for ſhe might have had Warts, Puſhes, or Pockholes, witneſs many Hero's and Heroines handſom in Paper and masked in a Romance, that are very ill-favored in fleſh and blood. I could with greater eaſe have acquitted my ſelf of this, by giving you her Picture at the beginning of the Book, if the Stationer would have been at the charge, and it would have been no leſs neceſſary than the Figures of Battels, Temples, and Navies, that ſignifie nothing but to raiſe the price of Books; yet I blame them not, leſt I be taxed to reprehend that which is moſt valuable in our Modern Authors.

I return to my fair Collectreſs, and for her ſake paſs by (at leaſt till a fitter opportunity) all ſuch other Adventures as that day happened in the great Aſſembly of ſuch as were liſted under the Standard of Gallantry. This Maid was then in all her glory, bedecked to the utmoſt poſſibility, her Head dreſſed by a Waiting-Gentlewoman

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of the Neighbourhood, that had immediately learned of one that belonged to the Court. She had not only borrowed Jewels but a Lackey alſo that carried up her Train; and though this exceeded her quality, ſhe was glad to make uſe of the occaſion, to ſatisfie her vanity; nothing being liable to exception that is done to advantage the Church and Charity: ſhe was led by her Fathers Head-Clerk, as well for neceſſity as Oſtentation; for how could ſhe otherwiſe have traverſed the Church on Chairs and Benches? at leaſt without the activity of a Rope-Dancer.

All theſe Advantages tended well to the Churches profit, but before I leave her, I muſt needs acquaint you ſhe was very young, it being eſſential to the Hiſtory, as alſo that ſhe had much of innocence, good nature, or ſimplicity; which of theſe 3 excellent Qualities it was, I ſhall not point out, your ſelves may judge by the conſequents.

At this Solemnity was preſent an Amphibious Animal, that was in the Mornings an Advocate, and in the Afternoons a Courtier; in the Fore-noons he went in his Gown to the Hall, either to plead or liſten, and in the Evenings as fine as he knew how to make himſelf, courted Ladies. He was one of thoſe young Students that in ſpite of their Birth and Education, will paſs for Gallants; and when they fancy themſelves to be dreſt *a la mode*, and contemn or rally their Kindred, imagine they have acquired a degree of elevation above their equals.

You could not have known him after a change of habit; His Hair which he wore ſhort when he went a Mornings to the Hall, was in the Evenings covered with a fair Flaxen Periwig, moſt frequently viſited by a Comb that was oftner in his hand than his Pocket. His Hat bore ſo great reſpect to it, it durſt hardly touch it; His Head and Shoulders were alwayes well powdred, his Ribbons abundant, and his Linnen richly laced; but what moſt ſet him out, was, that he had luckily a Wart on his Cheek, that gave him an honeſt pretence to wear a Black Patch: in a word he was ſo fine, that a Countrey Gentleman would have made him his Pattern to dreſs by: but I did ill to ſay he was not then to be known, his Meen, Geſture, Countenance, and Diſcourſe ſufficiently diſcovered him; for theſe are not ſo eaſily ſhifted as Suits of Clothes, and his Grimaces and Affectations made evident that he imitated Courtiers onely in what they are defective and ridiculous. This may by the way be ſaid of all that imitate in what kind ſoever.

As ſoon as he caſt his Eyes on *Javota*, for that is the Name of the Charitable Collectreſs, he fell deſperately in love, which was not very extraordinary to him that was an univerſal Inamorado; yet at this time Love bent his Bow more ſtrongly, or drew his Arrow more home, ſo that it pierced his Heart beyond what was uſual. I cannot preciſely deſcribe the motions of his heart at the approach of this Beauty (for no body then felt his Pulſe) but this I can aſſure

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you, that that day he made a solemn Vow to serve her; for which immediately after a happy occasion presented. A little Clerk that sat near him, extreamly malicious and enraged against *Javota*, because she had taken the Key of the Wine Cellar from a Maid Servant that used to draw him Wine, observing how proud she seemed to have filled her Bason with Gold and Silver, drew a handful of Farthings from his Pocket, and with them bespattred her Bason, to affront her by covering over the Pieces she so much gloried in; the Collectress blushed, and with her Finger put aside as well as she could that Copper Mony, which for all her address appeared too plainly: Then *Nicodemus* (for so the new Inamorado was called) presenting her a Pistol, pretended to desire Silver for it, but he took nothing away but the Farthings; making her a free Present of the rest.

This new manner of Courtship was very well observed by *Javota*, rejoyced her heart, and perswaded her she had a real Obligation to him; on which accompt coming out of the Church, she suffered him to accost her with a Complement he had been studying all the time of the Sermon. The occasion was very favorable, for *Javota* never went abroad without her Mother, who kept her so reserv'd, she suffered her not to speak to a Man either at home or abroad; Access had not otherwise been very difficult to him, for as *Javota* was an Attorneys Daughter and *Nicodemus* an Advocate, their qualities had so neer an Affinity and Sympathy, that Familiarity

Familiarity was as easily made between them, as between a Chaplain and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

At his first coming up, as a most refined Complement, he told her, *Madam, With the advantages of so great Merit and Beauty, you must needs have made a happy Collection. Alas Sir,* answered *Javota*, with great simplicity, *Excuse me, I have been counting it with the Parson, and find but Sixty four Livres five Sous, and Mistris* Henriette *a while ago gathered Fourscore; it is true indeed that she collected all the while the Prayers of* 40 *hours lasted, and in a Church where the beautifullest Paradice was exposed that hath yet been seen. When I speak of the good success of your Collection,* said *Nicodemus, I mean not only the Almes you have acquired for the poor of the Church, but the profit you have made to your self. Sir,* replied *Javota, I assure you I made not any, there was not a Farthing more than I told you, can you imagine I would use deceit on such an occasion? I mean neither Gold nor Silver,* (replied *Nicodemus*) *but that all persons that gave you their Almes, at the same time presented their Hearts. I know not,* returned *Javota, what you mean by hearts, but I found not one in the Bason. I mean* (said *Nicodemus*) *that there was not any to whom you presented your self, that at the sight of so great Beauty, made not a Vow to love and serve you, on that account presenting you his heart: For what concerns my self, I found it impossible to refuse you mine. Javota* innocently replied, *Well Sir, If you gave it me, I immedi-*

immediately prayed God to restore it you. What, said *Nicodemus*, somewhat angry, *must I that am so serious, be rallied, and the most passionate of all your servants be used thus?* At this *Javota* blushing, answered, *Consider Sir what you say, I am an honest Maid, and have no Servants, my Mother hath forbid me to have any. I have not said any thing* (replied *Nicodemus*) *that can justly offend you, and my passion for you is pure and chaste, and tends to a legitimate pretence. By this Sir it seems you would marry me*, said *Javota, to which purpose you must apply your self to my Father and Mother; neither do I know what portion they will give me. We are not yet come so far* (quoth *Nicodemus*) *I must first have some testimony of your esteem, and know whether you accept of my service. Sir* (said *Javota*) *I can very well serve my self, and do all that is necessary to it.*

This City Reply disarmed our Gallant, who pretended to court in a lofty stile; and would certainly have been very prodigal of complements, had he met one that understood them. He was not a little surprized that at his first proffers of service, he was entertained as a serious Woer; but he had little reason, for it is the ordinary defect of Maids of this condition, to take a Man to be in love with them on the least expression of Civility; and as soon as in love, bound to go to the Parson and marry, or at least to be contracted before Friends. They understand not those secret and charming Intelligences, which pass part of our youth with so great delight, and

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are not inconſiſtent with the ſevereſt vertue: They are not ſollicitous to make a perfect diſcovery of the good or evil qualities of ſuch as offer their ſervice, nor know how on the foundations of eſteem to raiſe a Superſtructure of Love or Friendſhip. Their fear of living and dying Maids, makes them immediately graſp at what is ſubſtantial, and blindly catch at him that makes the firſt overture. And this is the cauſe of the great difference between Courtiers and Citizens; for the Gentry making an open Profeſſion of Gallantry, and uſed to the Converſe of Ladies from their Infancy, form a certain habit of Civility and Courtſhip that laſts all their lives: whereas the Vulgar never acquire that free and becoming Aire, nor ever ſtudy that Art of pleaſing, which cannot be learned but amongſt Ladies, nor till civilized by ſome tender paſſion. They make not love but by the by, and with conſtraint, aiming immediately at Marriage. Neither is it ſtrange that all the reſt of their lives they have a clowniſh and refractory humor, which is a burthen to their Family, and odious to all that frequent them. Our piece of a Courtier pretended to make love very formally, loath to omit any one of the Ceremonies he had learned in his Books; for he had commenced Maſter of Art in *Cyrus* and *Clelia*; he reſolved therefore to write Letters, give treats, and what is worſt of all make Verſes; but what poſſibility is there of playing a good ſet at Tennice with one that alwayes ſtrikes under Line.

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As ſoon as he had brought his Miſtriſs to her Door, with a low Curtſie ſhe took her leave, telling him ſhe muſt go and look after Houſhold Affairs, and that her Mother would chide, if ſhe ſaw her talking with Men; he was therefore forced to with-draw, though with reſolution ſpeedily to give her a Viſit. But it ſeemed very difficult to get entrance into the Houſe, for none was received that had not buſineſs, and they admitted no farther than the Attorneys ſtudy; for if any came to ask for *Javota*, the Mother immediately went to Door with *What buſineſs have you with my Daughter?* Neceſſity therefore obliged *Nicodemus* to ſeek acquaintance with *Vollichon Javota's* Father, which was not very difficult, he already knowing his Perſon, having ſeen him in the Court where he was Attorney, and where *Nicodemus* ſometime pleaded. He went therefore to him with pretence of conſulting about ſomething that was difficult in practice, and afterwards told him he ſhould be Attorney to one of his Clients, which though he performed, it brought him no farther than the Study: the Womens appartment being as inacceſſible to him as if it had been a *Seraglio*: he therefore beat his brains for ſome invention to get nearer, and at laſt pretended he had a Warren in the Countrey, from whence they ſent him excellent Rabbets, of which he would preſent *Vollichon* a Couple, and come and eat them with him; imagining that at leaſt at Dinner he ſhould have a ſight of the Mother and Daughter: he therefore cauſed

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a Couple to be bought at the Poulterers, but it was but Money thrown away, not because they were tame Rabbets (for the Attorney liked them well enough) but because they got him not a sight of his Mistriss, who that day dined not in publick; perhaps because not dress't, or employed about some Houshold Affair; he therefore designed yet farther, and agreed with *Vollichon* upon a Game at Bowls, which is the greatest kindness you can do an Attorney, and the most powerful Adamant to draw him out of his Study. This quickly made them great friends, which was very much forwarded by *Nicodemus* his suffering him to win his Money; the last Game was for a Capon to be immediately eaten at the Attorneys.

It was not till the fourth or fifth Capon, that *Nicodemus* had the pleasure of seeing his Mistriss at Table with him, and this lasted not long, for she came not till a good while after Dinner began, rose when the Cheese came, folding her Napkin, and carrying away her Trencher her self. Neither did she speak a word during the whole Meal, nor scarcely lift up her Eyes, with extraordinary modesty making appear that she knew how to practise all that is to be learned in the *Sententiæ Pueriles*. Immediately after she shut her self up in a Chamber with her Mother, to work on some Lace or Tapestry. In a word, there never was Maid with whom it was so difficult to enter into Conversation; for at home she was kept very strait, and abroad she never went without her Mother: so that had

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not the accident of the Collection given her a moments liberty, and to go home alone, *Nicodemus* had never met an opportunity of accosting her. His acquaintance with *Vollichon* was in a manner useless, yet it augmented daily, but to understand its foundations the better, it will not be amiss to give a Character of this Attorney.

He was a thick short fellow beginning to be grey, and of the same age with his Night-Cap, he had grown old with it under a greasie and flapping Hat, that had covered more Knaveries than could be contained in a hundred other Heads, and under a hundred other Night-Caps; for pettyfogging had seized on the Corps of this little man as the Devil does on one that is possest. But they were certainly much too blame that used to say the Devil would have him; they ought rather to have called him *Damning* than *Damned*; since he effectually either damned or undid all he had to do with, whether his Clients or adverse Parties. His mouth was wide, no little advantage to one that gets his living by bawling, and whose best quality is to have able Lungs; his Eyes were penetrating, and his Ear so quick, it could distinguish the chinking of Ten Groats Five hundred Paces off; he had a most nimble wit, alwayes provided he imploied it not in what was honest. None was ever more assiduous, not to serve but rob his Clients. He looked on other mens Estates as Cats on a Bird in a Cage, when dancing about it, they watch how they may lay their Paws upon

upon it. He yet ſometimes ſeemed very generous, and if he met a poor man ignorant of buſineſs, would cry out aloud he would draw his Declaration *gratis*, but before he obtained any effect of it, he was ſure to pay double. He had a natural antipathy againſt the truth, ſo that never any, though to his advantage, durſt come near him, for fear of being contradicted.

You may eaſily judge that with theſe rare Endowments he could not fail of becomming rich, and withal infamous, which cauſed a wit once to ſay very pertinently, *That all he had was unjuſtly gotten, his reputation excepted.* This he himſelf would ſometimes agree to; but with aſſurance that he was very much altered, and to invite *Nicodemus* to walk in the paths of Vertue, he once told him that in the one year he had lived honeſtly he got more than in ten others when he played the Knave; and perhaps he might truly enough ſay this, for the Fines with which ſome of his Cheats had been puniſhed, coſt him very dear.

You ſee here what *Vollichon* was, who came at laſt to be ſo decryed, the Hangman himſelf whoſe Attorney he had been, renounced him as unworthy to ſerve him; Judge now whether *Nicodemus*, that was not very avaritious, but extreamly amorous, might not eaſily gain the good opinion of one ſo greedy; he pleaded his Cauſes for little or nothing, accepting a ſmall yearly Stipend; he preſented, treated, and uſed all endeavors to gain his Friendſhip; but one particular humor rendred them

them inſeparable, which was, that *Nicodemus* was a great Speaker of Sentences, high and lofty expreſsions, and *Vollichon* no leſs of Proverbs and Clinches, and in theſe applauding one another, their Converſation was very divertive.

But although this great acquaintance began to give *Nicodemus* free acceſs to the Houſe, it ſignified little towards entertaining *Javota*, for as ſoon as he appeared, ſhe either went into another Chamber, or if ſhe ſtayed, ſpoke not one word, ſo reſpective ſhe was in her Mothers preſence; who never was from her. He was forced therefore to declare himſelf a Suitor, that he might get opportunity to ſpeak to her with freedom. He was not a little encouraged to pretend to make her his Wife, becauſe an Attorneys Daughter is a very ſuitable match for an Advocate; for *Vollichon* was rich, and had very good practice, which might better be called his Trade, ſince he ſold his Clients. On the other ſide he would not have a Son in Law of any other Profeſsion. He cared not to have him handſom, neat, or gallant, provided he were induſtrious and thrifty; neither did he ſo highly value *Javota*'s beauties, as to expect by it to make her a Fortune; in this perhaps he was not without reaſon, and they that make a ſtate of it, are oftentimes deceived, and the fortunes Maids of this quality acquire by advantage of their beauty, uſually end in the proſecution of the Relations of the Youngman they have inveigled, and a Divorce themſelves ſue for,

when they find they are married to a ruined Coxcomb.

This favorable inclination cauſed *Nicodemus* (importuned alſo by his love) to make a free declaration to *Javota's* Father, and a preciſe demand of Marriage; who receiving the propoſal with all the civility a man of his humor was capable, made an exact inquiry into *Nicodemus* his Eſtate, whether it were not incumbred, and if he were free from Debts and Diſeaſes. All the apparent difficulty was, that the Bridegroom was too handſom, too ſpruce and courtly; for to ſay truth, that which pleaſeth people of faſhion, thwarts moſt theſe Graybeards. He ſaid the time that was ſpent in ſo neat dreſſing was loſt, and might be better imployed in engroſſing, and that ſuch a Suit of Cloths coſt Twenty Fees: Notwithſtanding all which, the good opinion he had entertained of *Nicodemus*, effaced the diſlikes, and becoming indulgent in what concerned him, he ſaid, *That Youth muſt have its Courſe, but ſuppoſing that extended no farther then to the getting a Wife, he doubted not in three Months to ſee him as very a ſloven as himſelf.*

At laſt having examined the Inventory and all the Evidences of his Eſtate, formed and diſputed all the Articles of Marriage, and ſigned the Contract, *Nicodemus* was permitted to viſit his Miſtriſs with a little more liberty, that is at the far end of the Chamber in her Mothers preſence, who was the while imployed at her Needle. But this laſted not long, for *Vollichon* cauſed

caused all things to be prepared to contract them, and withal the Bains to be asked in the Church.

I am afraid there is not any Reader (be he never so courteous) but will cry out here is a pitiful *Romancer*. This Story is neither long nor intricate, and a Wedding resolved already, which is not wont to be till the 10th Volume; but I beg his pardon for cutting short, and riding post to the conclusion, and think him not a little obliged to me for freeing him from the impatience that torments many Readers to see in Amorous History last so long, without being able to divine the conclusion; yet he may please to observe that many things fall between the Cup and Lip: and this Wedding is not in such forwardness as he imagines.

It is now in my power to form here a Heroine that shall be stollen away, as often as I have a mind to write Volumns: for it is a very ordinary misfortune to Hero's, when they think they have their Mistrisses in their Arms, to embrace only a Cloud, and feed themselves with wind like unhappy *Ixion*, whilst one of their Comrades carries her away in spite of their teeth.

But since I intend not here to make ostentation of deluding Scenes, and have promised you a true History, I will ingeniously confess, that this Wedding was prevented only by an opposal at asking the Bains, in name of a certain Maid called *Lucrece*, who pretended to have had a promise of Marriage from *Nicander*. This intirely lost him in the good opi-

nion of *Javota*'s Parents, who looked on him as debaucht, in such manner that they would no longer either see or suffer him. To tell you from whence this opposition proceeded (for which methinks you have a curiosity) we must go a little higher, and give you another History, but whilest I relate it, forget not that I have already told you; for you will hereafter have occasion for it.

The History of the

CITY LUCRECE

THis *Lucrece*, which I call of the *City*, to distinguish her from that *Roman* tha stabbed her self, and was of a very differen humor, was a tall handsom Maid, that want ed neither wit nor spirit, but abounded i vanity. 'Twas pity she had not been bred Court or amongst Persons of Quality, whic would have freed her from many affectation that wronged her good parts, and too clear made evident the place of her Education.

She was Daughter of a Register of the *Cha cery*, and left very young with little portion, the Conduct of an Aunt, an Advocates W of the Third Order, I mean that was neith eminent nor altogether without practic

This good man, more laborious than learned, was all day shut up in his Study, where he got his living by drawing Writings, but slightly paid for, and knew not all that passed in his House. His Wife was so good a huswife, she would have maundred two dayes for wasting a Candles end, or throwing away a Match before it had been lighted at both ends; but on the other side she was a great Gamester, frequenting the world, as she used to express it, though it was properly no more but to see many faces. After Dinner Cards and Tables were produced, and immediately a great many young people of all conditions, resorted thither more to see *Lucrece* than to divert Mrs Advocate. When she won, she affected to appear liberal, sending for a Tart and Puff-paste, which with some Sweet-Meats made in the House, gave a Treat to the Company.

This served instead of Supper to her self and Niece, and sometimes also to her Husband, though he never tasted it; for she forgot to provide for him, when she her self was not hungry. On this accompt she passed amongst the Neighbourhood for very splendid: her housekeeping was much cried up, and I heard a Clerks Wife that lived thereabouts, say in choler, *None it seems may pretend to Magnificence, but Mrs* Advocate.

Lucrece then was bred in a Family thus ordered, a dangerous Post for a Maid that is necessitous, and on that account obliged to suffer all sort of Gallants. Her heart must have been

froſt-nailed to have gone firm in ſo ſlippery a road. All her fortune was built on the Charms and Conqueſts of her Eyes, a very ſlender and feeble foundation, that ſeems only to make old Maids, and to marry them by a Suit in the Arches.

She yet carried the Garb of one of Quality, though as I have ſaid, her portion was little or rather nothing at all; and ſhe was reported to have Fifteen thouſand Crowns.

On which ſuppoſition though falſe *Lucrece* built high expectations, and if an Advocate were propounded as a Husband for her, *Fie*, ſhe would cry out, *I hate theſe Gown and Pen and Ink-horn Men.* She pretended to a Knight or at leaſt an Eſquire, and her Charms drew many Servants, for a Houſe that keeps an honourable Academy of Gaming, keeps one alſo of Love, which is at firſt very honeſt, but afterwards no more than needs muſt; this puts me in mind of what was once ſaid by a good fellow, *That to do ſo, is little leſs than to hang out a Buſh to publiſh there is ſome excellent piece ready to be ſet abroach.*

They came, as I told you, more to ſee *Lucrece* than to play, yet there was a neceſſity of playing, that they might ſee her. Some having played a while, gave their Cards to another to hold, whileſt they courted her; others went her Aunts halves; ſhe alſo went halves with ſome others that engaged to play: but having put her forces in order, ſhe went up and down the Hall entertaining the Company, and knew ſo well how

how to content them all; by affording each a ſhare of her Converſation, that you would have thought ſhe had regulated her diſcourſe by the Hour-Glaſs.

She made no ſmall profit by play, having her ſhare of what was won, but never participating in any loſs. Nothing pleaſed her ſo much as when certain Coxcombs fell into her hands, that think it an excellent Complement to let Ladies win their Money: by ſuch an honourable way to poſſeſs them of the Preſents they intend to make them. This was a great miſtake of old, with which (thanks be to heaven) Courtiers and Gallants are now no more abuſed. It is true that crafty Wenches are very well pleaſed to win at play, but looking on that effect which they attribute to their own skill or good fortune as Conqueſt, they do not think themſelves in the leaſt obliged to the poor Fool that loſeth his money, but call him their Cully, and never give him over till they have plucked his laſt feather; and it is then too late to go to work with ſome other Gallantry; for they never eſteem a man that hath played the Fool, though to their advantage. And indeed to what purpoſe ſo much Ceremony? is it not better to play ones beſt, and neither excuſe nor over-ſee any thing; and if we be minded to preſent them, do it without circumſtance or diſguiſe. Do any of them refuſe or ſend back what is preſented them, this may poſſibly have been done in the dayes of old when they knew not how to live; but if we improve at the rate we have done

lately, for my part I bylieve we ſhall ere long make direct bargains, and ſay I ſend you ſuch a preſent for ſuch a favour, and demand ſecurity; for to ſpeak ſeriouſly Women are deceitful. But while I talk of Gaming, I have almoſt forgot *Lucrece*, who above all other Gallants loved thoſe that uſed to play for diſcretions; for if ſhe loſt, ſhe paid with ſome ribbon, and if ſhe won, expected Jewels. She was clothed with nothing elſe but the good fortune of Play, or folly of her Servants. The Silk Stockings on her Legs were a diſcretion, her Ribbon and Gloves another diſcretion; her Whiske of *Point de Gennes* another.

In a word, from head to foot ſhe was all diſcretion. But ſhe played ſo long for diſcretions, that at laſt ſhe loſt her own, as you will hear anon: I give you notice betimes, becauſe I deſign nor to ſurprize you, as ſome malicious Authors are wont to do, who aime at nothing elſe.

Amongſt the many Lovers, whoſe youthful fervor adored *Lucrece*, was a young Lord, but to ſay *Lord* ſignifies little, without adding 40, 50, or 60 thouſand Livres a year; for there are ſo many of theſe of late Editions, and Forreign and Exotick Impreſſion, that they are little conſiderable, unleſs with their Lordſhips they make us acquainted with their Revenue, as one did that ſtyled himſelf Lord of Twenty hundred thouſand Crowns. This never yet gave in any accompt, but he lived high, with daily change of Clothes, Feathers, and Ribbons, which in

Paris

Paris are commouly the beſt teſtimonies of Perſons of Quality, though to ſpeak ſeriouſly, not a little deceitful. He had ſeen *Lucrece* in the Church, I had almoſt ſaid that I have deſcribed, whither he went on the Solemn Day I told you of, on what account I know not, but certainly on any, rather than to ſay his Prayers. As ſoon as he ſaw her he was charmed, and as ſoon as ſhe went out, ſent his Page to enquire after her, but before his Pages return he was made acquainted with all by the Sexton, that drives away Dogs and lets Pews; but makes greater profit by underſtanding the Intrigues of all the Women of the Pariſh, than by both the other Trades. A Half Crown Piece therefore got my Lord the Name, Dwelling, and Quality of *Lucrece*, with her Aunts, and their uſual imployments, and Names of the moſt of thoſe that frequented them; with many other particulars, that could not have been learned of a private Family without much time; which makes appear that ſuch as are ſo governed, begin to be publick. Being very diſcreet, he ſtudied how to find ſome body to introduce him, for want of which, he reſolved to make uſe of the pretence of Play, the great Paſſpartout that admits into ſuch Companies. But as it fell out, he ſtood in need of none of theſe, for paſſing next day in his Coach through the Street where *Lucrece* dwelt, he perceived her at the door, whither her impatience to have received no Viſit, drew her: and as ſhe heard the noiſe of a Coach, ſhe turned her head that way, thinking it was

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ſome body coming to her. The Lord placed himſelf in the Boot, the more conveniently to ſalute and enter diſcourſe with her.; and an unfortunate accident was but too favorable: an Oſtlers Boy galloping a Horſe that he pricked with a ruſty Spur faſtened to his left Shoe, the Street being narrow and the Kennel broad, covered the Coach, the Lord and Lady with dirt. The Lord was about to ſwear, but reſpect of the fair Sex reſtrained him; he would have ſent after, but the Trooper was ſo well mounted they could do him no hurt, unleſs they ſhot him flying: he therefore alighted all dirty as he was, to comfort *Lucrece*, and at his firſt approach told her, *Madam, I have been puniſhed for my temerity in approaching too near to behold you, but I am not ſo much troubled to ſee my ſelf in this condition, as that you partake of this dirty preſent.* *Lucrece* out of countenance to ſee her ſelf ſo accoutred, or perhaps becauſe ſhe had no Complement ready on ſo unexpected an accident, could ſay no more, but civilly offer him the Hall to make himſelf clean, or tarry in while he ſent for ſhift, and then took her leave and went to change her own Linnen; ſhe quickly returned with other Clothes, and it was occaſion of no little pride to a perſon of her condition, to make appear ſhe had variety, and could ſo ſuddenly produce a Whiske of Point of *Sedan* inſtead of that of *Genoua* ſhe left off.

The firſt thing the Lord did, was to ſend his Page home in all haſte, to bring him another Suit and other Linnen, hoping they would let him

him have ſome Chamber where he might ſhift himſelf. But the Page comes back ſweating, to tell him that his *Valet de Chambre* had carried away the Key of the Wardrobe, and that after he had dreſſed his Lord a Mornings, he uſed not to return till Night, as thoſe Loiterers uſe to do, whoſe Maſters leave them to drink and play, for want of other buſineſs; imagining it would derogate from their greatneſs to imploy a Servant in more than one Office. He had therefore no remedy but patience, which could not yet prevent him from condemning his little fore-ſight, that he had not taken along in his Coach in a Band-Box another Suit of Linnen, ſince his Coachman was ſo provident to carry Hammer and Nails, to faſten his Horſe-ſhoes or mend any thing that might be broken about the Wheel. But he could do no more at that time than place himſelf in the darkeſt corner of the Hall, and againſt the light to conceal his wounds as well as was poſſible. He hath ſworn ſince (though that is not it that obliges us to believe him, for he ſometimes ſwore vainly enough; but I have met ſome Profeſſors of Gallantry that told me it was very poſſible) that amongſt all his amorous Adventures, he never ſuffered greater vexation nor more bitter reſentment, then to be fain to appear in ſo bad a poſture the firſt time he ſaw his Miſtriſs. Notwithſtanding the violence of his love often preſſed him to declare his paſſion, and that he found favorable occaſions for it, he put up all his Complements, and imagining the ſpots on his Clothes were ſtains to his honour, became extreamly mortified;

fied; like a Peacock that looking on his feet, immediately lets fall his Train.

To increase his misfortune, he was no sooner seated, but there came in a great many Maids of *Lucrece* Neighbourhood, of whom some were her friends, others not; for all flocked thither as to a General Rendezvous of Gallantry, there to seek Husbands, as others go to the *Intelligence Office* to enquire for Lackeys or *Valets de Chambre's*; some sat down to Cards with young Men that were newly come in, others prated with *Lucrece*.

Not knowing the Lord, they took him for some pitiful Countrey Gentleman, and so used him, for City Dames as well as Court Ladies, have got the trick of rallying these; and here they failed not to give every one her Attaque. *It must be confessed*, says one, *this Gentleman is very well drest to day, for he wants no Blackpatches*; *But*, said another, *is it the fashion to wear them upon Linnen*; the third added, *Though possibly he forgot to take Holy Water this Morning, somebody hath had the charity to besprinkle him:* and the last, a bold Gossip, replied, *Alas, all this will be nothing but a little dust at Midsummer.*

The Lord at first suffered all these wipes, which are very common ones, with a great deal of patience, and pressed by conscience of his guilt, durst not justifie himself against an accusation that so evidently convinced him. But they at last provoked him so far, he could not avoid a Reply. *I perceive well* (Ladies) said he, *you will put a necessity upon me of defending Slovens, but I know not how I shall acquit my self in it,*

it, having hitherto very little meditated on that subject, because I thought I should never have occasion for it on my own account, nor had not, but for the misfortune lately happened to me. You will be the less partial (replied *Lucrece*) *if you have so little interest in the Cause, and oblige a great many persons, if you plead it well. I am not of a Profession,* said the Lord, *to plead or make Apologies, but such an occasion presenting for it, I must tell you that I think it very strange that in most companies men are neither respected nor scarcely suffered, unless all about them be curious and proper even to excess; nay sometimes unless rich and magnificent. Mens merits are not at all examined, and judgement is made of them only by their outsides, and by qualifications that may at all times be taken up at the Mercers and Lacemen. This is very true,* said one, *and* Paris *is so full of dirt it is impossible to escape it.*

I have to day found by experience (said the Lord) *that it is hard to do so, since my Coach could not secure me; and I must needs approve of their opinion, that maintain that such as are curious, ought to use Sedans. The old Proverb, which to express one that is so, says he,* Looks as if he came out of a Box, *is now a-days verified; and perhaps gave occasion for these portable Boxes.*

But, said the City Dame (again interrupting him) *every one cannot pay for them, the Porters exact and are too chargeable. Once when it rained I would have been carried to* Nostre Dame, *and they asked a Crown. It is true,* said the Lord,

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their charge is great, and cannot be born by such as are in low or mean conditions, as most persons of merit are; who by reason of this are confined to the Visits of their Neighbours only, as in little Cities, and cannot enjoy the advantages Paris *would otherwise afford them; for here we might select a handsome society of the best qualified persons, did not chance and business scatter them into several very distant Quarters.*

It is not long since a Gallant made me a very pleasant complaint on such an accident, He went, he said, *from the* Fauxbourgs St. Germain, *intending for the* Marais de Temple, *with pure Linnen and a neat Suit, his Galloches very streight and the day fair; he most successfully saved himself from dirt by the favor of Shops and Alleys, into which he very judiciously retreated at the least noise of Horse or Coach At last; thanks to his adress, and the many compasses he had taken to pick out the fairest way, he came near the desired Haven, when a poor Ass, that went modestly enough his grand Paw, and probably meant no mischief, set his foot in a hole, and almost the only hole in the Street, and dashed him as plentifully as could have been done by the boundingst Horse that is ridden to the great Saddle; upon this he durst not continue his design, but lapping himself up in his Cloak, very discontentedly returned to his Lodging. Thus he was unfortunately bereaved of the pleasure he expected in his Visit, and they which were to receive it, of the satisfaction of his entertainment. This accident gave him such an aversion for remote Visits, that he hath lost all the acquaintnce*

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he had out of his own Quarter. Your friend (said *Lucrece*) *was a little too ſcrupulous, had he done well, he ſhould have thought it ſufficient at his firſt entrance to have made an excuſe in behalf of dirty Stockings, an invective againſt the Government of the City and the Scavenger, with a word of imprecation againſt the hypocritical Aſs, that was the occaſion of the ſcandal: This ſure had been ſufficient to have ſecured him againſt all reproach. Methinks* (interrupted *Hippolita* (who was a pretender to wit, and began the firſt raillery) *he did very diſcreetly to go back, elſe had any of my humor been in the company, he had certainly been attacqued. Why* (ſaid *Lucrece*) *was he in any fault? Have you not obſerved his many precautions? What ſhall his time and pains in ſheltring himſelf in ſo many Shops and Alleys ſignifie nothing? No*, ſaid *Hippolita*, *nothing, why did he not take a Sedan? You enquire not*, ſaid the Lord, *whether he had wherewithal to pay for one; but you are not ſingle in your humor, and I foreſee if the luxury of the times goes forward, ſome great Perſons, after the examples of thoſe that have founded Chairs for Profeſſors of* Divinity, Phyſick, *and* Mathematicks, *will charitably bequeath a Revenue to eſtabliſh Sedans to carry Gallants cleanlily unto their Miſtriſſes Alcoves, and in a condition to be admitted into good company. Such an Eſtabliſhment*, ſaid *Lucrece*, *would be admirable, and no leſs commendable than thoſe other for the encouragement of Learning, but it would coſt a great deal, becauſe of the many pretenders to Gallantry.*

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This Eſtabliſhment, replied the Lord, *will not be ſo ſoon made, and I rather wiſh than expect it for that Ladies ſake* (pointing to *Hippolita*, whoſe Name he knew not) *that ſhe may not meet any more ſuch diſ-ſatisfactions as at preſent.* The Lord ſeemed to ſpeak this with ſome animoſitie, vexed that ſhe had firſt began to rally him; and to be quit, added ſomewhat briskly, *I could yet allow Women of Quality, who have magnificent Apartments, and converſe with none but ſuch as are brave, thus difficultly to ſuffer other perſons, but I think it ſtrange that City Wives imitate them, they which go a Mornings to Market in liquord Shoes, wrapped up in their Scarfs, and on Houſhold occaſions admit high Shoes into their Chambers, to the no little pains of the Maids arm that rubs the floor; that theſe I ſay ſhould be nicer than all others is inſufferable.*

Certainly, ſaid Lucrece, *the Gentleman hath a great deal of reaſon, and for a Courtier admirably underſtands the people of the Town: I know ſome perſons (and they are not far off) very hard to be ſatisfied in this particular, and I think would better like a man that ſpoke ten impertinencies in their company, then that had the leaſt irregularity in his Clothes.*

But, ſaid *Hippolita*, *do you then approve of thoſe* Virtuoſo's, *that under pretence of internal Endowments, altogether neglect the exterior. For example we have in our Neighbourhood a Lawyer very rich and no leſs covetous, that wears a Night Cap down to his Chin, and, had he the Ears of* Midas, *deep enough to cover them; another that goes ever*

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in a thread-bare Cloak; would you excuse persons so sordid and extravagant, or deny good company the pleasure of laughing at them?

I do not, said the Lord, *think that any ever approved such affectations, but on the contrary look with contempt and indignation on all formal Pedants; whose Cloaths are as ridiculous as their Manners; we ought yet to be favorable to such Persons of Merit as employing themselves better, have not time to think of dressing; not that I would excuse those that out of avarice or negligence go still in a posture like enough to make those sick that look upon them; these are extremities equally blameable: but how many are there that notwithstanding their care in dressing and concealing their poverty, cannot prevent its appearing in some flapping Hat, broken Stocking, or other wound, for which fortune alone is to be blamed. You have reason*, said *Lucrece, and I have always opposed such niceties, wishing it were sufficient to go decently; but variety and magnificence are also required, for now a-dayes Men every where take place according to their Cloaths, and their merits are valued by the depth of their Laced Bands. This must be granted*, said *Hippolita, and as I think reasonably enough, for how can you judge of a Man that comes into company, but by his outside? If his Cloaths be rich, he is taken for a Person of Quality, well born and bred, and consequently that hath worth. This I could allow you*, said the Lord, *if Strangers only were so used, and excuse the honour done to a Rascal, that under favour of his good Cloaths, passes for a Person of Quality, the honour being*

paid to the worth that is supposed to be in him; but they which are best known, are so dealt with, and many Women judge of Men only by their variety of Suits, Feathers, and Ribbons. Coming from a Ball or Visit, I have heard them thus entertain one another, What an excellent Set of Ribbons my Lord had on? I never saw a richer: and Sir Thomas *had a new Stuff I have not seen before, that was very pretty: another said, That great slovenly Squire goes like a Bearherd, he dares not change his Clothes sure, for fear no body should know him; yet it sometimes happens that the slovenly Squire falls fowl and beats the rich trimming worn by a Coward, and that he that wears the fine Stuff talks like a Coxcomb. Nay one Lady was so silly, that she commended the extravagance of a Gallant, that to mourn for the death of his Mistriss, trimmed a Suit with Black and White Ribbons, with Death-heads and Tears figured upon them, in such a manner as Churches use to be hung at Funerals. I think,* said *Lucrece, he may more properly be said to have mourned for his reason that was dead. And you are in the right,* said the Lord, *but half mourning would have been sufficient, it being so long since it departed. This is very pleasant,* said *Lucrece, and more than I expected from a Courtier, and one that by his Mien seems to be curious and magnificent.*

I must acknowledge, said the Lord, *that my quality obliges me to expence in Clothes, because the humor of the times requires it, and that I may not be taken for morose or covetous, I follow Fashions*

and sometimes invent them: but this is contrary to my inclination, and I had much rather divert such fond disbursements into liberalities to Persons of Merit that stand in need of them: and the excess of these things I have ever blamed, pitying such as fall into the hands of Noble Criticks in Gallantry, that abound in idleness, and can discourse of nothing else; by these we are examined from head to foot, like as Malefactors at the Bar, and what care so ever we have taken to adjust our selves, they most certainly condemn us. I have been often engaged in Conferences about such trifles, where many most ridiculous questions have been controverted very seriously. I one day saw a Coxcomb attacqned on this accompt, one Lady told him his Band was ill put on, another that it was not well starched, a third justified the fault to be in the cutting; but he defended himself bravely, by telling them it was made by the Kings Semstress, that had a Crown a-piece for the Fashion. At the Name alone of this Lady, Sentence passed in favour of the Band; I say Lady, at which you ought not to wonder, for the age is so fertil in Ladies, that the Title hath been acquired by common Players, Makers of Periwiggs; and Cutters of Black-patches. That authority, said Lucrece, was conclusive, and the question no longer problematical; and it must be granted that the Band is the most difficult and important of all Ornaments, and first discovers whether a man be ajust; therefore too much care and time cannot be employed about it: as I have heard of a great Lawyers wife that was an hour every Morning putting on her

Cuffs, and publickly maintained they could not be well put on sooner. After the examination of this Band (said the Lord) *they fell upon Pantaloons, and considered whether they had too many folds behind or before, and in this also opinions varied; at last they came to Silk Stockings, and this was argued a very new and considerable controversie, not yet decided by any Author, whether they do best drawn strait or plaited on the Calf of the Leg. After two hours spent in such ridiculous entertainment, perceiving they intended to examine all the rest article by article, and line by line, as if it had been a reckoning; I broke off and withdrew, and they adjourned, appointing another day to go on with the rest: for the determination of a Case so important required several Sessions.*

You rally so handsomely (said *Lucrece*) *the persons you dislike, one had need be very careful what they say. I have too great respect* (replied the Lord) *for all that comes from so fair lips, and have observed in you conceptions so just, and remote from all we have rallied, that you have nothing to apprehend on that accompt. Indeed,* said *Lucrece, I do not approve our entertaining our selves with such trifles, nor the being so punctual as to little defaults, methinks it is enough, if we be so habited, that we give no general disgust. Besides I know that what care soever can be taken, especially by such as are not Courtiers, something will still be objected; for Fashions changing daily, and the dayes not being marked in Almanacks like Holydayes, it is necessary to have intelligence and Spies at Court, to give notice of the varieties that happen every moment.*

You have a great deal of reason, replied the Lord, *and the difficulty intimated by you is almost invincible, without erecting an Office of Modes, or at least publishing a Gazette, which in form of a Journal should acquaint the world with what is new. This design* (said *Hippolita*) *is excellent, and I believe more of these Gazets would be sold than of the other.*

Since you please your self with such designs, said the Lord, *I will acquaint you with an admirable one I heard propounded a while ago by a Lawyer that sought some Patentee to joyn with him.*

And wonder not that I have correspondence with this sort of men, and sometimes make use of their terms; two troublesome Suits, by obliging me to frequent them, have taught me (to my cost) more than I cared for learning. He told me it were very necessary to the Kingdoms good, to establish a great Council of Modes, and that it would be easie enough to provide it with Officers: for Councellors of Modes might plentifully be found amongst Mercers, Drapers, and Exchange-men; and amongst Taylors Attorneys of Modes, who should fit them for hearing and make their reports. Judges should be chosen amongst the vainest and extravagantest Courtiers of both Sexes, who should justifie or condemn, and give all authority and credit: there should also be Messengers of Modes, to disperse them thorow the Kingdom; and last of all Censors of Modes, who ought to be very discreet persons to limit their extravagances; for example not to suffer Hats to rise as high and pointed as Sugar-loaves, nor fall as flat as Pancakes; which is much to be apprehend-

ed, whilest every man raises or depresses them in emulation of his Neighbor, according to the ebbes and flows of the Mode of Hats.

They should also endeavor a reformation of Clothes, with all necessary Decries, as of Ribbons that formerly crept up as high as our Pockets; Regulations of all differences that might concern the Jurisdiction, should be kept in the Office, and a Puppet of the newest Mode made like a Jackalent, to be communicated to the several Shires. All Taylors should be obliged to these Models, no less than Carpenters and Bricklayers to those of the Houses they undertake to build. There should hang up in the Office a Table, in which all Fashions, with the circumstances and regulations, should be specified, with the lengths of Cotes, Breeches and Sleeves, qualities of Stuffs, Trimmings, Laces, and other Ornaments. This would be no small advantage to the publick, and prevent Dutchmen or Country-Gentlemen, that bestow a great deal of money to make themselves fine, from failing in their design, notwithstanding their consultations with all manner of Tradesmen for clearing difficulties. For it often happens, that if the Suit be well, it is not so with the Hat or Stockings, and the poor Gallants live alwayes in ignorance and incertainty; whereas then if they doubted (for example) whether their Hats were handsome, they had no more to do, but to carry them to the Mode Office, to have them gaged and measured as Pecks and Bushels are at the Town-House. Being thus examined from head to foot, and taking out an authentick Certificate, their consciences might be at rest, and their honour secure against the reproaches of the most critical Ladies.

It is great pity (ſaid *Lucrece*) that you joyned not with the Inventor of this Monopoly, you would have made it very profitable, I believe there are many Officers in the Kingdome leſs uſeful, and Laws leſs neceſſary then would be ordained by them. And I have heard wiſe men ſay, That there are Countries in the World, where there are Juſtices, expreſsly, for regulation of Clothes, but not being Book-learned, I cannot tell you where they lie.

Lucrece had ſcarcely made an end, when her Aunt broke her game, and the box ſhe had in her hand, in anger, at an ambs ace, ſhe threw very unhappily: This alſo broke the Diſcourſe, for, ſhe came with a great Cry, to publiſh the misfortune which ſhe lamented with as pathetical expreſſions, as if it had endangered the ſafety of the State.

This diſordered our little *Cabal*, ſome of which, in Civility joyned in the invective againſt the unlucky ambs ace that came uncalled for, others comforted her, by repreſenting Fortunes Inconſtancy, and promiſing her 2 ſices another time. The Lord, the mean while, that waited for an opportunity to be gone, took leave of *Lucrece*: not without telling her in private, that he hoped to waite on her the next day in better equipage, and begged leave to continue his Viſits. But at his going he was very near ſuffering by the like accident as at his arrival. For Oſtlers are very frequent in that quarter. He could no more beat this then the former, becauſe this alſo rid away,

but his page revenged him, and not being ſo reaſoable in his Anſwer as his Maſter, diſcharged it on another Oſtler that was on foot, hard by the gate, and when the fellow cryed out, Hold, Sir, I daſh no body, anſwered, no matter, This is for thoſe thou haſt daſh'd, and wilt daſh hereafter: A very remarkable equity, to the ſhame of our Suburb Juſtices.

As ſoon as the Lord was in his Coach, the footmen, following his and the pages examples, (animated againſt daſhers of the Kings free-born Subjects) fell upon certain Carmen, that ſeemed as haſty as extraordinary Poſts, the great Carts threw a great ſtone, that was looſe, from the pavement, and hit one of the Carmen, that was got up in his Cart, ſuch a blow on the reins, as might have broken anothers back, while the Clown did no more, but ſhake his head, and looking over his ſhoulder, bid him kiſs ———— and ſo whipping on, was ſoon out of reach of the broken pavement. The Lord came next day to ſee *Lucrece* in an equipage that made apparent it was not for himſelf he made the Apology of the preceediug day.

I take this to have been the Viſit in which he diſcoved his Paſſion, but will not poſitively affirm it, it is poſsible he did it not till ſome of the dayes following. For both theſe Lovers were very diſcreet, and mentioned not their amours but with great Caution. It is very unlucky for this Hiſtory, that neither *Lucrece* had a friend in whom ſhe confided, nor the Lord

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any Squire, to give us the particular terms of of their moſt private diſcourſe. Theſe uſe not to be wanting to *Hero's* and *Heroines*, for how otherwiſe, can their adventures be written, and fill ſo many vaſt Volumnes: how can their greateſt ſecrets, and, almoſt, their thoughts be made publick? how elſe get we Copies of all their Love-letters, and Verſes, with the reſt that is neceſſary to the contrivance of an Intrigue? Our Lovers kept no ſuch officers, ſo that all their Concerns cannot be told you: Neither did I gather, what I have written, from any one perſon, whoſe Memory muſt needs have fallen very ſhort of retaining all paſſages; but I have gotten a little here, and a little there, and, to confeſs the truth, added ſomething my ſelf. Nevertheleſs, if you be extreamly deſirous to know the manner of laying open ſuch Paſſions, I can point you out enough, in *Amadis*, *Aſtrea*, the grand *Cyrus*, and other *Romances*; that I have neither time nor Intention to tranſcribe and ſteal, as moſt Authours doe, that make uſe of the Inventions of ſuch as write before them: nay, I will not give my ſelf the trouble of quoting the Books and pages, for you cannot miſs them, what part ſoever of thoſe Volumnes you accidentally open: but you will finde ſtill the ſame thing, and, as it is enough to ſet down the firſt word of the Burthen of the Song with an *&c.* It is alſo ſo now, to tell you that our Lord was in love with *Lucrece*, *&c.* you may eaſily gueſs, and adde what he ſaid, or at leaſt might have

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ſaid, or at leaſt might have ſaid to charme her.

All that is incumbent on me, is to acquaint you with the ſucceſs of his Love, for, I take for granted, you will be curious to know whether *Lucrece* was kinde or cruel, ſince one of theſe is as probable as the other.

Know then, that the Lord made great Advances in little time: yet it was neither his wit nor good meen that won her, though he was one of the moſt accompliſhed Gentlemen of *France*, of the moſt charming appearance, and amorous temper; but theſe were not the things that made the greateſt impreſſion, for though ſhe had a value for ſo good parts, ſhe reſolved never to ingage her heart but in order to eſtabliſhing her fortune. The Lord was therefore forced to make more Promiſes then he intended to perform, as much a perſon of honour as he pretended himſelf: for what is there that a Lover wounded to the heart, will make difficulty to promiſe: and what engagement will a Gentleman make ſcruple of breaking, rather then diſhonour himſelf by an unworthy alliance? He made his firſt approaches to her good opinion by liberality, and ſometimes letting her win his mony, yet in ſuch a manner, as ſhe might perceive, it was not ſillily, nor for want of Underſtanding the game; then he came to down right Preſents, which (though proud enough) ſhe made no difficulty of receiving, for ſhe abounded not in wealth, ſo much as in vanity: ſhe affected to live high,

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which her own fortune could not maintain. Treats and Promiſes of Pleaſure, the high wayes by which the honour of citie Virgins poſts away, were very frequent, but not yet concluſive. and *Lucrece* beſtow'd but inſignificant favours, which the Lord yet was fain to accept as current mony, but in the end his Paſſion ſo far prevailed, that he gave her a promiſe of Marriage, written and ſigned with his blood, to make it more authentick; this is one of the moſt effectual mines for overthrowing a poor maids honour. Few hold it out when this playes, and *Lucrece* defended hers, no better then others had done before her, but gave up her faith and affection to the Lord. There was ever after this a perfect underſtanding between them, yet without coming to the higheſt of Engagements, each of them was flattered with pleaſing hopes, the Lord of poſſeſſing his Miſtreſs, and *Lucrece* of being a Lady. But this ſatisfyed not our Impatient Lover, his Paſſion was too violent for a longer expectation of the greateſt favour. Yet there was an invincible obſtacle againſt the making good his Promiſe of Marriage, though he had intended it. He was under age, and had a Mother and Uncle that poſſeſſed great eſtates, on which the grandeur of his family depended. Neither of theſe would ever have given conſent, ſo that he ſhould have hazarded a diſinheriting, or at leaſt to ſee his marriage made null. He therefore preſſed *Lucrece* cloſer, and at laſt lighted on a favora-

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ble Opportunity, at one of thoſe miſchievous takings of the Air, they ſo often uſed

Do not yet believe that *Lucrece* ever went without her Aunt, and ſome other maids her Neighbours, accompanied by their Mothers: but good women think their Daughters ſafe enough, as long as they go out a doores with them, and return in the ſame manner. This yet is a trap in which many have been caught. For the Country ſtill affords ſomething of Liberty, ſpies being there leſs frequent, and wayes more open for going aſtray:, ſo that one cannot long want an opportunity of giving a Miſtreſs a green Gown, as much the Critical minute as when her ſmock is over her ears. Adde to this, that Courtiers never ſterve for fear of calling for what they want, and take advantages upon City laſſes, they durſt not attempt againſt great perſons, whoſe qualities oblige them to reſpect. To make ſhort, our *Aſſailant* ſo often ſummoned the place, and preſſed it ſo cloſe, that he one day ſurpriſed it unguarded, and far from aſſiſtance; for her Aunt was then buſie at an important game at *Tic-tac*.

Lucrece thus yielded; I am ſorry to tell it; but it is very true: and for her honours ſake, wiſh, I could let you know the pathetical expreſsions of her Lover; which had that ſucceſs, which all he had to that time uſed, failed of.

I believe the ſaffron on his face was very effectual, for Melancholy had made him very yallow; and am of opinion he pulled a Stilletto out

out of his Pocket to pierce his heart, in her presence, when he found he could not die of Love. He neglected not to put her in mind of the Promise of Marriage he had given her, and of abundance of others to confirm it. But the worst is, none of these things can be known, because all passed in private: nevertheless they are very advantagious towards the *discharge* of the Lady: and you ought to believe he pressed hard, *Lucrece* being a Virtuous maid, that had a great respect of her honour, of which, I suppose, you are already sensible, if you have observed how long she held out, though, if you consider the manner of her breeding, you may perhaps imagine her a slight *Sconce*, that might be stormed very easily: Whatever you fancy, she was more careful of establishing her fortune, then setling her Love.

She went not about, immediately, to carry the Lord to a Scrivener or Parson, who might probably have been talkative enough to divulge the business, and so given occasion to the Lords Relations to break it off. She thought earnest ought to be laid down, before matters came so farre, and that it was better for her to hazard something, then miss an opportunity of making herself a great Lady. It cannot be said to be the fault of *Lucrece*, if the Lord kept not his word, which she had been told, was inviolable amongst persons of honour: and truely there were very many that did not blame her, because themselves had been caught in the like manner. This love lasted a while with more fa-

familiarity then formerly, and without any memorable Accident, for the Lord had no Rival to diſpute againſt him the place he had gained, or that gave his Miſtreſs falſe intelligence to his prejudice: There was neither Picture, watch, nor Bracelet of hair ſupriſed or loſt, nor that paſſed into other hands: no abſence, nor malicious report of death or inconſtancy, all which are the moſt neceſſary and common Materials that build the Intrigues of Romances. Inventions that have been preſented in ſo many formes, and ſo often turned and patched they can no longer be made uſe of.

I can, therefore, tell you no more of this Story, and though I were never ſo curious, all I could inform my ſelf of would be only this, how many Turkies had been eaten at St. *Cloud*, how many diſhes of ſtrawberries and cherries in *May*, at *Vaugizard*, becauſe the Bills of theſe Collations are yet to be found in the Inns where they were made, though they were ſometime before diſcharged by the Lord, who was ſo good a pay-maſter, it derogated from his Nobility. They alſo carryed themſelves ſo diſcreetly, that none could diſcover any privacy more then formerly: all this yet prevented not ſome perſons of an Inferiour ranck from courting *Lucrece*, yet with ſomething of reſpect for the Lord.

They watched their Advantage in his abſence, and as ſoon as he came, gave way to him: For you know, Noblemen are ſomething terrible to Citizens, and on that account injure many

ny maids by frighting away Suiters which might be very convenient for them.

Lucrece had accustomed her servant to permit her to receive all comers, as before, which she did after her fault with greater freedom, because remorse of Conscience made her apprehend it to be more publick then indeed it was, & though she flattered herself with hopes of being a Lady, yet while the thing was not done, (nothing being so certain but it may fail) she was willing to keep others on her hand, to have recourse to, in case of necessity. Besides this, it is natural to women to love to be courted by persons of all conditions, though they have neither esteem nor affection for them.

In this reserve of Gallants, sufficiently numerous, *Nicodemus* made one, he was a great complimenter, and, as I have already said, a universal *Inamorado*, but in this *amour* he ingaged so farre, that one day, having laid open his Passion with all the Rhetorick he could possibly find out, *Lucrece* told him, she gave no credit to his words, and must have more authentick testimonies; he answered very seriously she should have them in what kind soever she desired, and she referred the choice to himself. *Nicodemus*, then to make evidence he would alwayes love her, told her he would immediately give her a promise in writing, she laughed and defied him: and *Nicodemus* soon after expressly retiring unto an Anti-chamber, brought a promise of Marriage, and put it into her hands, she took it, but still continued her rallerie, and

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to slight it, wrapped in it a *China* Orange she had in her hand; yet she neglected not to lay it up very carefully afterwards, that it might be useful when occasion presented, if to no other purpose, yet to shew she once had a servant.

All this passed before *Nicodemus* engaged with *Javota*, and a while after it happened that a Proctor called *Villeflattin*, a friend and Neighbour of *Lucrece*'s Uncle coming to see him, found him in his Chamber by the fire side, *Lucrece* was then, by chance, looking in a Cabinet of hers that stood in the same Chamber: & as it is usual with old men to ask maids when they are to be married, this was the *Proctors* first Complement. Well Mistress, saies he, when shall we dance at your Wedding, I know not when, answered *Lucrece*, smiling, but this I am sure of, it needs not be deferred for want of Servants: look you here is a promise of marriage were I pleased to accept it; with that she shewed him a paper folded up, which was the Promise she had accidentally lighted on, which yet she did not much value, for she grounded all her hopes on that of the Lord, which she was too cunning once to mention. The Proctor read the other, and told her, he knew the person that had subscribed it, and that he was rich, but added no farther commendation, as thinking that word contained all that could be said. He asked if the Promise were reciprocal, and whether she had given another? *Lucrece* without affirming or denying, still answered fooling: but he seriously

ouſly recommended to her the care of it, offering his ſervice on that occaſion, and to make an exact inquiry after *Nicodemus* eſtate.

A few dayes after, it happened that *Villeflattin* met *Vollichon Javota's* father, and being of his old Acquaintance, *Vollichon* told him of his daughters approaching wedding: *Villeflattin* immediately wiſhed him joy, ſaying it was well done to marry her young, that Maids were as difficult to be kept as Treaſure, and that a father is never at quiet till he is no longer reſponſible for their freaks, and their husbands obliged to take care of them. That *Javota* was, queſtionleſs, very diſcreet, but the times were ſo corrupt, and youth ſo deboſt, there was no more ſcruple made of ſurpriſing an innocent Virgin, then of drinking a glaſs of water. After other diſcourſes of the like nature, which I purpoſely omit, not for want of Information, (for I have heard them a thouſand times) he asked whom he had choſen to his Alliance, and when the Wedding was to be ſolemniſed. *Vollichon* replyed, the Banes had been already asked at St. *Nicholas* and St. *Severine* the pariſhes of both parties, that they were to be contracted within two dayes, and that *Nicodemus* was to be his Son in Law. How? (ſaid *Villeflattin*) I have heard he was to have Miſtris *Lucrece* our Neighbour? I have ſeen, read, and had in my hand a Promiſe of Marriage to that purpoſe, authentickly ſigned by him. You very much ſurpriſe me (ſaid *Vollichon*) and, I beſeech you, Inform

me better, and tell me whether —— and then without concluding, left him haſtily, crying out, *Who calls* Vollichou? This was a certain Sollicitor that brought a ſmall Client, they would not let go up ſtairs.

His avarice that permitted him not to neglect the leaſt gain, ſuffered him not to conſider that he abandoned a very important affair for another that was poſſibly of no moment, as indeed it was not. As ſoon as he got quit from it, he returned to ſeek *Villeſtattin*, to ask him if he remembred in what terms the Promiſe of Marriage expreſſed it ſelf; ſince it ſeemed he had it in his hands: but he was gone, for being a great ſervant of *Lucrece* and her Relations, obſerving the abrupt departure of *Vollichou*, he thought he made all that haſte to acquaint his Wife and Daughter how they were abuſed, and that another party had got a Promiſe of Marriage of *Nicodemus*. Indeed he thought he went to ſtrike up the Match immediately, before any oppoſition could be made; leſt he came ſhort in a buſineſs that was really advantageous to him.

This made him on his own head (without ever ſpeaking to *Lucrece*, or to her Uncle or Aunt) for fear of loſing time, to put a ſtop to this Wedding with the Curates both of St. *Nicholas* and St. *Severin*: Beſides all which, he obtained from the Official a Prohibition of the Bains, and gave notice of this both to the Curates and *Vollichou*, for he knew not *Nicodemus*'s Lodging. About 3 Afternoon he came ſweating to tell *Lucrece* he

he had News for her, that she was not a little beholding to him; that he had neither eat nor drank that day, but continually ran up and down to serve her. After many such Prologues he related his rancounter with *Vollichon*, and all the exploits he had afterwards performed.

Lucrece was very much surprized at this Story, and her Cheeks were died with a bluth deeper than ever before. Her thanks to this Proctor were, *That he had indeed served her with great zeal, since he had not taken time to mention the business to her Aunt or Uncle, that for her own part she had little inclination to marry* Nicodemus; *especially to force him to it by Law.* Ah! said the Proctor, *we must make such vain youths know what it is to deceive honest maids, we have his hand, and he shall at least pay costs and damages; let me alone to deal with him:* so reiterating, *I have neither eat nor drank to day, I will see you again*; he shut the Chamber door and went down stairs, nay he double locked it, for fear they should follow to bring him back.

Lucrece, whom by good chance he had found alone, was not a little perplexed, her Lord was gone a while before, and had left behind him Pledges of his Love; for she had lately discovered a certain indisposition, that threatned quickly to spoil the neat shape of her body: this had obliged her to press him to marry; but when she so earnestly conjured him, that he knew not how to excuse himself, he received an Order from the Court to go to his Regiment; which he obeyed, though with a seeming re-

gret, and not without many proteſtations of returning ſpeedily to make good his promiſe. Well, away he went, but the time he prefixed for coming back I know not certainly, but this I am ſure of, he is not yet come. *Lucrece* writ him many Letters, but received no Anſwer; and then, though too late, perceived ſhe had been abuſed; and the more to confirm her in this opinion, ſhe could not find the Promiſe of Marriage he had given her; nor yet imagine how ſhe had loſt it, conſidering her care in locking it in her Cabinet: Thus it happened.

The Lords paſſion having been a little allayed by fruition, he reflected on the folly he ſhould be guilty of if he made good his promiſe to *Lucrece*. Beſides the diſparaging his Family, by a mis-becoming Alliance, he apprehended all his Relations incenſed againſt him, would deprive him of thoſe Inheritances, without which he could not ſupport the luſtre of his birth; and on the other ſide he was ſenſible that if *Lucrece* ſued him on accompt of the Promiſe of Marriage, it would be a bad buſineſs; for beſides that ſuch Suits ever leave behind them ſome blemiſhes to the honour of a Man of Quality, becauſe they publickly reproach him with infidelity and breach of promiſe, their events are doubtful, and how happily ſoever one gets quit of them, they are very coſtly; he reſolved by Stratagem to free himſelf from the difficulty in which too violent an affection had engaged him.

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To this purpose, he one day carried his Mistris to St. *Germains* Fair, and telling her he would present her the richest Ebony Cabinet that was to be found there, desired her to chuse it and bargain for it her self; she did both, and over and above gave him thanks for his liberality. The Lord would needs undertake the care of sending it home, but first secretly ordered double Keys to be made, of which he kept one himself, and sent the other with the Cabinet to *Lucrece*.

She had no sooner received this Present, but she put in it all that she had greatest esteem for; and amongst the rest the Lords Promise of Marriage.

A little before his Journey, he went to *Lucrece*'s Lodging, when he was sure she was not at home, and familiarly entring, as he had wont to do, and pretending some important occasion of speaking with her, desired to stay for her in her Chamber. He was soon left alone there, and then with the Key he had reserved to himself, opened the Cabinet, and finding the Promise, carried it away. *Lucrece* at her return perceived nothing, nay she discovered not the theft, till a little before the Action *Villestattin* entred against *Nicodemus*, and never once suspected the Lord. But his absence continuing, without writing to her, and the Promise of Marriage being lost, she no longer doubted his infidelity. She had no other comfort at the time of this affliction, but more carefully to cherish her other Conquests. Now

it being very important for her to marry before that which it so highly concerned her to conceal discovered it self; she began to be less troubled at her Neighbours indiscreet zeal in getting her a Husband in spight of her teeth, by the way of Justice.

She therefore patiently attended the success of that affair, reasoning thus, *That if she got the better of it, she got also a Husband, of which she stood in great need; and if the worst, she might say, as was true, she approved not that proceeding, and that it was commenced without her consent*; which she thought sufficient to secure her honour. Neither had she any time to consider, for the Proctors precipitation having already given sufficient occasion to the world to rally and censure, she must necessarily expect the conclusion. *Villesflattin* returning at night, asked her for the Promise. Shame having as yet not suffered her to take any resolution, she pretended she had mislaid, and possibly lost it. *That would be very fine*, said he.

But tell me freely, have no other privacies passed between you, hath there been no copulation? Speak boldly, for this may be material to your Suit; on such occasions we must not be scrupulous, least we repent, when our Allegations cannot be received.

Lucrece blushed at this with so inexpressible disorder, she knew not how to make any reply; and the surprize of this downright expression, made her acknowledge her misfortune; to which by his manner of proceeding, she guessed

fed he was not a ſtranger: ſhe therefore beſought him to mediate with her Uncle and Aunt for her pardon. *Villeſlattin* ſuppoſed ſhe bluſhed, becauſe he had too abruptly queſtioned her about a buſineſs, of which he ought to have ſought information more diſcreetly; and without any farther preſſure commended her modeſty: *Be as wiſe for the future* (ſaid he) *as you have been hitherto, and leave the care of this to me.*

In the mean time *Nicodemus*, that knew nothing of theſe new accidents, went that very Evening to viſit his true Miſtriſs *Javota*, where with clean Linnen and Hair curled and powdred, he arrived in a Sedan, very jocund, turning up his Muſtachio's and ſinging a new air. He found the Mother and Daughter in the Hall, imploied very Citizen-like, in fitting Linnen to compleat the Packet of the Contracted Maid. Their cold Reception ſomewhat ſurprized him, but taking hint for his diſcourſe from the work they were about, *My good Mother-in-law*, ſaid he, *your Daughter is not a little obliged to you, for queſtionleſs you work for her*; to which the other abruptly anſwered, *Yes Sir, for her, but in that you are little concerned; you are extreamly confident to come any more hither, after the affront you have done us: but know my Daughter is young and cannot want a Husband, neither will we commence a Suit in* Doctors Commons *to get a Son-in-law. Go your wayes to your other Miſtriſs, to whom you have promiſed Marriage, we will not be the occaſions of her diſhonour. Nico-*

demus much surprized, swore he was engaged to none but her Daughter. *As if* (said she) *we had not wherewithal to convince him; Go up* Juliana *and bring down the Paper on the Mantle-tree of the Chimney, and then we shall see how he will look on it.* When it was brought, *Do I speak without Book*, said she. *Nicodemus* almost swounded in reading it, for knowing *Lucrece* so well, he could not imagine her Pride would have condescended to sue for a Husband. He remembred she received the Promise rallying, and without grounding any hope or design of Marriage on it; and indeed she had not to that time ever mentioned it; so that he thought this was not produced by her order: and therefore told his Mother-in-law, *This is a trick put upon me by my enimies, but if this be all, I will to morrow bring you a Renunciation of this taken before a Notary.*

I have nothing to do, said she, *with Notaries nor Renunciations, and will not give my Daughter to a Debauchee and Courter of the Eleven thousand Virgins; I must have one that will make a good Husband and mind getting his living.*

Nicodemus, that found no great satisfaction in all this, and besides impatient till he might know from whence the cause of it proceeded, took his leave quickly after: he was not bold enough to salute his Mistriss at parting, after the manner of declared Lovers, and *Javota* thought it sufficient to make him a silent Courtsy; but as she arose, she let fall a Bottom of Threed and her Ciffars, that lay in her lap: *Nicodemus* cast himself

himself headlong at her feet to take them up; *Javota* thought it manners to stoop and prevent him, and in this they both so well timed their motions, that their Fore-heads knocked with such violence, each retained a bump. *Nicodemus* stark mad at such a misfortune, hasted away, and not taking notice of a lame Cupboard that was behind him, gave it such a justle, that he caused to fall from it a fair *China* Vessel, which (there being no more of them in the House) was esteemed almost equal to the only Daughter. This made the Mother fall to downright scolding, and him to his Millions of pardons and excuses, and gathering up the pieces, by them to take his measures for sending such another: but going apace, with new shoes, on a floor very well rubb'd, and so as it ought to be, in order to *Javota*'s being contracted, his foot slipt, and he (as usually in such accidents, we seek help of what is next us) caught hold of the Tassels of the Strings of a Looking-Glass, which the weight of his body breaking, *Nicodemus* and the Looking-Glass fell together; but the Looking-Glass got greatest mischief, for it was broken into a thousand pieces, and *Nicodemus* escaped with two or three contusions, not very considerable. The Attorney's-Wife cried out lowder than ever, *What have we to do with this House-breaker, this universal destruction*; and went about to drive him away with a Broom-staffe. *Nicodemus*, strangely in disorder, got to the door, but being extreamly angry, opened it with such violence,

lence, it ſtruck againſt a Theorbo a Neighbour had ſet againſt the Wall, and broke it in pieces. It was no ſmall happineſs to him that it was Night, for otherwiſe the ſcolding of *Mrs. Attorney*, would have raiſed an Hue and Cry of Boys to have followed him. Well, away he went, alike inflamed with ſhame and rage, and it being too late to do any thing that Night, reſolved in the Morning to viſit *Lucrece*.

In the Morning then, that he might make his Viſit handſomely, he called for his beſt Suit of Laced Linnen, which was brought him the Band excepting, for that was miſsing; he ſent his man to fech it at the Laundreſſes, but ſhe anſwered ſhe had it not. *Nicodemus*, that was a good thrifty Student, ſought it himſelf amongſt all his Linnen, both fowl and clean; and at laſt found as well what he ſought as what he ſought not: but you are firſt to underſtand that this Laundreſs waſhed alſo for the Family where *Lucrece* lived, and was very well acquainted there; amongſt his fowl Linnen he found a Smock in ſome places died in grain, and pleaſantly asked, *If it belonged to Mrs.* Lucrece? Goody Laundreſs anſwered with a great deal of innocence, *No by my faith Sir, Mrs* Lucrece *is now the cleanlieſt Maid in* Paris, *this Three Moneths day I have not ſeen the leaſt ſpot in her Linnen, but ſhe puts it off in a manner as white as ſhe puts it on. Well, but how does ſhe*, ſaid *Nicodemus*? *Alas, good Gentlewoman*, ſaid the Laundreſs, *not well: when I go thither a Mornings, I find her ſo ſtrangely troubled with*

Vomitings,

Vomitings, Qualms, and Pains at her Heart and Stomack, she cannot endure to be laced; yet she never complains, and so carefully conceals her indisposition, it is not known to any of the Family. In the Afternoons she entertains company, as if she ailed nothing, and is truly the best and patientest creature alive.

Nicodemus very well observed the simplicity of these words, and instead of his Visit to *Lucrece*, went to a Doctor, and one of his Brothers of the Barre, suspecting the truth and more than the whole truth; for he conceited that *Lucrece's* relations had set on foot this Action, to oblige him to marry her, as a remedy for her rising Belly: he supposed also, that to excuse her fault, she had informed them he had deceived her, with that promise of Marriage he had foolishly given her. His friends, with whom he advised, told him (and he ought to have known it himself, it being a point of his Profession) *his Cause was bad, that a Maid got with Child, on account of a Promise of Marriage, would be sooner believed by the Justice than he; and that none of his Oaths could ever destroy the presumption that it was his work. Besides all which*, Lucrece *was handsom, and on that account had many Friends in Court, that could make her prevail, were her Cause never so bad: and yet more, she seemed so discreet, and was so crafty, that though her Gallantry were notorious, she could not be convicted of any misdemeanor.* For these reasons he resolved to quit himself of this Affair, before it became too publick, cost what

what it would; for he conceived, that as ſoon as he had allayed this ſtorm, and annulled the oppoſal, he ſhould eaſily ſtrike in again with the Parents of *Javota*, with whom he was deſperately in love; and certainly had this been known, it would have coſt him very dear. He therefore cunningly imployed ſome time by friends to deal under-hand with *Lucrece*'s Uncle, not daring to go to him in perſon. And this he effected by means of an acquaintance of *Villeſlattins*, the Plenipotentiary and Director General of this Affair, that gave a willing ear to his Propoſals.

Lucrece in the mean time was extreamly afflicted. ſhe continually apprehended her misfortunes becoming publick, and perceiving there was no more hope of the Lord, reſolved to take advantage of the affair, chance and the Proctors raſhneſs had preſented; and that which made her the rather give conſent, was, that ſhe had once liſtned to a Conſultation of the ſame kind held at her Uncles, where the buſineſs was concluded in favour of a Maid in the like Agony. She therefore took her Promiſe of Marriage, with intention to ſhew it her Uncle, beg his Pardon, and oblige him to repair her honour. But alas ſhe had at that very inſtant two ſtrange reluctances, one of diſcovering her fault, the other of accuſing an innocent, which yet was very neceſſary on this occaſion.

Thrice went ſhe up to her Uncles Chamber, and thrice came down again without ſaying any thing,

thing, but at last returning with a better resolution, she began, *Good Uncle*, but immediately repenting to have begun, concluded; and when her Uncle demanded, *What she would have?* asked, *If he had not seen her Cissars which she left on the Table?* but after many wheelings she at last charged home. *Uncle*, said she, *I am desirous to acquaint you with a certain affair, in which I beseech you to be favorable to me.* But she had no sooner begun to explain her self, and withal to blush, but her Uncle was called down about business that required haste; down he therefore went, and a while after sent for his Cloak and Gloves. *Lucrece* thought her self very fortunate not to have then begun the recital of her adventure, in which she would have been very sorry to have been interrupted. This Uncle was sent for by *Villeflattin*, to acquaint him with the business he prosecuted without the others knowledge, and at his own meer and proper motion, because of his extraordinary care of all the interests of that Family. The good man was much surprized at the News, and thought it very strange his Niece had never said any thing of it to him: but he was more surprized, when *Villeflattin* having acquainted him with what he had done, told him the Suit was at an end if he pleased: That great damages and advantages were offered, and that *Nicodemus*'s Solliciter had been at his House, and proffered to give *Lucrece* Two thousand Crowns ready down, provided the business might be made an end of. That he had

told

told him *Nicodemus* did not at all distrust his Cause, nor of being able to prove theirs ill grounded; but that he was desirous to remove the jealousie it gave the Parents of *Javota*, whom he was about to marry: and more especially because the time in which Weddings were permitted, being near expiring, he was loath to suffer delays. In a word, that he sacrificed this money to his satisfaction, and to prevent loss of that most precious time; and in another conjuncture would not have done it. *Villeflattis* who had been promised a handsom gratuity, knew so well how to cajole the good old man, he brought him to an acceptance of the Proposal, not without menaces that in case of delay, the proffer would be revoked the next day, and then they must go to Law in earnest. But that which moved him more, was *Villeflattins* telling him that *Lucrece* could not find her Promise of Marriage, for want whereof they should quickly be non-suited; wishing him also to consider that *Lucrece* pretending to no more but a simple Promise, and a Solemn Contract having been made with *Javota*, the Law would afford only Costs and Damages, which seldom amount to any thing considerable, and depend meerly on the humor of the Judges.

A Conference therefore was agreed on, in which it was not necessary that *Lucrece* should be a Speaker, being under age and having an Uncle that very well understood her interests. He accepted there the Two thousand Crowns, which stood him in good stead afterwards, and

went

went presently with the good News to *Lucrece*, and *Villeflatrin* bawled it out as soon as he came at her door, *Did I not tell you*, said he, *I would get you Costs and Damages? here I have brought you Two thousand Crowns, yet had not the Promise of Marriage in my hands, imagine what that might have produced, had you not lost it: might you have had your will, all had come to nothing; Chuse whether you will thank me or no, but I do little less than give you this Money.* *Lucrece* surpriz'd at the Complement, and more at the conclusion than beginning of the Suit, answered in such a manner as expressed a generous contempt of riches, pretending she would not out live it, and that she had disapproved the whole proceeding. She thanked him nevertheless for his good will, and that very night sent him a summe of money as a reward for the pains he had taken, which he generously refused, and next day made him a Present of thrice the value, which he courteously received, *Lucrece* was now no longer concerned to publish her secret indisposition, but to find new inventions for concealing it, which she did, as you shall know hereafter: but it is best to let her rest a while, it being incivil to be too long troublesome to a Maid that is with-child.

Nicodemus very glad to have thus purchased his quiet went immediately to *Juvotus*'s Father, yet not before he had pacified her Mother, by sending her another Looking-Glass, another Theorbo, and another *China* Vessel, but *Villichon* received him not so cheerfully as he expected,

pected, not much valuing the renunciation of the opposal; and under pretence that he which had been guilty of one folly, might probably have committed many other, demanded time to make enquiry, and therefore would have the Wedding deferred, which *Nicodemus* was fain to suffer, yet not without regret of the money he had paid in hope of being suddenly married. This yet was not the reason of *Volichon's* delay, but because a day or two before a more advantageous Match had been propounded for his Daughter, and that he might have (as he called it) two String, to his Bow, and if he could engage with the more wealthy, immediately break off with the other.

The other Gallant propounded for *Favora* was also an Advocate, or at least one that went to the Hall in a Bar Gown, though the only time he ever appeared there was when he took his Oath to observe the Rules, and the truth is he observed them very well, for he never had occasion to break them. In twenty years he never missed the Hall one Morning in Term time, yet no body ever took his Council, imploied him to draw a Bill, or plead: but instead of these he walked still up and down the Hall very busie in discoursing false News and erroneous Politicks, censuring the Government, amongst such other idle persons, as take upon them to be State Controllers, Officers in great request, and which I wonder are not taxed in the *Subsidy-Book*, in the Afternoons he went to hear Lectures, Mountebanks, and to all other

Pub-

Publick Diversions that cost nothing: for avarice had an absolute dominion over him, and was a quality he derived from his Father (who was a Haberdasher) with his inheritance. He was grown very rich by sparing his Money, and very grave by sparing his Beard; his Name was *John Bedon*, short of stature and grey, somewhat flat-nosed and broad-shouldered. His Chamber was a Cabinet of Antiquities, not in regard of any particular Curiosities, but of all its Furniture. His Table and Cupboard were ingraven with ancient Figures, so tender and delicate (I mean the Table and Cupboard) it would have been impossible for them to have suffered removal, without packeting in Cotton or Straw, like Earthen Ware. His Stools and Hangings were several pieces, every one of them so considerable it had not its fellow. Over his Chimney were placed two or three Fire Arms, which had rusted there ever since the time of the League. At the Beam went cross his Roof hung Cages of Birds taught by himself to sing and whistle.

But the only thing in which he pretended to be profusive, was a Library consisting of Choice Books, for he was very careful to select such as were cheapest. The several Tomes of one and the same Author, were of different Volumes, Impressions, and Bindings, and even imperfect.

He avoided to come in good company, out of apprehension it might cost him Money, and broke off from a Society, where was very good

discourse, that might have been instructive to him, because at the years end he should have paid Half a Crown for some small conveniences, and to a poor man that made clean the room. He thought this present too excessive, but was willing to give Sixpence, which with no small pains, and having turned his Pocket, encombred with many other Trinkets, he at last drew out, and amongst the rest a good handful of Crums of Bread, which made some rally him, and say he had on purpose put these amongst his Money, to keep it from rusting, as Knives seldom used are kept bright in bran: this rupture was satisfactory enough to the Company, for they perceived his Brain was like a Pumice Stone, and could not possibly be polished.

He wanted not yet some good qualities, for he was chaste and sober in an eminent degree, and no less possessed of all thrifty vertues. He was very bashful, which might have become him had he been young. He could not look on a woman without blushing like a Cherubim, and he was so very shamefaced, that still whilest he talked to one he looked on another, playing with his Buttons or Bandstrings; sometimes gnawing his Gloves, and scratching where it itched not; in a word, he had not the least assurance in his Meen. His Clothes were no less ridiculous than it, they were Memorials of all Modes that had ever been in vogue in *France*. His Hat and Head were alike pointed; his Shoes flat, and the soles as even as the Floor: He never appeared

yet

ved Fashions, but when little Bands, little Skirts, and Strait Breeches were in use, these because they spared Stuff, he was very Opiniator in adhering to; his Hair was fat, though his Face was lean; and his Beard and Eyebrows very well grown, considering how slenderly they were fed.

It was pity a Plant so excellent and singular in its kind, produced no Cions, he therefore spoke of marrying, or rather some body else spoke of it for him; for he was a man to marry as Princes use to do, by an Ambassador; as greatness obliges those, so did bashfulness him. In order yet to this, he had a mind to play the Gallant, and to visit now and then his Neighbors, and that so friendlily, that they supped together on Sunday and Holyday Nights, every one sending in his Dish; where it once pleasantly happened there came in eight Shoulders of Mutton from eight several Families, that made up the Company. But his greatest expence was at the *Carneval*, when he as well as the rest, feasted in his turn.

I must needs tell a little Story that happened at one of these neighbourly good Fellowships, a Scrivenors Wife used to lock up her Bread after she had cut some slices for her Prentices and Maids Suppers, and one Night feasting amongst her Neighbours, had forgotten to leave them out their Luncheons, so that an Apprentice was deputed to go to her for the Key of the Cupboard, who demanded it aloud amongst all the Company. She blushed, but knew not

how to refuse it, but when she came home, soundly reprehended his indiscretion, expresly forbidding him any more to ask her for the Key of the Cupboard when she was in Company; he forgot not this, and when afterwards the like default of memory happened to her, publickly told her, *Mistriss, Since you will not have me ask for the Key of the Cupboard, pray be pleased to open it your self*; and then called in the Porter that brought it on his back: a while after a small incident of the Kitchin gave another occasion for laughter. A Barber of the Knot, that pretended great skil in Sauces, undertook to make a *Salmegoudis*, but having set it on a fire a little too hot, melted the brims of the dish just so much as to make it fit to trim withal.

These rancounters happened very luckily for *Bedout* at his house, giving occasion for it being talked on.

This frequent good cheer made him resolve to marry in earnest, he therefore began to trick up himself, got his Hat blockt and glazed, powdered his Locks and put on Cuffs and Garters.

He also fell'd the timber of his Beard and Underwood of his Eyebrows, and after much pain became less hideous than before. A Cousin of his, that was a Neighbour of *Javota's* Parents, propounded this Advocate, all whose Charmes were under Lock and Key, as a Husband for her: She quickly brought the Father and Mother to condescend, because she assured them he was rich, that he would make an excellent

cellent Husband, and neither spend his own nor his Wives fortune. But *Vollichon* being a great formalist, said, he must see the particulars of his Estate, and desired a Memorial.

This *Bedont* absolutely refused, under pretence of danger of being raised in the *Subsidy-Book*, to avoid which he had formerly absented himself six Moneths; that they which levied it had spies every where, and getting sight of his Memorial, might renew their prosecution. He therefore thought it enough to say, *He would produce as much as should be laid down with the Maid proposed for him.* His Estate being real, and consisting in houses in the City and Suburbs, *Lorenco* (for that was his Cosins Name) prevailed so far that formality was no longer insisted on; but she found much more difficulty in bringing him and the Mistris she designed him to meet, and see how they liked each other; for *Bedont* still evaded all appointments, saying there was no haste of that, for he would not chuse a Wife for her beauty, that it was time enough to see her when the business was concluded on, and that he never questioned be what she would, but he should like her. But what if she likes not you, said *Lorenco*? *Bedont* replied, *An honest woman ought to have no eyes for the defects of her husband.* Notwithstanding these brutalities the business went on, and so far, that *Lorenco* resolved, fall back fall edge, to bring them together: She therefore invited her Cosin to her house on a certain day, when she knew Mrs. *Vollichon* with her

Daughter were to visit her. He came, not distrusting the ambush laid for him; and after a while seeing two Women that he knew not enter, blushed, and was out of countenance, and would by all means be gone; but *Lorenca* laying hold on his arm, said, *Stay Cosin, Fortune is not a little favorable to you to day, here is your future Wife and Mother in Law*; this put him yet more out of countenance; but stay he must: so he made two legs, one to the right, the other to the left, to each of them one, leaving it to his Cosin, because Mistris of the house, to speak for him.

Being seated not far from *Favora*, having put his Hat under his arm and rubbed his hands, after a competent silence, you may suppose to consider what he should say, he thus began the conversation; *Well Mistris, Are you sir I have been spoken to about?* *Favora* with her wonted innocence answered, *I know not whether you have been spoken to about me, but I know very well that I have not been spoken to about you.* *How*, said he, *do they pretend to marry you without your knowledge?* *I cannot tell*, said she. *But what would you say*, quoth he, *in case a Marriage were propounded to you?* *I would say nothing*, replied *Favora*. *That*, said *Bedon* aloud (thinking he was witty,) *were to my advantage; for our Lawyers in formal terms declare, That silence gives consent.* *I know not your Laws*, quoth she, *nor any other but those of my Father and Mother.* *But*, said he, *if they should command you to love a Lad like me, would you do it?* *No*, said *Favora*,

for

for Maids ought not to love Men. I mean, said *Bedout*, *if he were your Husband.* *That*, said she, *will not be yet, and a great deal of Water will pass under the Bridge before that time.* The good Mother, that had a mind to this match, as thinking it very advantageous, struck in and said, *I pray Sir give no great regard to her discourse, she is young, and so innocent it comes near simplicity.* *Say not so Mistriss*, replied *Bedout*, *she is your Daughter, and must needs resemble you; for my own part I have ever thought it best to take a Wife that is very young, for before she hath acquired habits, one may fashion her as he lists.* The Mother immediately said, *My Daughter hath been ever vertuously brought up, and I will deliver her to her Husband a good Housewife, from morning to night her eyes are never off her work.* *Javota* then demanded, *What must I work after I am married? I thought when I came to be Mistriss, I should have no more to do, but please my self, go abroad and make Visits. If it be so, I had as live continue as I am, to what purpose is Marriage?* *Lorenca* very subtilly and maliciously told her, *No, no, Mistriss, be not afraid, my Cosin is a braver man than you take him for, he hath wherewithal to maintain you gallantly, without your giving your self any care or trouble; you will live easily and pleasantly, all the Fore-noons you may sleep, and all the Afternoons play at Cards or make Visits; if you be at home at Dinner and Supper it is sufficient. You have no Letter of Attorney to authorise you to say this,* quoth *Bedout*, somewhat in choler: *A Husband*

marries a Wife, that she may be his Companion, and guide his house; and instead of husbanding his goods, shall she squander them? the wealth of Crœsus were not sufficient for this. I must deal freely, I would have a Wife after my own fashion, that should please her self in nothing but looking on her Husband. You extreamly confine her pleasures, said *Lorenca*. *But*, said *Bedon*, *I will prove by infinite authorities that this ought to be so*; with that he began to blunder out a hundred follies and pedantries, when very luckily for him a Collation was brought into the Hall, that interrupted this ridiculous Entertainment.

The only Gallantry he attempted that day, was to pare an Apple for his Mistris, which having almost finished, it slipt thorow his Fingers and sugared it self on the Floor; he took it up with a Fork, blew upon it, and wiped it a little, and then offered it her, telling her as many fools use to do, *That he begged a thousand pardons*. *Javota* sillily answered, *Sir, I can give you none, because I have none.* After other the like discourses and like adventures, the Visit ended. *Bedon* adventured to bring his Mistris home, and in the way still took the Wall, not out of pride you must imagine nor incivility, but ignorance; very excusable in one that was but a Novice in the Art of Squiring, and that never was in possibility of such a fault before. He was no sooner gone, but *Javota* said to her Mother, *Good God, Mother, I cannot abide this man*: who answered, *Peace little Baggage, you understand not your own good.*

Bedon

Bedon in his way home called at his Cosins, who asked, *What he said of so pretty a Maid?* and he replied, *He found no fault but that she was too pretty*: and as timerous persons are ever distrustful and jealous, acknowledged, *That if she happened to be his Wife, he should have a great deal of trouble to look after her.* But the power of Beauty making sensible impressions on the most rude and savage, he was smitten, and besought his Cosin to continue her endeavours to bring this Marriage to a speedy effect. In the mean time he hoped to approve himself a better Courtier in his Closet, by writing to his Mistris something premeditated, than in a personal and *ex tempore* speaking to her; because his bashfulness many times interrupted his Expressions. He went to work therefore very seriously, and after he had scribled Nonsense enough to make a Love-Letter and writ it out fair in Gilt Paper, and sealed it, very neatly bound about with Silk (a curiosity he had never made use of before) gave it to a Porter worthy of such an employment: who being charged to deliver it into Mrs *Javot's* own hands, did that, but no more; for he told her nothing, neither whence it came nor who it was for: neither did she ask any thing but *Whether the Porter were paid?* and so immediately carried it up to her Father, to whom she conceived it was directed; for she had often received Letters for him, but never any for her self: so that she never minded the Superscription, though I will not positively affirm it had one. *Vollichon* opened and read it, smiling

smiling at his Daughters simplicity, and admiring the incomparable wit of him he designed for his Son-in-law, with the magnificence and singularity of his Stile. The Porter therefore came back without any answer, and being unable to give any account how his Embassy had been received; *Bedon* resolved to go in person. Had he gone alone, he had peradventure fared no better than *Nicodemus*: but of this there was little danger, and it was no small testimony of the violence of his passion, that he durst adventure, though so well and securely convoyed: he therefore besought his Cosin to return Mrs *Vollichon* her Visit, and to accept of him for her Gentleman-Usher. *Lorenza* was over-joyed to serve him in this, and that her Cosin was so much altered, not imagining he would ever have had the confidence to visit his Mistris. She was very well received both by Mother and Daughter, and for her sake *Bedon* also. Being less fine than *Nicodemus*, and having nothing of the meen of a dangerous Caroller, Mrs *Vollichon* did not at all apprehend leaving him with her Daughter, whilest she chatted with *Lorenza*, who had purposely drawn her aside, to favour the attempts of this Lover. *Bedon* impatient to learn the success of his great effort of wit, amongst his first Compliments asked *Isavora*, *What she thought of his Letter, and why she returned no answer?* She coolly replied, *She saw no Letter but one for her Father, which she gave him, and he would answer by the Post.* *I speak not of that*, said he, *but*

of

of one I sent to day by a Porter to your self. To me, cried out Javota, all amazed, do Maids receive Letters? Are not Letters written about business? Besides, from whom should it come? I took the boldness to send it, said Bedon. You, said she, you are not in the Country; do you take me for such a Fool, that I know not that Letters are brought from a great way off by Posts and Carriers? We receive many daily, and my Father is often complains of the Portage. Besides, to what purpose were it to write to me, Can you not tell, when you come hither, tell me what you have to say to me, without sending? Bedon, that thought his Letter incomparable, and expected infinite commendations, caught hold of her words; Since therefore (said he) you are desirous to know the contents of my Letter, I will read it to you, for I have kept a Copy, and then took out of his Pocket what he read in the following terms.

LOVE-LETTER

TO

Mrs. JAVOTA.

Madam

ACting by the privity and authority of your Parents, who have given me hopes of entring into their Alliance, I do not conceive it to be beyond the bounds of

good

good Manners to addreſs you theſe Lines, which ſhall ſerve as a Declaration. I offer you by them a heart ſpick and ſpan new, pure and clean, and like Virgin Parchment, on which your Picture may be fairly drawn; it never having been blurred by any other Cifer or Portrait. But why ſaid I Parchment, it is rather a Copper Plate, where your Eyes have engraven your fair Effigies, on which having caſt the Aqua fortis *of your Rigors, it hath been moſt profoundly ineiſed; which I ſhall manifeſt to you by ſuch proofs as you pleaſe to accept of. In recompence of this O how happy were I could I ſee mine own imprinted on yours. But to extend my Allegory no farther, would to God our two hearts under the Preſs of Matrimony, might receive ſo fair Characters they might be bound up in one Volume with indiſſolvable Nerves, and both of them dwell together in the ſame Cloſet, there to enjoy the happineſs of a private tranquillity: a happineſs wiſhed to you now and ever, by*

Your moſt humble and moſt
affectionate future Husband
JOHN BEDOU.

After

After *Javota* had very seriously listned to this Letter, and understood nothing of it, she thought it to be for want of attention, and therefore prayed *Bedon* to read it again, which he did very willingly, taking this to be a token of the excellency of the Piece; but when he came to the word *Allegory* she interrupted with a loud cry, *O heavens, what a great abominable word is this! is there no mischief in it?* and when he went about to interpret it, she cried, *No, no, I will not know it, 'tis sufficient my Mother hath always forbidden me to hear such gross words*; and then without minding him any more, went to her Mother; so that *Bedon* for want of other imployment was fain to help *Javota* to pick Wool.

Whilest this lasted Madam *Vellitchon* extreamly tormented poor *Lorenca*, who had wit and knew the world. She had already lamented the care and trouble brought with Children, and the difficulty of getting good Maids; she had asked if she knew ere a good one, because she had resolved to turn hers away; not without accusing her of all her faults, and regretting the good qualities of her she had before. She had also complained of the charge of House-keeping, and excessive price of Victualls, bringing it still in as the burthen of her Song, *That a Family hath a very wide throat, and sometimes but it is a Gulph and an Abiss.* But *Lorenca* to change this home-spun talk, began to mention some Women of the Neighbourhood, and amongst the

the rest an *Exchequer* mans Wife, that lived over against her. *Name her not to me*, cried Mrs *Vollichon*, *she is a proud Minx I cannot endure; she hath twice given me occasions of exception, which I will never forgive her.* *Lorenca* enquiring after the quality of these injuries, found they were because the Exchequeress had not visited Mrs *Vollichon* when she lay in, nor invited her at *Christmass*. Whilest *Lorenca* laughed at this pleasant resentment, *Vollichon* came into the Chamber. He had been debosh'ing all day, at a Play and the Tavern, where one of his Clients had treated him. His satisfaction to have saved a Meal, joyned to the fumes of the Wine, made him frolick above what was usual, and this was the reason he shut not himself up in his Study to write till Midnight, as he used to do. He was scarce entred, when panting and extreamly transported, he said, he had been at the finest Play that was ever seen, and there was such a Crowd it was hard to get in. He said, There were many Printers, or Fellows that got their living by the Press. This Clinch was not understood at first, but he explained it, telling them he meant Cut-purses, and that a Watch had been lost in the Crowd. *Lorenca* asked what Piece had been acted. *I will tell you*, said he, *thus the Case stood, One called* Cinna, *plotted to kill an Emperour, and to that purpose made a League offensive and defensive with another called* Maximus; *but it chanced that a certain* Quidam, *discovered the secret, a Lady* [illegible] *occasioned the whole intrigue, and spoke the finest*

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Sentences imaginable. There was also an Emperour in a Chair, before whom those Gallants pleaded admirably; and with very good arguments, the Piece is full of Intrigues that would ravish you; for conclusion, the Emperour signs their Pardons, and they remain as good Friends as Pigs in litter. It is pity, said *Lorenca*, *you are not employed to write Prologues, you would take admirably, in opening the Plot of a Tragedy.*

The arrival of *Nicodemus* interrupted them, whom *Vollichon*, by reason of the good humor he was in, received better than he had wont, though in his heart he intended to break with him; waiting only till some of his vanities gave the occasion, neither could he well be refused access to his Mistris, as long as his Engagement with her (I mean his Contract) was in being.

As soon as this Lover had made his Legg, he said to Mrs *Vollichon*, *Have you not given me a General Amnesty of all that is past? What would you be at*, replied she very briskly *with your* Amnesty? *I mean*, said *Nicodemus*, *that I hope that you have drowned all my faults in the River of Oblivion, and what prejudice soever I have been occasion of I am ready to make reparation.*

That is not it troubles me, quoth Mrs *Vollichon*, *but because you are debosht and naught.* The Husband also addressing himself to *Nicodemus*, said, *I will take care you be examined, for I am told you live ill.* *Nicodemus* went about to justifie himself, swearing, *He was never guilty*

of

of any Crime, when *Lorenca* seeing *Vollichon* swoln with slaughter, thus interpreted the Quibble *I perceive well*, said she, *by Mr. Vollichon's Meen that he reproaches you for not keeping a good house. He may when he please come and make experience of the contrary; for whensoever he will do me that honour, I will entertain him to his satisfaction. Well*, said *Vollichon*, *I take you at your word, I will dine with you to morrow and bring wherewithal to eat. There will be no need of that*, said *Nicodemus*, *the Market is good, and I will not let you starve.* *Lorenca* interpreted the second smile of *Vollichon* as she had done the former; *It is not*, said she, *that he intends to carry any thing to adde to your Table; but the meaning is, he will carry his teeth the instruments wherewith he eats. In good time*, said *Nicodemus*, *I will expect you to morrow with your friend:* this he said, pointing at *Bedon*, whom he had seen at the Hall, and thought had come along with *Vollichon*, not once imagining him to be his Rival. *Bedon* thanked him, but told him he was one that loved not to be chargeable to his friends without occasion. *Well*, said *Vollichon*, *I will stand for both, I will eat for him and my self. Brag not of your eating*, said *Nicodemus*, *lest the common reproach of Attorneys touch you, which is, That you are great devourers. There is little ground for that*, quoth *Vollichon*, *for our Trade is very much fallen. It is true*, said *Bedon*, *an Attorneys Fee is but small, but they have so many tricks to augment and cause it to be reiterated, it*

amounts

amounts to vaſt ſums; I wonder they are ſuffered, for many of them have raiſed great fortunes in very little time. *Bedon* went about to moralize very abundantly on the abuſes of Attorneys, for on ſuch occaſions he was a great diſcourſer, though dumb on thoſe of Gallantry. When *Nicodemus*, that left no ſtone unrolled to bring *Javota* into the converſation, ſeeing her divide a Bottom of Yarn, ſaid very poetically, *Methinks I behold one of the Three fatal Siſters dividing the Thred of Life, and my Deſtiny intirely depending on you, it ſeems to be mine own, which gives me every moment apprehenſion leaſt your diſdain cut it off.* *I underſtand you not*, ſaid *Javota*, *I have no deſtiny in my hands, nor any thing but a Bottom of Worſted for my Tapeſtry.* *How*, ſaid *Nicodemus*, *do you not deſign to cauſe me to die a thouſand times over, by thoſe cruel delays that retard my felicity; for when I look on the Tapiſtry in your hand, methinks it is* Penelope's Web. *I know not*, replied *Javota*, *how your* Penelope's Webs *are woven, neither have I ever ſeen any of them to be ſold in* Paris.

Mrs. *Vollichon*, who had an ear to this diſcourſe, interpoſed, *By my faith all this is to little purpoſe, I will prevent your gaining ground till I have made other enquiries.* *See*, ſaid her Husband, *ſhe is yet no farther than the Examiners Office, but I care not if ſhe paſs thorow all the Courts, provided ſhe avoid the Common Pleas.*

Sir, replied *Lorenca*, *your Wife is too much a Woman of honour, to give you any diſtruſt on that*

 accoun

account. I believe so, said *Vollichon*, *but these thrifty Huswifes are much to be doubted of, who get their Husbands Crests without paying Fees to the Heralds.*

You would have been very famous in the time of the Old Testament (said *Nicodemus*) *you speak all by Figures. His words*, then replied *Bedon*, *are not to be taken but in a Tropological sense.*

I have, said *Lorenca*, *long admired his manner of speaking, he hath certainly a Dictionary of Quibbles, which he hath gotten by heart, he could not else be so prodigal of them. I know many more*, quoth *Vollichon*, *for which I take no money*; and went about to be very profuse of them, had not a little Child come to his Sister *Javota*, to acquaint her aloud with some pressing necessities. The conversation was interrupted by this, and and had been so, had it been a hundred times more serious. For it is the Custom of such People to have their Children evermore in their eyes, to make them the chief subjects of their discourse, to admire their follies, and swallow their ordures. Little *Toinon* was immediately commended for his cleanliness, and on that accompt promised a fine thing; after which Mrs *Vollichon* entertained Mrs *Lorenca* with no other discourse but of her Son; and thought it not enough to talk only of him, but also commended another that was yet at the Breast; saying, *He spoke without teaching, and very eloquently.*

Toinon in the mean time entred the Hall like a Trooper, that is, with a Hobby-horse between his Legs, and *Vollichon* putting a Broom-stick be-

between his, met him, and this *Nicodemus* was pleased to call a tilting.

Lorenca could not hold from laughing at *Vollichon*'s folly, but *Bedon* remonstrated she was in the wrong to except against that action, and that if she had read *Plutarch*, she would have understood that *Agesilaus* was once surprised in the same posture, who instead of excusing himself, only desired those that had seen it, not to censure him till they had Children of their own. *Lorenca* made only this answer: *That nothing could be done but an example of it might be found in Antiquity*, and her discretion alone prevented her laughing at *Vollichon* to his face: yet within her self she could not but reflect on the fondness of those that in the best company thus cokes their Children, and think to be excused by alledging their paternal affection, as if there were not time enough to satisfie it in their private Families, and as if the rest of the company not obliged by the same affection, could have a share in that diversion: a folly which hath no other excuse but the example alledged by *Bedon* very impertinently, for *Agesilaus* pleased himself in that manner only in private, and was out of countenance when surprized in the action.

The rest of this Visit was passed over in the like fopperies, so that *Lorenca* very weary rose up and took her Cosin with her. Neither might *Nicodemus* tarry any longer, because Mrs *Vollichon* was going to bed, and always used to lay the Key under her Pillow. These two Lovers

made very many other Visits no less ridiculous, but I have troubled my self too long already with their repetition.

Nicodemus his business all this while fell from bad to worse, and *Bedon*'s grew better and better, not that he had any greater share in his Mistris's favor; for *Javota* had an equal indifference or rather aversion for them both; but because *Vollichon* found *Bedon* had a better estate and less vanity and folly than *Nicodemus*, he therefore in himself fully determined to marry her to *Bedon*, without once consulting his Daughter, deferring to sign Articles only till disengaged from *Nicodemus*, with whom he hoped suddenly to break off.

There being now no question but *Javota* should be quickly married, since she was in hand with two Servants; they began to allow her something more liberty than before. A Dancing Master came to fashion her, and for this they made choice of him that taught the cheapest: and her Mother would especially have her learn the *Cinque Pace* and *Sellingers Round*, which had been danced at her Wedding, and were in her opinion excellent above all other. They also permitted her to go into company, but not beyond the Neighbourhood, for they would not trust her out of their sight. *Lovet*, who made one in one of the best of these Societies, introduced her. She was well received on accompt of her beauty, notwithstanding her innocence and simplicity; for a fair Person gives great lustre to an Assembly of Women.

of the parties that composed it, were ambitious to be reckoned amongst the Wits and the Gallants, and not any one of them that made not her self remarkable by some particular Character.

Their Meetings were at *Angelica's*, a Person of great worth, who (I know not on what occasion) had engaged amongst them. She would not yet be new christned, nor take upon her any other Romantick Name (as the fashion is) than her own, for *Angelica* is as passable in Verse and Prose as any other, and as eminent both in History and Fable. She had learned some Languages and read all manner of good Books, but she concealed this as if it had been a Crime. She was not ambitious of making Parade of her Conceptions, which were ever very rationall, yet almost ever contradicted; for the number of knowing Persons being weakest in that Assembly, she was still cast by plurality of Voices: on accompt of which she used to compare her self to *Cassandra*, that was never believed when she spake truth. A Kinswoman of hers was the true reverse of this Medal. She was Daughter to a Paymaster of the Army, who to speak more properly ought rather to be called Receiver, for the other part he executed very remisly. Her true Name was *Philipote*, but her Romantick one *Hippolita*, which is the Anagram of the other; no inconsiderable good fortune for a pretended Heroine, when the Letters of her Christian Name afford a Romantick one. She affected to appear know-

ng with moſt inſupportable Pedantry. One of her Suitors taught her Latin, another Italian, a third Chiromancy, a fourth to make Verſes, ſo that ſhe had in a manner as many Maſters as Servants.

In this Company were perſons of ſeveral qualifications, but the moſt accompliſhed was called *Philalethe*, a paſſionate Admirer of the Beauties and Vertues of *Angelica*, and that uſed all means poſſible to gain her good opinion. On the other ſide a certain Author called *Charoſelle* made one, he had gained ſome reputation in his youth, but was then ſo cried down, there was not any Stationer that would print what he writ. Inſtead of this he gave himſelf the ſatisfaction of reading, or at leaſt attempting to read his Works in all Companies, and —— but fair and ſoftly, ſhould I go particularly to all his qualities, and thoſe of the other Perſonages, I ſhould make too long a Digreſſion, and too long delay the Wedding we are providing for. To be ſhort, there met daily at *Angilica*'s very good Company, who ſometime controverted Queſtions of much Curioſity, and endeavoured to imitate all that paſſes in the rich Alcoves of Ladies of the higheſt Order.

On the day of *Javota*'s admittance into this Company, it was but thin, and not ſo tumultuous as uſually. It happened alſo that the entertainment was ſublime and agreeable, to which though *Javota* contributed only by her preſence, it will not be amiſs to inſert here a part, which ſhe liſtned to with moſt remarkable attention.

To

To make this Digreſſion excuſable, whilſt it laſts, imagine if you pleaſe that it happens here as in other Romances, that *Favota* is gone to Sea, that a Storm caſts her on a forrain Shore, or that ſome Raviſher hath carried her to parts ſo remote, we cannot in a long time hear from her.

After the firſt Complements, with which the ſimpleſt uſually come off well enough, ſince they for the moſt part conſiſt only in a low Reverence and a *Gallimaufry* pronounced between the teeth, in ſuch manner that nothing of it can be heard; *Hippolita* that pleaſed her ſelf only in learned Diſcourſes, ſoon diverted them from the Vulgar Entertainments of ordinary Viſits; and ſhe blamed *Lorenca* for having begun to talk of the News of the Town and Neighbourhood; telling her, that ſmells of the Viſit of a Woman that lies in, and the tattle of Goſſips; that in good Companies Books only and high Notions were to be admitted. She immediately fell on the Jacket of certain poor Authors, who are ever the firſt that ſuffer by theſe *Virtuoſa's*, when their critical humor poſſeſſes them. Aſſure your ſelves they were then paid home, but excuſe me that I ſilently paſs over this Converſation; for I dare not name any Author that is alive, who would probably accuſe me of all that was then ſpoken, though without my abetting. It were to little purpoſe (in my excuſe) to diſapprove all the Sentences that had been given againſt them, the very mentioning them would be looked on as a Capital Crime. They would

uſe me worſe than an Hiſtorian or Gazettier, who are not obliged to juſtifie all the paſſages they relate. Beſides that, theſe Gallants are ſo quickly moved, that the leaſt raillery or faint commendation puts them in heat, and makes them your irreconcilable enemies; after which they are mute as to all the renown they before beſtowed upon you: and this to the great prejudice of the Stationer that is concerned in the Vent of a Book. I have too great reſpect for them, to uſe them as ſome Writers do, who ſpeaking of them only invert their Names, haſh or anagrammatize them, which is to little purpoſe; for if the Names be well diſguiſed, the Diſcourſe is obſcure, without force or ornament, or at leaſt can pleaſe but very few; and if they be diſcoverable (as they almoſt ever are) to what purpoſe ſerves the diſguiſe; Readers uſually finding wayes to get the Key: beſides that, ſometimes Pilferers of honour make falſe ones. I will not therefore ſpeak a word to particulars, but only of what was ſaid in general, at which none can take exceptions, if he be not of a very croſs humor, or have a Conſcience very much burthened. They firſt of all expatiated on Poems and Romances, and talked much of the Inſtitution of a Poet, and wayes of becoming an Author, and acquiring repute in the World.

There is nothing I ſo paſſionately deſire (ſaid *Hippolita* amongſt the reſt) *as to be able to make a Book, it is the only thing I envy Men for, who make ſo many: I imagine they derive the faculty*

to

to do it from the advantage of their Sex. There is no need (answered *Angelica*) *to desire to be of another Sex on that account, our own hath in all ages produced such Compositions as Men have envied. That is true*, said *Lorenca*, *but they which write well conceal it as if it were a crime, and they which write ill are the scorn and Table-talk of the World; so that amongst which soever our merit ranges us, there accrues no great glory. For my part*, said *Philalethe* (who was the Gallant Man I spoke of) *I am not of this opinion, and hold that they which conceal their knowledge, merit double honour, because they joyn modesty to ability; neither are the others without some praise, for their endeavors to raise themselves above their Sex, in despite of its weakness. And I*, said *Charoselles*, *if ever it were in my power, would forbid all Women coming in print, neither would I ever suffer their Books to be licenced: for the trifling Poetry and Romances they give us, so exhaust the Stationers money, they have not wherewithal to print Grave Authors, that treat of History and Philosophy: this hath very sensibly moved me, and extreamly wrong'd all Writers of a fertil vain; of which I can speak by experience. Sir, It seems to me* (said *Paverace*, another Gentleman that was there accidentally) *your interest obliges you to speak, but let us consider that though many Romances and Poems are printed, many other Voluminous Authors both in Verse and Prose are not left out; so that the merit of those the Stationers refuse, may be civilly enough questioned. If that were all*, replied *Hippolita*, *I would*

would not be a jot troubled, for a Stationer that lets me out Romances, would desire nothing more than to print for me, particularly because I ask no money; for scarce any of them ever refuse Copies that are freely given: besides I have so many friends and so strong a Cabal, I can give them security for the sale. That which you have mentioned last is most advantageous for Printing and Selling Books; and my bad fortune is to be imputed to the want of it alone. At my first coming into the World, I unluckily began to satyrize, and so incensed all Authors:

Were I to begin again ——— *You would speak favorably of all*, said *Lorenca* (who had known him long) *and that would be the worse for you; for that is a thing so unusual, it were a miracle if it took.* *Well*, said *Charoselles*, *I will no more lament what is passed, since it is not to be recalled, but I resolve to publish my Treatise of the* Grand Cabal, *which shall discover the Cheats of many of those admired Authors that carry their heads the highest, and prove them to be very Pick-locks of Reputation; more worthy to be punished than they which carry false Dice and cut Purses, and will find means to get it printed in spite of the Stationers, though I give it away to some of the Authors that have brought up a fashion of Adopting Books.*

It is true, said *Angelica*, *that Friends and a Cabal have oftentimes served to give Men reputation, but that lasted no longer than they had the modesty and discretion to conceal their Works; for as soon as they have given them to the Publick,*

that

that hath been impartial, and all reputation that had not ſolid foundations, fell to the ground. I was in a mortal fear (added Pancrace) leſt you would have quoted ſome example, that might have engaged us in a quarrel, I mean not one of thoſe in which I know very well how to comport my ſelf with honour.

But, ſaid Philalethe, will not you reckon in the ſame rank thoſe which make Verſes to be placed at the beginning of Books, Prefaces, and Comments; for theſe applaud till they are weary, without offending in the leaſt the Authors modeſty. Yes, ſaid Charoſelles, and it is a very good deſign ſo to beg fame; not but that there may be knavery in it, for an Author will ſometimes borrow a Name of a friend, or ſuppoſe a Romantick one, and under it be very laviſh in his own commendations. Amongſt friends, I may tell you, I have practiſed this with very good ſucceſs, and under a borrowed Name as Commentator to my own Work, burnt incenſe to my ſelf till I was weary.

Be this as it may (ſaid Hippolita) I could never underſtand how it is poſſible to make theſe huge Volumes, with concatenation of ſo many intrigues and accidents. I have a hundred times undertaken to make a Romance, but could never bring it about for Songs, Epigrams, and other ſmall pieces; it is ſufficiently known I acquit my ſelf as well as another, and that I can make as many as I pleaſe. Take notice, ſaid Charoſelles, here is another way to arrive eaſily at reputation in this wretched Age, where we mind nothing but trifles: nothing elſe is valued, nothing elſe ſells, whileſt the ſublimeſt

thoughts

thoughts and nobleſt conceptions ſtill lie upon our hands.

It ſeems then, ſaid *Angelica*, you are of that opinion that take *Madrigals* to be the firſt ſteps to renown, and great Poems the firſt towards diſgrace. 'Tis poſſible, added *Pancrace*, but how can ſuch trifles give any honour? You mention not their main advantage (added *Lorenca*) which is to be ſet to Tunes. That certainly is the reaſon (cried *Charoſelles*) that all theſe ſmall Poets court the beſt Muſicians, who never make Airs to any Verſes but thoſe of their Favorites; for if they ſhould they would have a great deal of work. It cannot be denied, ſaid Philalethes, but this invention is very good, for by this means their Verſes are ſung by the greateſt Beauties of the Court; after which they are famous thorow the World: beſides that the goodneſs of the Tune, like Paint, deceives and dazles; and I have heard many things commended when ſung, that written had neither rime nor reaſon. I compare them, ſaid he, to thoſe ill ſhaped Images, which covered over with Glaſs, paſs for admirable in a Cloſet. And I, ſaid Pancrace, to a Droget Suit, which the humor of ſome great Perſon hath enriched with Embroidery. This puts me in mind, ſaid *Lorenca*, of a man I have ſeen at the Court of a great Princeſs, that got a high reputation by that harmonious trifle: he had worded many Songs, and pretended to have very ſublime fancies, and indeed they were above all underſtanding; but without this never produced two lines that were not hiſt at. I admire at it (ſaid *Hippolita*) for Court Poets, have ever their Trains of Applauders.

Either

Either his Book was very bad or he had few friends. That was it I looked for (said *Charoselles*) *and I hold that there is nothing more necessary to the reputation of a Poet, than either to frequent the Court or to have been bred there; for a Town-wit is little considerable. I would have him have access to all Alcoves, Assemblies and Academies of Gallantry, with a* Mecenas *of eminent quality to protect him, and make his Works considerable, and that in so high a manner that men should be forced to commend them whether they would or no, and not to make their Court without doing it. I would have him write to the greatest Lords for the Maids of Honour, and on all* Adventures *of the* Cabinet; *counterfeit himself to be in love, under some borrowed Name, or in a Romance: but the highest of his fortune were to write a Maske, Play, or Epick Poem, above which* Poets *have nothing to aspire to.*

I cannot deny, said *Angelica, but all these inventions, especially the countenance and authority of a great Person are very advantageous; for three Quarters of the World judge of Books without ever looking on them, and are of the opinion of him that first censures them, as* Sheep *still follow their* Leader. *You may adde,* said *Philalethes, that many talk so long contrary to their judgement, that they lose it, and at last approve of that they with very great reason at first condemned; because they have been so many times obliged to speak favorably of it, out of other considerations. I my self* (said *Pancrace*) *knew once a* Court Poet *very much esteemed, because Men sometimes*

made

made their fortunes by commending his Verſes, as by bad Verſes had before made his own. I know him alſo, ſaid *Hippolita, and find he was not eſteemed without reaſon, for amongſt all* Poets *ſuch as enjoy* Wealth *and* Honour *have my* Vote, *and for thoſe that have ſo much, they can keep* Coaches, *I think it inſolence to cenſure their* Works. *To be born* rich, *will as ſoon raiſe a* Poet *to* renown, *as the* Natural Genius *ſo much talked of, and which hath cauſed it to be ſaid* Orators *may be bred, but* Poets *muſt be born. And for my part I would adviſe any that had a mind to be of this* Trade, *to ſell all to purchaſe one of theſe* Chariots of Honour: *To ſay truth,* Poets *or* Muſicians Coaches *(for both theſe we daily behold) coſt not much; nay I know a* Lords, *whoſe* Furniture *coſt but Four Pounds, and had the misfortune to be mired in the blowings of ſome body's Noſe; neither is the keeping it any great matter, ſuch Gallants uſually living on other Mens charges, whether in* Town *or* Countrey; *ſometimes with one, ſometimes with another. Alas,* interrupted *Charoſelles, this* Diſcourſe *is to no purpoſe; I long kept a* Coach *to this very end, likely enough (as you know) to paſs for an* Authors Coach, *yet my* Credit *is loſt amongſt theſe* damned Stationers, *that will print no more of my* Works.

I can give you good counſel, ſaid *Lorenca, and that is to deliver looſe* Pieces *to ſuch as make* Collections, *who ſuffer nothing to eſcape them. The good give value to the bad, as* falſe Money *paſſes when mixed amongſt that which is currant. This invention I thought of,* anſwered *Charoſelles,*

with

with a great sigh, but it would serve but one time; for after they had refused a whole Book *of mine, having hashed it small, and presented it in* Episodes *and* Fragments, *I indeed got the Volume, though all my own, to be printed, under the Title of* A Collection of Pieces of several Authors; *yet the* Stationer *at last unluckily discovered the trick, and reproached me with it's lying on his hands. I wonder at that,* answered *Philalethes, for* Collections *have formerly sold well. It is true, they are a little decryed of late, in that particular like* Wine *good for nothing when it runs low, though excellent, when first set a-broach. But* (said Hippolita) *do you not find that these* Collections *make us* famous *very easily and at small charge? Many* Authors *are no otherwise known. I have a good mind to do the like, and can find* Odes *and* Elegies *enough to print in my Name, which if it be necessary, I will prefix to them. I think,* said *Angelica, this may serve at least for an* Essay *towards* reputation; *for if the* Pieces *we adventure upon take, the glory is our own securely; if they fail we are quit for dis-avowing them, or saying,* They were taken from us by stealth, and never made by us with intention to publish.

I *acknowledge,* said *Panerace, that such as have* reputation, *and whose* Works *have gained the* approbation *of* Cabinets *and* Alcoves, *have preserved this in* Collections; *but* I *find not that such as were formerly* obscure *have had any great* success *by them; for which reason very few Qualified Persons have set their Names to them. I was the other day,* said Philalethes,

Spectator

Spectator of a difference that will very well confirm what you say, and this was in the Shop *of one of the greateſt* Printers *of* Collections; *A* well qualified Perſon, *that would not paſs for a declared Author, threatned to beat him for having printed ſome* Verſes *of* Gallantry *in his* Name, *and placing it in the Catalogue of* Authors *at the beginning of the* Book, *which he had poſted at the* Corners *of* Streets. *The* Stationer *in a lamentable tone, nay really weeping, ſaid*, Alas, Sir, the condition of us poor Stationers is very miſerable, and we are ſtrangely put to it, to give content to Authors; but juſt now went one from hence, that threatned me no leſs than you have done, becauſe I put not his Name to a Song, and ſaying this, he ſhewed him the Song, which was the worſt piece in the Book.

See the difference of humors, ſaid Lorenca, *it had been very pleaſant if theſe two Gallants had put their deſigns in execution at one and the ſame time. For my part*, ſaid Charoſelles, *I cannot condemn thoſe that ſeek* glory *this way, for in* Poetry (*which you know I have alwayes conſidered as a trifle*) *I have obſerved the worſt Traffick is to deal in groſs, I mean to print ones Works all together, and make a Volume; it is a better Method to vent them by parcels, and give them out piece by piece, as Men uſe to do by Rattles and Windmills to pleaſe Children. Your Maxime is ſufficiently confirmed by experience*, ſaid Angelica, *for we have known* Authors *whoſe ſmall* Pieces *have acquired as much or more glory than* Volumes *publiſhed at once by others, and that effectually*

effectually, were of greater merit. *Wonder not at that*, said *Philalethes*, *the impatient humor of our Nation is tired with long Works; and this is remarkable, in that such as have in their hands* Book *of* Poetry, *will sooner read a Sonnet than an Elegy, and an Epigram than a Sonnet: and if a Book contain onely Epigrams, those of four or six Verses shall be read sooner than those of a dozen.*

I am very glad, said Hippolita, *that small Pieces are better esteemed in* France *than great ones, for for Madrigals I can make them as I list, as I said before; for there belongs no more to it, but to find out a smooth line or two and there is an end: whereas it is hard to come by conceits for Epigrams and Verses of State for Sonnets. But*, said *Charoselles*, *all this is not enough to make small pieces, to take they must suit the times, I mean the Mode, and for quicker dispatch in the sale, the Subject must be choice, as on the death of my Ladies little Dog, her Parret, or some other great Adventure happened in the gallant and poetical Universe.*

For my part, replied *Hippolita*, *above all other I love Distichs, because they are commonly* ex tempore, *which I judge to be the most certain token of wit. You are not alone in your opinion*, said *Angelica*, *I have known many Women so besotted on these* ex tempories, *they have preferred them to the perfectest Works and most studious endeavours. I am not of the opinion of those Ladies* (*Charoselles* briskly replied) *and I know no certainer sign of reprobation in what relates to Poetry, than to be taken with such things, for they which are*

best at them, are only gay and sportive persons, nay sometimes such as are mad are happy enough in them; whereas a true esteem belongs only to Pieces wrought with mature deliberations, where Art and Nature unite. Not but that the greatest Wits may sometimes produce Gallantries on the sudden, but it must be done very discreetly, or otherwise they expose themselves to strange absurdities, as almost all sudden Wits sometimes do. Adde to this, said *Philalethes, that no ware is vended that is more deceitful; for as at Gaming Ordinaries men often cheat with false* Dice, *no less is done in* Academies *with* Extempories, *and some take those to have newly seen the light that indeed are old and weather beaten.*

This is true, said *Pancrace, and I have known a certain pleasant fellow, well enough looked upon in the World, that never went without* Pocket Extempories, *and had provided so many on several Subjects, that he had large* Common Places. *He usually carried along with him some one, with whom he corresponded, by whose assistance he diverted the discourse to several Subjects, and so drew people into straits, where he had laid some* Extemporie *ambush, and then the Gallant fell on and defeated the bravest Champions of Wit, not without the admiration of the Company.*

I am glad, said *Lorena, to be informed of the deceits that are committed, because if any such things be hereafter presented me, I shall desire attestations of honest and honourable Persons, that they were made in their presence without fraud or*

cozin.

covin. I (said *Angelica*) *never applauded such Pieces, for this were to sell reputation at a very low rate, which I reserve for polite and serious Works, particularly for Sonnets; which are (as one of my good friends calls them) the Masterpieces of Poetry, and the most Noble of all Poems.*

You will not often be in a condition to be lavish of of them (added *Charoselles*) *for it requires a great stock of wit to be successful in them; neither do many profess the making them, and even they for one good one give us a hundred that are bad. I have seen so many bad ones,* said *Pancrace, I am perswaded the greatest part of them are such, and unless some understanding person assure me of their goodness, I cannot find in my heart to read them. I have* (said *Philalethes*) *been long sensible of the difficulty to make good ones, and seen eminent Poets that have acquired glory by great Poems, whose reputations have fallen in some Sonnet.*

Now you speak of Sonnets (said *Javota*, who had till then been silent) *I have a very good one about me, which a Client of my Fathers left in his Study. Pancrace* besought her to oblige them with the reading it, and adding grace to it. *I beg of you to excuse me,* said *Javota, for it is so long, so long, so long, it would give you too great interruption. How,* said *Hippolita, is so much time necessary to the reading* 14 *lines?* In the mean while *Javota* took out of her Pocket a little Book stitched in Marble Paper, containing an entire Poem; it was called, *The Metamorphosis of the Eyes of* Phillis *into Stars.*

The Company could not forbear laughing at this simplicity, *Hippolita* burst out; at which, *Javota* blushing, said, *How are not these Verses? I am sure my father told me they were. Yes questionless*, answered *Pancrace. Well*, said *Javota, and are not Sonnets Verses, why all this laughing?* The laughing increased, till *Angelica* in civility broke it off, and went to *Javota* to make excuses, and help her out of her confusion; which she effected by many reiterated caresses. *Pancrace* also joyned with her, and employed himself very heartily: he had already entered into a particular conversation with *Javota*, to whom from the first he had an extraordinary inclination. But they were now interrupted by a great Cry of *Hippolita*, *What have we here?* said she, *I must needs see what it contains*: and this she spoke on occasion of a Roll of Paper fallen out of *Angelica's* Pocket as she arose suddenly. *Angelica* very civilly desired her to restore it, reproaching her for prying into her secrets. *Secrets*, said *Hippolita*, *use not to be so voluminous, it is certainly some piece of Gallantry, the pleasure of which you must not engrosse to your self. At least let me see the Title*, which as soon as she had read, she cried out yet lowder, *You were the most disobliging person in the world, would you deprive so good company of the diversion of a Piece, whose Title promises so fairly. However you shall not deny me to take it home and read it: Do your worst, I claim my share*, said *Charoselles, and my opinion is that it be read here, and in requital I will read you another composition of my*

own,

own, twice as long, that perhaps shall never be printed.

Philalethes that knew the humor of *Charoselles*, trembled to hear the Company thus threatned, and least the effect might follow, joyned with *Angelica* to oppose *Hippolita*'s obstinacy, saying, *It would be too tedious to read it, and that their time might be passed more agreeably in discourse*; he told them moreover, *That he had seen the Piece, and that it merited not the attention of so good company.* This seeming neglect made them conceive it was of his making, and that he had given it *Angelica*, for their correspondence was not unknown; besides that he was too discreet so publickly to slight the Works of another. This redoubled *Hippolita*'s curiosity, which at last prevailed over *Angelica*'s resistance, and taking them one after the other by the Arm, she obliged them to sit down in their former places; then addressing her self to *Philalethes*, she told him, *Your punishment for endeavoring to deprive us of this Piece, shall be to read it, which will also free you from the displeasure of hearing me read it ill; for I question not but you are the Author.* *Philalethes* taking the Papers, very civilly told her, *I renounce the honour you impute to me of the composure, but readily accept that of obeying you*; and then began to read as follows.

A TALE of CUPID

Run away from his *MOTHER.*

"LIttle *Cupid* was ever an incorrigible Brat, cockered and humored by his too indulgent Mother. The whole Celeſtial Court complained of him, *Juno*, that he ſuffered her not to enjoy her Husband two dayes together; *Diana*, that he debauched all her Nymphs, *Minerva* indeed was unattempted by him, for ſhe underſtood not raillery; *Venus* often threatned to whip him, but did it not, though to make good her menaces, ſhe ſteeped twigs of Mirtle in Vinegar, which did not a little terrifie him. But when ſhe went about to correct him, he ſtill ſheltered himſelf by favor of the Graces, who would gladly have hidden him under their Coats, had they not been naked. But one day, when ſhe was in a croſs humor (I know not whether upon the News of the Death of *Adonis*)

" *Adonis*) she resolved to pay him in good " earnest; and her Graces having forsaken " her by reason of her Melancholy, he found " not his wonted Sanctuary. He had been then " in a bad condition, without the usual recourse " of Children, who run from their Mothers to " their Grand-mothers: he therefore cast him- " self headlong into the arms of *Thetis*, that " was not far off, and lost no time in stripping, " because he goes alwayes naked; his Wings " serving him instead of Oars, he soon arrived " at her Crystal Pallace; where seeing him " weep, she began to cokes him, and (as " those good old Women are wont to do, that " applaud all the sopperies of their Grand-chil- " dren) gave him Sugar Plums. He liked his " entertainment so well, that he tarried long, " but unable to give over his old wonts, so " inflamed the Fishes (till that time naturally " cold) with the Fire of Love, that they " soon became the most Prolifick Animals, in " such a manner, that *Thetis* Kingdom is now " so populous, that did not her Subjects (like " Wolves and Poets) devour one another, " though the Plains of the Ocean are so ex- " treamly vast, she could neither feed nor " quarter them. Had he done no more, the " mischief had not yet been great; though we " reckon in his enflaming the Sirens, who are " the Singing Women of that Court, Persons " of that Profession being usually Libertines; " but he attacqued the *Nereides* themselves, " who are the Princesses and Ladies of Honour

" to the Maritime Queen. He became ex-
" treamly ſcandalous, when he fell on the moſt
" diſcreet of them all (whoſe Name my re-
" ſpects for her ſhall conceal) for he cauſed
" her to be debauched by the Treaſurer of *Nep-*
" *tune*'s Cockle-ſhels

" Theſe Lovers had little ſatisfaction in the
" deſign of their Amours, the difficulty of ex-
" ecuting them being ſo great; for the Palaces
" of *Thetis* and the *Nereides* being built of
" Cryſtal, and that of the moſt tranſparent,
" nothing could be done in them, but what
" was viſible to the Tritons, that are *Neptune*'s
" Janiſaries; they were therefore neceſſitated
" to appoint a Rendezvous hard by *Carybdis*,
" where there is a fall of Water into a Gulfe,
" ſo dangerous that very few dare paſs it;
" but they could not do their buſineſs with ſo
" little noiſe but the Dogs that *Scilla* bred hard
" by (for thereabouts is *Neptune*'s Kennel) o-
" ver-heard them: as ſoon as one of theſe
" barked the reſt followed, and the Muſick not
" only awakened *Scilla*, but a jealous Triton
" that ſlept by her ſide. She was preſently in-
" quiſitive after the cauſe of this Alarm, ſup-
" poſing her Dogs barked at Theeves that came
" to ſteal the Treaſures ſhe had amaſſed at ſe-
" veral Shipwracks, which uſually happen in
" her Dominion. Theſe unfortunate Lovers
" were in this manner taken in the act, the poor
" *Nereid* was much out of countenance, and
" became redder than a Lobſter and muter than
" a Carp; now as mean Officers evermore en-

vy.

" vy the greater, and ſeek to raiſe themſelves
" on their ruin, this Triton that had villainous
" teeth, and much reſembled an over-grown
" Pike, was glad of an occaſion to ſnap at the
" Treaſurer of the Cockle-ſhels; he therefore
" divulged ſo long this Adventure, that at laſt
" it came to the Ears of *Thetis*, and ſo highly
" inraged her, that ſhe began to roar and
" frown in ſuch a manner that all Navigators
" ſuffered by it. She condemned the *Nereid*
" to be ſhut up during life in a Priſon of Ice at
" the bottom of the *Baltick Sea*, and the
" Seducer in the Shell of a Snail, where he
" ſince abſconds, never daring to ſhew his
" horns, unleſs at the end of a Storm; for the
" little Incendiary that had cauſed the diſorder,
" *Thetis* reſolved immediately to puniſh him,
" and cauſed a handful of Coral Branches to be
" gathered to whip him ſoundly; for Coral
" whileſt in the Sea is ſupple as Ozier, and nei-
" ther hard nor red till it comes into the air:
" this is averred by *Pliny*, whom, if you be learn-
" ed, you will not refuſe to own as a creditable
" Author. *Cupid* was then in as great danger
" as ever, and ſaw many Crabs who are the
" Catch-poles of that Countrey, ready to ſeiſe
" him; but he ſlipt from them like an Eel, be-
" ing extreamly active and nimble (eſpecially
" at evaſions) and got to the Shore out of the
" power of his rigorous Grand-mother. He
" was yet in a Countrey where he was not un-
" known, if he would have diſcovered himſelf,
" for it belonged to *Cibele* the Mother of the

Deities,

" Deities, his Great great Grand-Mother; but
" she being old, wrinckled, and crooked, and her
" head dressed with Towns and Castles, the
" sight of her frighted him; besides fear of the
" Rod which he had escaped, being the Capi-
" tal Punishment of Children, gave him a di-
" strust of all his Relations; he resolved there-
" fore to conceal himself, in order to which he
" thought best to retire to the Cottages of cer-
" tain Shepherds he saw thereabouts: they re-
" ceived him well and charitably gave him a
" Suit of Clothes, which because he was naked
" they thought he stood in need of, for they
" understood not the heat of his Constitution.
" I know not whether apprehension of punish-
" ment had made him wiser, or whither he com-
" miserated the ignorance of his Hosts, but he
" comported himself amongst them very mo-
" destly, without either malice or circumven-
" on; and, in recompence of their charitable
" entertainment, taught them the Art of Love:
" for if you have not already learned it, be
" pleased that I tell you that till this time Love
" was not known to men, who made all ad-
" dresses like Beasts only by natural instinct, and
" in order to generation. This Noble Passion
" that insinuates into hearts, gives them so
" high satisfactions, and unites souls sooner
" than bodies, was yet a stranger in the world,
" the Deities having reserved it to themselves as
" a more delicate morsel. It is granted on all
" hands that Shepherds were the first that ta-
" sted its pleasures, and it ought not to seem

strange

ſtrange that they have recorded them with ſo much Eloquence, having had ſuch a School-Maſter.

As all things are perfecter and leſs corrupt, whileſt nearer their Originals, ſo the firſt Loves were with all purity and vertue imaginable. That Deity ſo well ordered his Arrows, that the Flames were ever mutual in the hearts of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, deſires of pleaſing only poſſeſſed them, their affections were reciprocal and fidelities inviolable; there were no Complaints of Cruelty or Rigor, becauſe no unjuſt deſires, neither any regret or ſorrow, becauſe Vice had no ſhare. In a word this was Loves Golden Age.

But having paſſed ſome time here he grew weary of ſolitude, and curious of knowing what paſſed in the World, which his youth had not till then permitted him to viſit, and therefore reſolved to go to a Neighbouring Town, where becauſe it was great and fair, he reſided, till he grew acquainted with it. The firſt thing he did was to ſeek a ſervice, and wonder not that his Divinity deſcended ſo low, for ſlavery is his Element. Chance firſt of all engaged him with a Woman not unhandſome, but whoſe Phyſiognomy promiſed much ſimplicity: her Hair was flaxen and her Complexion fair but faint, her Eyes grey but dull, her Stature tall but heavy; and if theſe things may be tolerated, otherwiſe handſom and agreeable: her Name was

Lan-

" *Laudora*, and she had a general indiffe-
" rence for all the World; she expressed
" certain contempt, which yet was not th
" effect of Pride, but of a flegmatick tempe
" that made men despair. In a word, she wa
" so neglective of all, that it was very apparen
" she took nothing to heart. *Cupid* had not h
" ved long with her before he attempted th
" same thing he had done amongst the Shep
" herds, being unwilling to discontinue hi
" Archery, the only quality that makes hi
" considerable; he made several shot with
" little Pocket Bow, but at first rather for spor
" than out of design, as Children use to pla
" with Trunks. One day taking from th
" ground one of the Arrows he had shot a
" *Laudore*, he perceived the point turned; no
" thing vexes this little Rebel like resistance
" which caused him obstinately to resolve to b
" revenged on this insensibility: he took there
" fore some of his sharpest Arrows, and, while
" she was in good company, shot several righ
" at her heart: but it was miraculous to be
" hold that they had no other effect against thi
" heart of Diamond, than Balls against the
" Walls of a Tennis-Court; yet in their re
" boundings wounded those that were near
" These used all imaginable endeavors, that she
" which was the cause of their mischief migh
" share in it; but nothing had success: all De
" signs and all Gallantries were expelled by he
" rigor. But at last there came into the com
" pany a certain Man neither handsom nor ill

favored

" favored; his face promiſed much honeſty, and
" no leſs ſtupidity; he was tall and ſlender,
" but weak and ſtooping; his gate unequal, his
" mouth wide, his hair long and uncurled like
" hemp.

" Behind this Gallant *Cupid* one day poſted
" himſelf to attaque his Rebel, he had no in-
" tention to do a favour to one he had but
" little kindneſs for, it was rather to put
" a trick on him, and make him ſerve as an
" object of the ſhaft that glanced from *Lau-*
" *dora*.

" At that very inſtant the indifference of the
" Lady vaniſhed, and ſhe had an inexpreſſible
" inclination for this Man; to ſuch a degree
" that ſhe was ready to diſcover her paſſion,
" had not her Sexes modeſty reſtrained her:
" but at laſt ſhe found an opportunity to give
" vent to the ſecret without much difficulty,
" becauſe they were daily together; he almoſt
" at the ſame time had the like inclinations for
" her; perhaps one of the ineffectual Arrows
" of which we ſpoke before, fell on his great
" toe, and its venom inſenſibly reached the
" heart: in a word, they loved, but with ſo ſlack
" a fire, there was no appearance of it either
" by ſighs or complaints, yet never were any
" hearts more firmly united. All the addreſſes
" which in other encounters pretend to in-
" ſpire love, were here inſignificant, they
" thought it enough to court by glances, and
" ſcarce ever made uſe of words; and the moſt
" ſerious employment of this ſilly Amour was to

tred

" tred on one anothers toes, or look on one an
" other without laughing.

" *Cupid* liked not this manner of proceeding
" nor that they were so indifferent in an affai
" that so many persons of quality take to be ve
" ry important; his inclination tending to b
" serviceable to all he wounds, he was trou
" bled to be useless to these Lovers, and his airy
" Complexion suffered him not to be long idle
" he therefore reflected on the wound he had
" made, for (to give him but his due) he can
" play the Philosopher when he pleases, and ar
" gues well, especially when his Eyes are un
" cieled: he then perceived he was mistaken, in
" attributing to himself the honour of this de
" feat, and acknowledged it belonged to chance
" alone, that had given a meeting to two per
" sons, whose faces and humors had so much
" of resemblance and sympathy, they seemed
" born for each other; and from this conclu
" ded that for the future many Crimes might
" be imputed to him of which he should be in
" nocent. Shame of effecting nothing at last
" caused him to seek his discharge; which was
" not hard to be obtained of Masters that could
" so easily spare him.

" After this he engaged himself in service
" of a Lady much given to reading, with her
" he at first very much pleased himself, because
" he hoped to learn many secrets, and not to
" want employment.

" This Lady, whose Name was *Polymathia*,
" had not inherited so much Beauty, but her

Defor-

" Deformity exeeeded it, and I am unwilling to
" give a full deſcription of her, leſt I diſtaſte
" ſuch Readers as are of a queaſie ſtomack:
" neither is it poſſible for any Lady to pretend
" both to Beauty and Science, for much read-
" ing takes from the luſtre of their Eyes, and
" the delicacy of their Complexion decayes, if
" they paſs not their time idlely and voluptu-
" ouſly: beſides that it is very hard for them
" to ſpare any hour of the day for Study,
" which is all of it ſcarcely ſufficient to dreſs
" and paint themſelves. But *Polymathia*'s wit
" was incomparable, and ſhe ſpoke ſo well that
" ſhe muſt needs have charmed all Ears had ſhe
" not affrighted all Eyes. She was ſkilled in
" Philoſophy and the ſublimeſt Arts, and theſe
" ſhe had accommodated to the guſt of Perſons
" of Quality, retaining nothing that ſavors of
" the Pedantry of the Schools. Her admira-
" ble Compoſitions both in Verſe and Proſe in-
" vited to her the moſt eminent and elegant of
" her time: *Love* would not here let his Qui-
" ver be uſeleſs, yet forbore a while, becauſe
" his Miſtriſſes excellent Conceptions of Ver-
" tue and Temperance, made him deſpair of
" ſucceſs, or conquering that rigor ſhe ſo much
" gloried in: he had alſo ſome reſpect for the
" Philoſophy that ſeconded her, not without
" reaſon apprehending to be ſeverely handled
" by it: he alſo made ſome conſcience of
" the ill office he ſhould do her by inſpiring her
" with love, not being confident of his power to
" raiſe a paſſion for her in any heart, unleſs he

ſought

" ſought it amongſt the blind: he reſolved
" therefore firſt of all to try what he could do
" with ſome of the *Virtuoſo*'s that frequented
" her, but it was to no purpoſe, his Arrows
" falling with as little effect as if ſhot againſt
" Wooll-ſacks; but that which moſt enraged
" him, was the diſſimulation of thoſe Rabbies
" (for there is not any Deity, how fabulous ſo-
" ever, but is infinitely offended by hypocriſie)
" who thought it not enough to admire her wit,
" but would alſo ſeem taken with her beauty,
" and their impudence went ſo high to qualifie
" her with *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Aurore* in the Let-
" ters and Verſes they ſent her. They which
" had only ſeen her in this falſe Mirror, and
" flattering Draught, would never have known
" her: for to ſpeak truth, all her reſemblance
" of the Sun was the Yellow Jaundies, and of
" the Moon the inequality of her Cheeks, with
" as little of *Aurora* excepting the Carnation of
" her Noſe. Alas how are poor Readers abu-
" ſed by Poets that pretend to ſincerity, if they
" take their Verſes literally. They form beau-
" tiful Idea's of Chimerical Perſons, that have
" no reſemblance of the Originals. And when
" we find,

" *My brave* Caſſandra, *take me not to be*
" *A* Myrmidon *or Hect'ring* Dolope.

" He that reads this, ſuppoſeth it to point at
" *Thaleſtris* or *Penthiſilea*, though the brave
" *Caſſandra* was really no other than a Bouncing
Hoſtes

" Hoſteſs, that kept a Victualling-Houſe in
" the Suburbs. But let a Maid be never ſo de-
" formed, the moſt Hyperbolical Commenda-
" tions never offend her, neither will ſhe ever
" believe her ſelf to be rallied, though ſhe
" accuſe people of doing it.

" In this ſhe will never gainſay any one, un-
" leſs by a falſe modeſty. Let her underſtand-
" ing be never ſo clear-ſighted, ſhe will not
" be convinced of her defects, or if ſhe be,
" oppoſe ſome good quality againſt them; and
" ſo well caſt up her reckoning, that ſhe will at
" laſt find Charms more than ſufficient to inſpire
" love. *Cupid* as blind as he is fancied, diſco-
" vered that notwithſtanding all theſe fained
" Gallantries, none was touched to the quick;
" for not any of his Arrows were bloody, and
" became therefore more opiniator in his de-
" ſign, ſwearing ſome body ſhould pay for it.
" After many attempts and employing his Qui-
" ver, till he wanted as well Wood to maks Ar-
" rows, as Steel to head them: he was fain at
" laſt to make uſe of *Polymathia*'s Pen-Knife,
" whoſe Pens became eloquent, as ſoon as tou-
" ched by this enchanted Steel.

" A ſhot made with this, luckily hit a wit
" very worthy of her, and ſo fit to be coupled
" with her, that had they been placed in two
" adjoyning Niches, the Symmetry would have
" been admirable: His Stature was low, but
" a Bunch that grew on one of his Shoulders,
" roſe very high; his Legs were of unequal
" bigneſs, he was blind of one Eye, and ſaw

" but ill with the other, all its luſtre conſiſting
" in a Scarlet Border certainly in grain, ſince
" the water that inceſſantly diſtilled upon it,
" could not decay it: But if his Body gave di-
" ſtaſte his wit charmed. He would have ſuc-
" ceeded admirably in Spaniſh Courtſhip, which
" is practiſed onely by night, for darkneſs
" would have been very favorable to him. The
" heart of this hard-favored wit was no ſooner
" wounded, but Elegies, Sonnets, and Ma-
" drigals flew about without number; never
" was there a fertiler vein, or more inflamed
" Genius: never ſo great profuſion of tender
" paſſions in rhime: but that which is more
" than uſual, is, that then all diſſimulation
" vaniſhed, all the Charms and Graces he at
" firſt put in his Verſes onely as Poetical Ficti-
" ons, he afterwards inſerted in good earneſt,
" and believed in his conſcience that his Miſtriſs
" was a true Sun and a true *Aurora*: and
" though her wit alone gave the firſt fire to this
" love, the tender *Hero* was ſo dazled with its
" luſtre, he could no longer diſcern any imper-
" fection in her body, having no leſs paſſion
" for it. I cannot tell whether Love made two
" wounds with one Arrow, or whether *Poly-*
" *mathia* were touched with the Poetical Points
" of her Lover; but ſhe loved reciprocally,
" and did wiſely not to let an occaſion ſlip, ſhe
" could ſcarcely ever have hoped to recover.
" She was no more niggard than he, either of
" Verſe or Proſe, and diſguiſed *Cupid* then
" wanted not employment, nor occaſions to

exerciſe

" exercise his Legs. He had no sooner carried
" a Letter, but he was sent again with Verses;
" and if he unfortunately obtained an *ex tem-*
" *pore* Answer, a Reply was dispatched with
" no less diligence: and in this skirmish of Re-
" putation our Lovers were as nimble with their
" *Ex tempore*'s as the best Gamesters with their
" Tennis-balls. I will neither relate the conti-
" nuance nor conclusion of their Loves, that
" lasted long with equal violence, but all the
" profit accrued to such Stationers as print Col-
" lections of amorous and tender Pieces,
" who made many Volumes. Other Trades-
" men got nothing by them, no Jewels nor o-
" ther Curiosities, all Presents were made in
" Paper. He neither gave her Ball nor Musick,
" but an infinite number of Verses for Balls,
" and of Rimes to be set to Tunes: but that
" which is most admirable and contrary to the
" humor of the times, there was neither Treat
" nor Collation; they took the Air pure and
" simple, without making any Inne-keepers
" the better either in their Credit or Estate.
" *Cupid* had been hitherto fed with slender and
" course Diet, but I shall tell you how he be-
" came lickorish. One day, whilest his ena-
" mored Mistriss sought solitude in a little
" Grove, where she entrusted many sighs and
" transports to the discretion of the Air and
" Ecchо; he keeping at a distance, accidentally
" lighted on the Page of a great Lady, at that
" time treated in a Pleasure-House near the
" Wood: no acquaintance being sooner made

than that of Dogs and Lackeys (in which I comprehend all that wear Liveries) Love and the Page, were quickly familiar: his new Comrade carried him to see the great Feast provided for his Lady, and both of them satisfied themselves with what was left. *Cupid* was well pleased with Bisks and Pheasants, which put him in mind of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; but that which he liked best, was a Dish of Early Pease, that cost more money than an Acre of the ground they had been sown in. His good cheer and confidence in what his Comrade told him, debauched him, and he made no difficulty of entring himself in the service of that Lady, who as soon as she saw him, entertained him to carry up her Train. Thus he left his *Virtuosa* Mistris, without ever bidding her adieu; she was much troubled that no body had been bound for his truth, that she might have made them pay the value of certain Verses the little Thief carried away, of which she had no Copy.

His new Mistris carressed him, endeavoring by all inventions imaginable to make him fine; she gave him certain Trowses, with which the modester Painters, that are loth to draw him naked, still apparel him. How dangerous soever he was esteemed before, all was nothing compared to the mischief he did when clothed. *Archilaide*, that was his Ladies Name, was perfectly accomplished; for besides an eminent Beauty, her Birth gave her a certain Majestick Air, much to

her

" her advantage over thoſe whoſe well-ſhaped " Bodies might otherwiſe have equalled her: " Incence and Adoration were lawful Tributes " paid freely to her Merit. Love that had been " bred in a place where ſuch Preſents were con- " tinually received, almoſt thought he was got- " ten into his own Countrey, and extreamly " pleaſed himſelf in this Court, though un- " known and in diſguiſe. He obſerved what " profound reſpect many Illuſtrious Perſona- " ges paid to that viſible Divinity he diſdain- " ed not to ſerve. But after his continuance a " while, one thing diſpleaſed him, on account " of his pretence that in all places of his reſi- " dence, there ought to be ſomething of equa- " lity and agreeable correſpondence; for here " was nothing of it, they that waited on *Ar-* " *chelaide*, not daring to raiſe their eyes to her, " no not in admiration of her; and her natu- " ral diſdain deprived them of all the confidence " their merit might juſtly have allowed them: " this was the greateſt occaſion that moved " Love to attempt a Rock, whoſe Pride ex- " tended to the Skies; for his Honour invites " him to Illuſtrious Conqueſts, and to taming " the moſt rebellious hearts. In the mean time, " like an experienced Captain, before he rai- " ſed his Battery, he went himſelf to view the " ground; his divinity gave him great advan- " tages for doing this, for by its Prerogative " he dives to the bottom of hearts, and diſco- " vers the greateſt ſecrets: viſiting that of *Ar-* " *chelaide*, he was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee

" that Nature had already effected what he de-
" signed, and so well disposed all materials, that
" the least spark of his Torch must needs raise
" a Conflagration able to reduce all to ashes.
" He was desirous immediately to redress the
" mischief he had done, but found no remedy
" more ready than to discharge new Arrows on
" those that approached her, that they might
" flock to assist her, by extinguishing her
" flames. All Persons of quality, wit, or good
" meen immediately offered their service, but
" still with respects and submissions scarce ima-
" nable. What courage soever Love inspired
" into the hearts he mastered, none amongst
" them durst declare his love, nor use the least
" tender expression: they were Mutes, that
" durst hardly suffer their eyes to speak for
" them, and that in such a manner stifled their
" sighs they were imperceptible to the quickest
" ear: they were prepossessed by a Maxime
" damned as heretical in Loves School, *That*
" *we are to wait in expectation of those favors*
" *from Ladies of Quality, that we may demand*
" *of others.* But the Wretches languished long
" in these hopes; *Archelaide* was so jealous of
" her honour, and naturally so proud, she
" would have died a thousand times rather than
" complained in the least: She thought it de-
" generous to cast her eyes on any that were be-
" low her, with whom this would in some
" manner have equalized her, and encoura-
" ged them to a loss of respect; she therefore
" placed a surly Porter at her Gate, to keep out

all

" all Plunderers of that Vertue and Honour she
" entrusted to him: but the misfortune was,
" there was no body to keep out the Porter,
" whom she sometimes called to her assistance
" in pressing necessities, to drive away the se-
" cret discontents occasioned by solitude. The
" Houshold Spie, to whom nothing that is con-
" trary to honour is concealed, one day disco-
" vered the intrigue of this Adventure, and
" made himself known to her with all those
" Beauties that raised the Curiosity of *Psyche*.
" He bitterly reproached her of the wrong she
" did all the Empire of Love, by distrusting so
" many Persons of Quality, as languished for her,
" and committing her honour to the discretion
" of a Clownish Servant: He made her sensi-
" ble she deserved not to enjoy the sweets that
" are to be found in this Noble Passion, and at
" last threatned to be revenged by leaving her,
" and publishing her Story: He swore also by
" his Torch, that since Honour had put this
" trick upon him; he would be revenged; that
" he would ever after be his professed Enemy,
" and force him from all places where he should
" chance to meet him. *Archelaide* that took
" this Apparition for a Dream, rubbed her Eyes
" as if she had slept, and instead of the Deity
" she thought to have seen, finding only her
" Page, picked a quarrel with him, and order-
" ed the Master of her Horse to whip him:
" but Love and the Page suddenly vanished, and
" she finding the menace of abandoning her
" made good, doubted no more of her Vision.

" She made such use of this that she forsook the
" World, and retired to a solitude far from
" Palaces and Porters, where she hath since
" lived very modestly and reserved.

" Though Love was troubled at this affront,
" he would not so soon forsake the Earth, where
" he thought he might learn something. He
" got into the service of a Woman called *Poli-*
" *phile*, of indifferent Wit and Beauty; at his
" first coming, that he might gain her good
" will, he acquired her many Servants with
" his usual arms; this extreamly pleased her,
" for though she passed amongst her Neigh-
" bours for very discreet, she heard not with-
" out commiseration the sighs of those that lan-
" guished for her: in short, she was of those
" that may be called gallant Platonicks, a race
" that hath lately extreamly multiplied. He ne-
" ver suffered so much as under this last Mi-
" stris, though she clothed him at first very
" handsomely, in a Livery well laced and
" trimmed with Ribbands of three Colours,
" and gave him as a Sirname *Grideline*. Her
" greatest delight was to wear rich Cloths, in
" which her Curiosity extended to Excess. She
" was never sensible of the dullness of her wit,
" unless when it came short in the invention of
" new Fashions: this admirably set off her in-
" differeent Beauty, but her most powerful
" Charms were an' extraordinary Civility and
" Complacency for new Comers, and the like
" to retain those she doubted might forsake her.
" On the other side she seemed very severe, to

such

" ſuch as ſhe thought ſhe had engaged ſo faſt,
" there was no danger of their eſcaping her
" fetters. There never was any Woman ſo gree-
" dy of hearts; all Colours and all Shapes pleaſed
" her, the faire, the brown, the witty, the
" dull, the Courtier, the Citizen, were all
" welcome, neither did ſhe care of whom,
" ſo ſhe made a Conqueſt. Her greateſt ſatiſ-
" faction was to bereave a Miſtriſs of her Ser-
" vant, and her higheſt diſpleaſure to loſe the
" leaſt of her own; yet ſhe made great diffe-
" rence in her treating her Cajolers: for ſhe
" it was that firſt made the diſtinction between
" Courtiers and Countrey Gentlemen, and
" gave precedence to Lace and Feathers.

" She had a particnlar eſteem for rich trim-
" mings and heads newly powdered, ſhe would
" yet receive well the plaineſt that lent her Ro-
" mances and new Poems: the rich Clown
" that gave her Muſick and carried her to Plays,
" was ſtill wellcome; and in order to more Cu-
" ſtomers, certain dayes of the week were de-
" ſtined to receive Gallants in her Alcove, as
" there are for Markets in Publick Places. Her
" new ſervant, as hath been ſaid, got her many
" Victories, and never had more frequent oc-
" caſions to uſe his Bow, it is no wonder he
" aims now ſo right at a heart, having practi-
" ſed here ſo frequently.

" All the wounded had recourſe to *Poliphile*
" for remedy, whoſe Careſſes gave them hopes
" of Cure, but ſhe dealt with them like dange-
" rous Surgeons, who dreſsing a ſmall wound,

with

" with Caustick and Incisions, make it great
" and dangerous: so she with Flatteries cast
" Oil on their Fire, and impoisoned that she
" pretended to heal. Neither did Love neglect
" to revenge them, by shooting many Arrows
" at the heart of *Poliphile*, but he was amazed
" to see that the most of them only raced the
" skin, and if they at any time made deeper
" wounds, they were closed by the next day,
" as if the Powder of Sympathy had been ap-
" plied to them: But it was worse, when he
" found out that *Poliphile*, not satisfied with the
" Beauties imparted to her by Heaven, borrow-
" ed others: he was then a Stranger to Dis-
" guise and Artifice, knowing neither Paint,
" Pomade, Black Patches, nor false Locks;
" so that having at night seen his Mistris go to
" Bed with Black Hair, he knew her not next
" day when she wore Flaxen: and seeing her
" face covered with Black Patches, thought
" they served to hide Pimples or Scratches. But
" Love had not long continued in this School,
" before he got experience, and became as
" bad as the worst. Here *Cupid* inspired not
" the Lady, but the Lady instructed *Cupid*.
" Here he learned all the mischiefs he hath since
" been guilty of, to forswear and betray,
" whereas before he was very honest, and spoke
" not but from his heart; he then became so
" proud and fantastical, it was afterwards im-
" possible to govern him any longer. He would
" no more be pacified with Sugar-Plums or
" Ginger Bread, but must have Ragousts and

Par-

Partridges : They no longer presented him Whistles or Rattles, he must have Boxes of Diamonds and Cup-boards of Plate. In a word, nothing was more corrupt, and this House became a dangerous Shelf to the Liberties and Fortunes of all that approached it. In the mean time, by means of the addresses *Poliphile* made use of to conceal her Game, she passed for a Person of Honour, yet exercised all manner of Exactions and Tyrannies. This lasted a while, and new Cullies still appearing on the Stage, how could she ever think the time tedious, or want new diversions. Amongst the rest, Balls and Dancings especially pleased *Poliphile*, yet not more than they now adayes all Women, whom they so transport, that we may justly say if the Harp once freed some from evil spirits, the Fiddle now possesses many with them. At last she engaged her self so far, that notwithstanding her inconstancy, she lost her liberty, and became desperately in love with a Dancing-Master. The Deformity and abject Meen of this Fellow, might in all probability have taken away the delight she had to see him move his Legs so dexterously; he yet got possession of her heart, whilest many Persons that excelled him in Wit, Meen, and Quality, were amused with chat and other insignificant favors. Love was so enraged at this injustice, that he searched his Quiver for one of his poisoned Arrows, with which of old he made his Metamorphosis,

and

" and with it ſtruck *Poliphile*'s dear Fidler, th
" nimbleneſs of his feet could not ſave him; an
" from a Dancing-Maſter he was turned into
" Baboon, retaining ſtill all the activity and a
" the deformity. This Baboon fell afterward
" into the hands of a Juglet, that called him
" *Fagotin*, and infinitely amazed Coxcombs
" to ſee him dance on the Ropes; for they
" could not imagin this had been his Trade, no
" that he had been a Man, a Lover, a Fidler,
" and a Dancing Maſter.

" After this trick Love thought himſelf un-
" ſafe with his Miſtriſs, and left her like the o-
" ther, without taking leave; being well clo-
" thed, he was not long without a new ſervice.
" *Poleone* liked him, eſpecially becauſe his
" Clothes were new, and would coſt her no-
" thing on that accompt in a good while. He
" was willing to ſerve her though ſhe was but a
" Semſtriſs, becauſe of her City gravity, which
" ſeemed very remote from the vanity that
" had ſo often diſguſted him. This Womans
" exquiſite beauty made amends for the ſtupidi-
" ty remarkable in her Face, and covered over
" her groſs ignorance in all things but prizing
" and ſelling her Ware; Love alſo a while for-
" got he had been a Page and Lackey, and
" borrowing a little the humor of an Appren-
" tice, lived very quietly: but ſoon after he
" took again thoſe Arms he knew ſo well how
" to handle, and made many wounds in the
" hearts of ſuch as his Miſtriſses Beauty attract-
" ed to her Shop. It was to little purpoſe for

theſe

these Gallants to accost her with Compliments, to all which she was deaf, or rather the dulness of her wit prevented her Answer; yet *Cupid* spared her not, but could never pierce her Heart whilest he used Arrows headed with Steel. One day when a solemn Mass was intended, he found some provided for it that were headed with Silver; these had a miraculous effect on her heart, that was impenetrable to all others: and at once conjured up in her the Passions of Love and Interest, though probably the last predominated before, and was only re-kindled to serve the other: for though it must be acknowledged that *Poleone* was amorous, it cannot be added of *Celadon*, *Hilas*, or *Silvander*, but of Mankind in general: Then it was that many Customers bought the Semstress with the Linnen, and this was the first Arrow that had the good success to joyn profit and pleasure. *Cupid* desirous to imitate his Mistriss, as Children ape Men, had quickly the like inclinations; he that had never fingered money, but to purchase some slight toyes, had his Eyes now ever fixed on the Counter, and was much more pleased with the sight of Gold than Silver, and hearing his Mistriss complain that she was often cozened, by receiving clipped or false Money, learned by her example to weigh and examine the Pieces; and to this purpose disfurnished his Quiver of half his Arrows, to make place for a pair of Gold Weights, a Chamber-

Maid

" Maid of his acquaintance having let him un-
" derſtand that they which mediate ought to
" ſhare in the profit; at laſt he became ſo cu-
" rious, he would uſe no Arrows but ſuch as
" were headed with Gold or Silver; and with
" theſe he never miſſed the Mark.

" Thus Mercenary Love is become ſo much
" in faſhion, that from the Lady to the Milk-
" Maid money takes place, and the Proverb
" that was firſt invented for the *Switzers*, may
" be better applied here, *No Money no Wo-*
" *man.* With this the Great *Solymans* and
" *Muſtapha's* in Magnificent Alcoves, and on
" Embroidered Cuſhions now-a-dayes court
" all manner of Beauties; whileſt ſuch as are
" rich only in Wit and Perſon, ſtay without,
" making Addreſſes to the Waiting-Woman or
" Chamber-Maid, nay ſometimes to the
" Kitchin-Maid, that they may have their a-
" morous repaſts at a reaſonable price. At
" that time Sonnets, Madrigals, and Letters
" were cried down like antiquated Coin, and
" whole Dozens of them ſcarce worth a Cat-
" decu. This cauſed many to become Bank-
" rupts, for formerly wit was the price of the
" heart and affection, whileſt the ignorant
" with all their Treaſure purchaſed onely the
" Body, by no other manner of Commerce
" than is uſual in the Pig-Market; in which
" too there is this advantage, that the King
" hath his Officers to take care the Beaſts that
" are ſold be ſound and marchantable; which
" eſtabliſhment is not in the Traffick of Love,

though

though it were there a great deal more neceſ-
ſary: but the vengeance of Heaven hath at
length taken upon it to puniſh this diſhoneſt
Trade, and *Bacchus* become the grand Ene-
my of Women, ſince he abandoned *Ariadne*
to court the Bottle, hath brought from the
Indies an Infection to poiſon that curſed Ge-
neration that introduced Mercenary Love.
This ſo ſuddenly and furiouſly ſpred it ſelf,
that whoever was guilty of this corrupt Love
eſcaped not the juſt puniſhment of that Crime.
Little *Cupid* had his part, for eating and
drinking (as the quality of Servant obliged
him) of that which his Miſtriſs had left, he
ſucked a little of that Venom, which by de-
grees infinuating into his Veins, covered his
Skin with Scabs and Blotches.

Venus at laſt troubled at his long abſence,
reſolved to ſeek him by Sea and Land, and
to that purpoſe ſent to her Dove-Houſe,
which is her Stable, for two Coach Pigeons,
which ſhe cauſed to be harneſſed, and ſo in
her Car (the Poets muſt be ſecurity for the
verity of this) cut the Air with incredible
ſwiftneſs; and at laſt arrived in *Holland*:
where ſhe found her Son amongſt a Religi-
ous Sect that then began to appear in that
Countrey. She ſcarcely knew him, as well
becauſe he wanted the Enſigns of his Domi-
nion, as that he was ſtrangely diſfigured.
She ran to him, and embracing him with a
Mothers tenderneſs, to humor him as ſhe
had wont, offered him a Paper of Sweet-

Meats;

" Meats; but he laughed at this, and ſhewed
" her Bags full of Gold and Silver, to let her
" underſtand the great Treaſure he had amaſ-
" ſed. And indeed one cannot imagine how
" to wiſh a better fortune, than the Money that
" paſſes to and fro in the Commerce of Love.
" Having told her all his Adventures, he could
" not conceal the unfortunate Condition to
" which he was reduced; which yet was well
" enough perceived by her, ſhe having had
" former experience of ſuch accidents.

" She carried him immediately to *Æſculapi-*
" *us*, whom ſhe earneſtly beſought to cure
" him; but he durſt not undertake it alone, not
" with all the exquiſite Medicines of the *In-*
" *dies*, the Place from whence the Diſtemper
" is derived: and was fain to call another Dei-
" ty to his aſſiſtance. *Mercury* at laſt under-
" took and recovered him, not without ma-
" ny torments; by them to revenge himſelf
" for the often Journeys *Jupiter* had cauſed
" him to make to his Miſtriſſes on his occaſi-
" on. As ſoon as he was well, the Goddeſs
" brought him home, where ſhe hath held
" him ſhort, and more exactly obſerved his
" Comportment. It is true he hath been much
" reclaimed, ſo that ſince they have no more
" threatned him with the Rod but *Mercury*.
" This hath had greater effect with him, than
" all the admonitions and menaces of his Go-
" vernors. Since this he hath had a mortal
" averſion for all Mercenary Affections, and
" publickly ſworn by his Bow and Quiver,

never

" never to interpose more, but instead of em-
" ploying his Arrows, entirely withdraw his
" assistance, as soon as Money and Presents are
" made use of. He reserves his favors only for
" tender and passionate Lovers, and those
" Noble and refined Souls, that solely adore
" Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, all three the Off-
" spring of Heaven: Others that have byassed
" and sordid designs, he abandons to remorse
" and torments, refusing any longer to own
" them as Subjects of his Empire.

The Continuation of the History of *FAVOTA.*

THis as soon as read, had a general applause, *Charoselles* only dissenting; who thought nothing good but what he writ himself: though he might probably have been seconded by *Hippolita*, who never failed of censuring right or wrong: but perceiving that the examination of this Piece, if he were once engaged, might last and hinder the design he had to read another of his own, he desired *Angelica* to lend him those sheets to take a copy of them. His design was to have them printed, and cause some of his own, which he would add, to pass by being countenanced by them. *Angelica* told him she

durſt not take that liberty, becauſe the Piece was not hers. *I will give you one of mine for it,* (ſaid *Charoſelles*) *which I will inſtantly read, as I promiſed.* This word having cauſed *Philalethes* to tremble, he aroſe to take his leave; *Angelica* roſe alſo to pay him ſome civilities, and the reſt of the Company did the like; which made *Charoſelles* mad to ſee himſelf ſo prevented: for it was late, and no poſſibility of perſwading any body to ſit down again. Some little diſcourſe paſſed ſtanding and apart, eſpecially between *Javota* and *Pancrace*, who from that time devoted himſelf intirely to her ſervice; his Love not being very Platonick, his admiration for her Beauty, freed him from all the diſguſt the coming ſhort of her wit might have given him.

He made her many Complements and high Expreſſions, and ſhe ſmiled at them all, but anſwered none, till he aſſured her with a great Oath that he was her ſervant, and beſought her to believe it. She replied very innocently, *Good Sir, Say not ſo; there are but two perſons in the world that ever told me that, and for thoſe I have a mortal averſion and hatred; you are too handſom to do like them.* *How then Madam,* (ſaid he) *have you had ſome ſervants that have come ſhort in their reſpects, by a too confident declaring their love?* *No indeed Sir* (ſaid *Javota*) *they declared it only to my Father and Mother, whoſe promiſes to marry me each of them aſſured they had obtained: What they have done to me, I know not, but I cannot abide them.*

If

If you have hitherto had servants that so much displeased you (said the Gentleman) *it follows not that all others are like them; since they are not worthy of you, seek such as are more accomplished. I will not have any servants*, said *Javota*, *neither if I had any, did I know what to say to them, nor what to do with them. Is it* (said *Pancrace*) *because it is impossible to find occasions of serving you? No*, said *Javota*, *and you if you pleased might do me a kindness; but I dare not name it, for fear you should deny me. How Madam*, said he, (raising his voice a little) *can there be any thing too difficult for me to accomplish for your sake? It is not very difficult* (answered *Javota*) *and if you will promise me to do it, I will tell it you. I do not only promise it* (replied *Pancrace* very suddenly) *but swear it to you by all that is dearest to me in the world; nay I wish it difficult, that its performance may give you the certainer proof of the passion I have for your service. Since you thus assure me* (said *Javota*) *I must confess that having lately heard you speak such excellent things, when you discoursed with the Ladies, I would beg of you to lend me the Book you learned them in; for I am ashamed of saying nothing, yet know not what to say: Would to God I could get the receipt that helps those Ladies to talk so well; if I could find their Book, I would con it, till I talked faster than they.* *Pancrace* was amazed at her extream simplicity, and told her, *There was no one Book that contained all that was necessary to conversation, where every one discoursed according to the Subject that presented*

it self, and the conceptions that came into their heads. I thought, said *Javota, you would make a secret of it, as if I knew not the contrary: When my Mother speaks of Mrs* Philipotte, *who hath talked so much to day, she says she hath ever a Book in her hand, is as learned as a Doctor, but knows not how to take one stitch with her Needle, that I should be sure not to imitate her, and that a young man that wanted a Wife, if he would be advised by her, should seek another: but let her say what she pleases, could I come at her Book, I would get it all by heart.*

Pancrace perceiving her inclination for reading, and that she had till then been brought up in perfect ignorance, thought he had lit on an excellent occasion to do her service, by sending her some Books; he therefore began to commend her, and in some sort to grant that many things spoken in conversation, are taken out of Books, though not word for word: that they open the fancy, and enrich it with Idea's, from whence discourse is derived, and he promised to send her some that very night; beseeching her to believe that his most violent passion was to do her service. As this Protestation ended, *Lorenca,* who had brought *Javota* thither, came to tell her it was time to go home, where she was by that time expected; so that with a very low Courtsie she took leave of the Company; who having a while discoursed of her Beauty and Simplicity, at last parted.

Javota

Iavota coming home, could not forbear expressing her satisfaction to have been in so good Company, and to have seen something of the world; she ordered an old servant that had been her Nurse, and consequently was one she put confidence in, to receive the Books when they came, and hide them under her Bed, lest they might be found in her Trunck, which her Mother often visited. The Books came quickly after, and they were the Five Tomes of *Astrea*; she ran immediately to her Chamber, and shut her self up there, and fell a reading night and day, so earnestly, she neglected her Meat and Drink, and when she was spoken to go about her ordinary work, she pretended her self sick; that she had not closed her eyes all night: and indeed they seemed heavy, which was probably the effect of her continual reading. She profited much in little time, and something very pleasant happened to her.

As it is natural to us at mentioning some body we do not know, though the person be fabulous, to frame in our thoughts an accidental Idea, that hath a resemblance of some of our acquaintance; so *Iavota*, contemplating *Celadon*, who was the Hero of her Romance, fancied him to be of the same shape and just such another as *Pancrace*, whom she liked much better than any of her other acquaintance; and *Astrea* being described perfectly fair, she presently thought her self like her; for this is a point in which the discreetest Women may flatter themselves. All that *Celadon* said to *Astrea*,

was therefore taken as if *Paucrace* had spoken it to her, and all that *Astrea* said to *Celadon*, she imagined she said to *Paucrace*. Was he not very happy to have so brave an intercedor (without his knowledge) to court for him in his absence; and whose addresses were so effectual, that *Javota* insensibly took in the poison, that made her desperately in love with him. To speak seriously, this accident ought not to appear too improbable; for Maids of strict and private Education, at their first coming into the world, and the company of men, are apt to take fire at the first proposal of love that is made them by one that is handsom: for the two Sexes being formed each for other, their inclinations to each other are very attractive: not unlike a Spring, when wound up, being in a forced posture, returns with greater vigor, when it finds liberty. They should therefore be governed with much moderation, and allowed some freedom, whilest the respect of an over-looking eye inspires modesty and banishes licentiousness.

It is no otherwise with reading, if a Maid that is curious be forbidden it, she will fall violently upon it, and her danger be much the greater, because making use of Books without choice and judgement, she may lite on some that will immediately corrupt her: amongst such I cannot but reckon *Astrea*, for the more naturally he expresses the passions of love, the more powerfully they insinuate into young hearts, and with them an imperceptible poison, that seises the

the Vitals before any Antidote can be received. Neither is it like those other Romances that contain only the Loves of Princes and Potentates, which bearing no proportion with ordinary people, never move them, nor raise in them any desire of imitation.

It is not strange that *Favora* (brought up in obscurity, without any reading to fashion her thoughts or acquaint them with the Passions of Love) fell on this Precipice, on which all others that are educated like her, will also fall. No occasion could oblige her to lay aside her Romance, unless a Visit to *Angelica*. She sought all occasions of this, and begged of her Neighbours to call her as they went by, and get leave for her of her Mother. *Pancrace* was also very frequently there, because he could no where else get a sight of his Mistris. He admired at the progression she had made in a few dayes reading, and at the improvement of her wit.

She was no longer silent, but began to take her share of the Conversation, and to make appear that her simplicity, was not an effect of incapacity, but of want of Education and knowledge of the World.

He wondered yet more, that the work he had begun, went so well forward, when he found that he had a place in her heart; for though she fashioned her self on *Astrea*'s Model, and imitated all her actions and discourses, nay designed to be as rigorous to *Pancrace*, as that Shepherdess was to *Celadon*; she never-

theleſs came ſhort in experience and addreſs to conceal her thought, ſo that *Pancrace* eaſily diſcovered them, and to comply with her according to the Stile of her Romance acted very well the part of an unfortunate Lover, complaining of her cruelty, with all the tranſports and grievances of the moſt paſſionate languiſhers; which was very pleaſing to *Javota*, deſirous to be courted in manner and form according to the Book that had charmed her. As ſoon as he diſcovered where ſhe lay open, he drew great advantages from it. He himſelf began once again to read over *Aſtrea*, and ſo well ſtudied it, that he admirably perſonated *Celadon*, and took that Name upon him, ſeeing it was acceptable to his Miſtriſs; ſhe in like manner taking that of *Aſtrea*. In a word, they ſo well imitated that Hiſtory, it ſeemed they had a mind to act it over again, at leaſt if it was ever acted, *The Adventure of Alexis* excepted, which they could not act. *Pancrace* ſent her other Romances, which ſhe read no leſs greedily night and day, and made ſo good uſe of her time, that ſhe quickly became one of the nimbleſt Cacklers of the Pariſh.

Her Father and Mother obſerved well this change in her manner of life, and admired at her improvement by frequenting company. It ſeemed to them ſhe grew too knowing, and they lamented her as little better than undone, and for fear ſhe ſhould grow worſe, reſolved to marry her at *Shrovetide*. All their preſent trouble was to weigh well the two parties they had

on

on their hands. They had engaged with the first, but the second as I have told you, was much more advantageous. Her Mother could not endure *Nicodemus* since the adventure of the Looking-Glass and Theorbo, and the Father had been discontented since the oppofal made in behalf of *Lucrece*, though the Lover thought he had very well accommodated the business by the reparation he had made, and the discharge he had brought. All that now remained, was to find a pretence for breaking with him and treating with *Bedou*, and his folly quickly gave them an occasion; which though very sleight, they neglected not to lay hold on.

He came one day to visit his Mistris very gay and pleasant, and shewing her a great deal of Gold, told her he was the happiest person in the world, and that he had won Six hundred Pistols at Dice: Mr. *Vollichon* and his Wife naturally avaritious, cheered by the lustre of that noble Mettal (without any farther consideration congratulated his good luck, and wanted not much of wishing him married to their Daughter, as Fortunes Darling: but an Uncle of *Javotte's* a grave and judicious Clergyman, remonstrated that as he had then won Six hundred Pistols, so chance turning the next day, he might lose a thousand: That he would not advise them to an Alliance with a Gamester, that in a moment might be quit of their Daughters Portion, besides that few inclined to play, took the care they ought of their Family and

Pro-

Profession; if therefore they were minded to break off with him, they ought not to let slip so handsom an occasion. To compleat the misfortune, *Villeflatin* meeting *Vollichon* the next day, asked how his Daughters Wedding came on, and without staying for an Answer, told him, *we have plucked good Feathers from our Goose* (meaning *Nicodemus*) *I have procured Mrs Lucrece considerable damages and advantages as I undertook; When I concern my self for my friends, I never fail.* He afterwards told him all he had done, and that he had gotten his Client Two thousand Crowns, on account alone of *Nicodemus* his fear to stand out the Suit.

Vollichon took *Nicodemus* to be either very deboist or very prodigal, because he made his peace with *Lucrece* at so dear a rate, and imagined the occasion to be greater than indeed it was. This made him swear a breach, of which he gave some testimonies to *Nicodemus* that very night, who would not give over for all that. He caused it to be confirmed by *Favora* her self, who very heartily made him a frank declaration that she would never be his Wife, to which though her friends should compell her, she should never either love or endure him. Then he perceived it was impossible to row on, since both wind and tide were against him; if he obstinately pressed forward what could he get but horns? and if he went to law, the issue was uncertain.

It is true he could keep *Javers* bound up, but himself would be no less so; which would hinder him from seeking his fortune and providing otherwise. To make short, after two or three dayes irresolution he advised with his friends and not with his love, which soon after vanished; for love is not so opiniatre in a City head as in an Heroick heart; they go on and off very frequently and easily; Interest and Wedding regulate alone their passions, whilest fidelity, proof against rigor, age, and absence, belongs only to Fabulous and Romantick Persons: *Nicodemus* therefore resolved to give back the Articles that had been signed, which both parties either tore or burned. I have not been precisely informed of this circumstance, therefore possibly both one and the other; for the Winter was not so far spent, but it may be probable they talked by the fires side. Notwithstanding all this, he took a handsome leave, with protestations of his service, which were but little regarded; and all that remained to him, was only a regret to have lost his time, money, and pains after two several Mistrisses. He is now at liberty to furnish matter for some other History of a like nature, and I believe he will not come any more on the Stage; that which may not surprise you, suppose him to be slain, murthered, or massacred by some misfortune; which might easily be effected by an Author less conscientious.

As soon as *Vollichon* had broken with *Nicodemus*, he made haste to strike up with *John Bedon*,

Bedon, propounding Articles which were more conteſted than the firſt Contract: for though *Nicodemus* was a Coxcomb, he was eſteemed of great ability in the Pleading Hall, where thoſe qualities are not inconſiſtent; on which account though he was not ſo rich as his rival, they made not ſo many difficulties with him as with *John Bedon*, though more wealthy, incapable of employment: they thought it juſt, that this man by advantageous ſettlements on his Wife, ſhould make amends for his ill meen and little capacity: but he that calculated on other Principles, was not pleaſed with ſuch a reckoning; and if he had followed his natural inclination, would have bargained for a Wife no otherwiſe than for a piece of Cloth: but little *Cupid* interpoſed and ſhot him home, in which very moment he was extreamly altered, and as there is no prodigality equal to that of covetous perſons, when ſome other paſſion is prevalent, he ſuffered them to lead him by the Noſe, and condeſcended to more than was required of him. The day for ſigning the Contract was then appointed, friends invited, and what is worſt of all, a Banquet provided. The Articles were conſented to, and immediately ſigned by the future Bridegroom; but when *Javeta* was to ſign, her Father that had altogether depended on her filial obedience, and had acquainted her with very little of the buſineſs, was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to ſee her refuſe to ſubſcribe.

At first he thought a becoming modesty restrained her, or that ceremoniously she would not sign till some body else had done it; but at last after many remonstrances and home pressures, she answered very pertly, *That she gave her Parents thanks for the pains they had taken in providing her a Husband, but she humbly conceived that choice ought to be left to her own eyes, which were not so dull but they might invite variety of objects; that she came not short of merit to hope for a Person of Quality that wore a Sword, and had not that City Air she so mortally abhorred, that she despaired not of wearing a Velvet Gown, nor of keeping Coach and Lackeys*, and in order to this, quoted the examples of three or four Maids that had made fortunes by their Beauties and married Persons of Quality. Otherwise she was young, and would continue still a Maid, in hope to do better; and that at the worst she doubted not of meeting another manner of man than Gaffer *Bedow*, whom she called Wretched Advocate of unfortunate Causes.

This Answer amazed all the Company, it being little expected from a Maid that had till then lived so innocently and in so great submission to the will of her Parents; but all this courage derived it self from her love to *Pancrace*, before which all Engagements were indifferent to her.

Vollichon looking on her with a fury that made him almost speechless, cried out, *How*

now

now young impudence, who hath taught you this? You have learned it without doubt since you haunted Mrs Angelica: *Truly it becomes you well to fashion your self after the model of a Maid that hath Fifty thousand Crowns portion: Some Youngster hath cajolled you, you must have a Gallant, that after he hath spent his own fortune, will make no bones of yours. Tis well, tis well, I know how to teach such fond Wenches obedience, by that time you have been half a year shut up in a Nunnery, we shall have other language from you; you are a foolish inconsiderate Girle to put this affront upon us; Get out of my sight, and immediately truss up your baggage and be gone.*

As soon as his transport gave him a little respite, he made his excuse to the Company and pretended Bridegroom, for the interruption of this Wedding. He began by a long Declamation against the unhappiness of youth, that understood not its own good. *Ah!* said he, *(I am sure very near if not in these proper terms) how the present Age is corrupted? See Gentlemen, the extravagance of youth, and small authority of Parents over their children. I have not forgot how I lived under my deceased Father (heaven rest his Soul) we were seven Sons all of us wearing Beards; but the boldest durst neither spit nor cough in his presence; his least word made all the house tremble. It would have been fine, if I who was the eldest, and married not till Forty, if I, I say, had contradicted his will, or gone about to argue with him; O I should have been accoutred bravely and rotted in a Jail or* Bridewell.

Volli-

Vollichon was but in the beginning of his Declamation against the incorrigible manners of youth, when his Wife interrupting him, said, *Alas, Sweetheart, it is but too true that the world is strangely corrupted; when I was young, Maids were so demure, the boldest durst not look upon a Man; we observed all the precepts of youths behaviour, neither would our modesty permit us to speak one word at Table, where we folded up our Napkin and arose before the Cheese. If any of us had eaten Sparagus or Hartichoaks, she would have been pointed at; but now-a-dayes Maids are almost as impudent as Court Pages. This comes of giving them so much liberty; whilest I kept Javota by me at her Wheel and Needle she was a harmless innocent; but since she hath haunted Mrs Angelica, amongst powdered Periwiggs and embrichered Wastcoats, all her good Education hath been perverted; O how I repent to have let the reins so loose.*

Lorenco that was invited to this Ceremony, and though a Citizen, understood the world, as I have told you, then began and said, *Though you have a mind to blame your Daughter, you ought not on account of it to accuse her frequenting of Mrs* Angelica, *whither many Persons of Parts and Quality resort, yet comport themselves so modestly and discreetly, it may be called a true School of Honour and Vertue; and possibly a Maid that is conscious to her self of Beauty, is excusable, if so precious an endowment of heaven charm her heart, and augment that vanity so natural to our Sex. At our first frequenting the world, we soon*

discern

discern a certain air much more agreeable than that of persons that live obscurely. It should not therefore seem strange, if a young Maid that hath addresses made to her, is unwilling to precipitate any thing in order to so considerable an Engagement; and patiently wait till her Merit provides her some good opportunity. I shall rather accuse my Cosins bad fortune, and manner of his proceeding, not at all, guided by my advice. Instead of acting the Lover a few dayes, he would immediately play the Husband. The good graces of a Mistriss are to be gained by Visits and Services, and not entirely due to paternal respect and obedience. But above all, if he had perceived in her any aversion for him, he aught to have avoided the shame of so solemn a refusal.

You have reason, said *Prudentius*, (this was the Uncle I told you of) *when you say it is convenient that such as are to be married together, have first of all some conversation, that they may get some knowledge of the humors of the persons with whom they are ever after to live; but have not the least appearance of it, when you go about to excuse the procedure of my Niece, not only in that she waited for so unseasonable a conjuncture to declare her self, but because she did not intirely submit to the choice made by her Parents. They know what is fit for her better than she does her self, and her refusal is the more ridiculous, because grounded on a fond hope that is very unlikely ever to have effect, to find a Lord that will marry her for merit. A Maid that makes a fortune by her Beauty, is a dangerous example, hundreds will grow old in*

expectation

expectation of the like, if nothing worse happen to them, and their honour escape shipwrack. Many times such as seek to catch some Person of Quality are caught themselves, and often with sorrow, and sometimes with shame, see him escape they thought fast in their Net. All things considered, what cause hath my Niece to complain, since she hath been presented with a Party equal to her, and a rich Husband, of the condition of all her Relations.

You have hit the Nail on the head (said *John Bedou*, whom the shame of this affront, and his tural bashfulness, had till then kept silent) *for it is certain that the happiest Matches are between equals, and you Mr Dean that understand* Latine, *are acquainted with this excellent Sentence,* Si tu vis nubere nube pari. *Nothing is more blame-worthy, than the ambition to raise our fortune by a Match, and I cannot therefore sufficiently commend a Law established amongst the* Chineses, *which obliges every man to be of his Fathers Calling. Now although our Government comes short of the wisdom of theirs, yet I admire Mrs* Javota *hath not regulated her desires conformably to it. She is possibly in the right, when she judges me unequal to her in merit, and her refusal shall not take off my inclination to render her all manner of service. One Obligation I am sure I have to her, that she will probably prevent me from marrying while I live; for I will here freely acknowledge that that which hath hitherto given me the greatest aversion for it, is the many follies one is obliged to in the troublesome approaches towards it;*

which neither ſuit with my condition nor Genius. My intention was to have married my ſelf after the ſame manner I have ſeen many other honeſt men do, that think it enough to ſee their Miſtriſs in ſuch a Pew, or near ſuch a Pillar of a Church, and give her there a dumb Viſit, to ſatisfie themſelves that ſhe is neither lame nor crooked; neither can this be well pretended to till all Articles of the Contract are agreed on with her Parents: all other ceremonies are meerly uſeleſs. I have ſeen many carried on in ſuch a manner, with ſo good ſucceſs, that I thought this could have had no other; but ſince I have been deceived, I will comfort my ſelf with Seneca *and* Petrarch, *or Mr* De la Serre, *whom I will expreſly read before I ſleep.*

Let us no longer examine, ſaid *Vollichon, in what manner Marriages ought to be treated on, becauſe it brings the Paternal authority in queſtion, but though I cannot teach my Daughter obedience, let me yet teſtifie my diſpleaſure, that this buſineſs is not effected with you; for your Phyſiognomy promiſes good husbandry, and good ſucceſs at the Bar if you can get Clients. I thought to have helped you to practice my ſelf, and to make this appear, I have in my Study ſet aſide the Papers belonging to a Cauſe I intended for you to plead one of theſe Mornings. It is an Appeal from a Sentence given by the Provoſt of* Vaugirard *or his Lieutenant, in which you may ſpout Latine and ſpew Greek;* and thus going on, inſtead of making him complements and excuſes, which were no more than neceſſary to comfort him after the affront he had received, he made a tedious repetition

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on of that Cauſe, with all matter of fact and point of Law, as punctually as if he would have pleaded it himſelf. Whileſt one thus laid the Law, and the other liſtned to him, *Prudentius*, Mrs *Vollichon*, and *Lorenca* continued the diſcourſe they had begun, and the other Gueſts in little Cabals did the like in other places of the Hall, about what had happened, all to the prejudice of miſerable *Bedon*; and the occaſion of breaking off his and *Vollichon*'s Diſcourſe, was alſo to his prejudice; for a Banquet, or at leaſt part of one, brought from his houſe, then entred. An old Servant Maid that underſtood her Maſter well, ſeeing the Treaty of Marriage broken off, was very diligent to ſend back as much of it as poſſibly ſhe could, ſerving in only what would not keep. The Banquet being ended, after many City Complements, ſome including Complaints, others Repinings, others Excuſes, and others Thanks, the Company parted. As for *John Bedon*, after great variety of thoughts had agitated his Brain, cooled by his Affront, he reſolved upon the point to render thanks to his good Angel, that had preſerved him from horns, which he naturally apprehended, eſpecially in an occaſion where the danger of having them was very imminent; and did not much leſs regret the ſpending his Banquet, than the loſing his Miſtriſs.

Next morning betimes, as well to puniſh *Javota*'s diſobedience, as to ſeclude her from the world, which they thought was a School of Vanity to her, ſhe was put out to board a-

mongſt certain Nuns, that had lately ſettled themſelves in one of the Suburbs of *Paris*, neither was this done without many repriments and roproaches of her fault, mixt with terrible menaces to ſhut her up till ſhe grew wiſer. But alas, this was a ſilly expedient in order to her amendment, this was out of the frying Pan into the Fire, for although thoſe good Siſters live themſelves with all imaginable vertue, yet having nothing elſe to ſubſiſt upon, they are fain to receive indifferently all manner of Boarders. All Women that have a mind to go to law with their Husbands, or conceal the irregularity of their lives, or other diſaſters, are received, and in like manner all Maids, whether they would avoid the proſecutions of Gallants, or wait to ſnap ſome of them. Such of them as have experience, and underſtand all the turnings and windings of the world, inſtruct the young innocents that their ill fate brings thither, who undergo a Noviciate of Gallantry, when it is expected they paſs thorow one of Religion. In a word, in what concerns theſe Boarders, there is no other reformation then that of the Grate, which yet ſignifies nothing to ſuch of them as have liberty to go abroad thrice a Week to look after their affairs; beſides that there are Parlors in this Nunnery every day ſo full of company, that places are ſtill retained in them before-hand, as in the Play-houſes.

Javota quickly gave her Lover notice of the place of her impriſonment, and you need not ask if he went thither every day; when he went

went abroad, his Sedan-men never asked which way, for to go thither, became a natural motion to him: he could not have wished a place more to his purpose, for here he could singly entertain his Mistriss, and as long as he pleased; whereas before he saw her but seldom and that in company, where they were continually interrupted. He had now time enough to give her thanks for the generous act she did for his sake, and to laugh at the confusion of his unfortunate and ridiculous Rival; whose words and actions entertained them long. He had time also to let her know, that his passion augmented daily, and give her such testimonies of it, that never two persons were more firmly united. When he was forced to leave her, he left her Books to entertain her amorous fancies, so that between the Parlors and the pleasant Study, she passed her time with great content. When her Mother visited her, she wondred that the place she had confined her to as a punishment and prison, did not all alter her, not inspire her with such thoughts as she desired. Seven or eight Moneths being thus passed over, (and *Favora* having read all Romances and Books of Gallantry that were in vogue, for she began to be knowing in them, and could not endure bad ones, which would have held her play to eternity.) Idleness made her Melancholy, and she began to be sensible of her want of liberty; in this humor she writ to her Parents, to desire them to release her. This they consented to, conditionally that she signed the

Contract of Marriage with Advocate *Bedos*, who they thought was ſtill at their devotion, but they were out in their reckoning, ſhe refuſed liberty on thoſe terms, and after many intreaties and ſome kind of menaces, at laſt deſpair, or more truly her paſſion for *Pancrace*, made her condeſcend to his Propoſal of ſtealing her away.

I do not hold it neceſſary to give you here particularly all his paſſionate expreſsions and arguments to win her to this, no more than the vertuous reſiſtances made by *Javota*, with the Combats between Love and Honour in her Heart: for you are little verſed in Romances, if your memory (be it never ſo bad) retain not twenty or thirty of them. Theſe uſe to be ſo common, that I have known ſome, that to expreſs how much of a Hiſtory they had read, would ſay, I am at the eighth ſtealing away the Lady, inſtead of I am at the Eighth Tome. Nay Authors that make no more, are to be eſteemed very diſcreet, for ſome bring them in not onely in every Tome, but every Book, at every Digreſsion or Tale. The greateſt Orator or Poet in the World, let him be never ſo inventive, can tell you nothing in this kind, that you have not heard a hundred times before. In ſome the Propoſal is only made and refuſed, in others condeſcended to: to them therefore I refer you if you will take the pains to ſeek them out, and I am ſorry for your ſakes that thoſe ſorts of Books have no Indexes, like many others, that are neither ſo big nor ſo often read. You may

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interlarde this with ſuch as beſt pleaſes you, and ſuit beſt with the ſubject. I thought once to have ordered the Stationer to have left here ſome empty ſheets, for the more convenient reception of that you make choice of; this would have been ſatisfactory to all manner of perſons: for ſome will blame me for paſsing over matters ſo important, without giving them their circumſtances; and others ſay that to write a Romance without ſuch Combats of Paſsion, which are the beſt things in them, is as if in the Deſcription of a City one ſhould omit its Palaces and Temples: but another more haſty, and willing to rid a great deal of ground in a little time, will be glad of epitomiſing.

To return to my ſubject, I freely acknowledge that the reaſon why I have not written the Combat between Love and Honour in *Javota*'s Heart, is becauſe I have no particular Memorials of it; it is therefore in your choice to have a good or bad opinion of her. I write no Morals, but a Hiſtory only, and am not obliged to juſtifie her; neither hath ſhe paid me for it, as Hiſtorians, men deſire ſhould be favorable to them, are wont to be paid.

All that I could learn of it is, that ſhe was eaſily gotten away by help of a Ladder of Cords applied to the Garden Walls which were low, for the good Nuns had lately bought it of a poor Gardener, whoſe Cabages (not ſo hard to be kept by much as Virgins) they well enough ſecured.

As ſoon as *Pancrace* was Maſter of this rich prize, he carried her to a Caſtle on the Frontiers, whoſe Garriſon he commanded, and there bid a fig for the Juſtices and Conſtables, that enquired after theſe Lovers: for *Vollichon* the next day, having firſt paſſionately inveighed againſt the libertiniſme of Maids, and vainly regretted his ſeverity, had no other conſolation in his misfortune, but to make a Complaint, and cauſe Information to be taken before a Juſtice of Peace his intimate friend.

All ended in an Order to ſeize the Bodies of ſix Quidams, habited in Gray and Green, with Feathers in their Hats; one of them tall, with Flaxen Hair, another of a Middle Stature, with Brown Hair. Now ſince *Vollichon* was not preſent at the ſtealing away the Maid, and knew none of thoſe Quidams, the chief of whom was in a place of ſecurity, the Warrant hath not as yet been put in execution. If I can get any Tidings either of the Lady or her Lover, I promiſe you, on the word of an Anthor, to give you notice.

But I return to *Lucrece*, whom I left in affliction, becauſe of her indiſpoſition, that began to be preſsing. The better to order her buſineſs, all her diſcourſe was in declaiming, againſt the vanities of the world, and difficulty of making ſure our ſalvation amongſt much company, of mens infidelity and large conſciences, of their tricks and devices to over-reach the weaker Veſſels; and all this ſo crafrily, none ever imagined ſhe ſpoke by experience. She

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ſaid Treats and Airings, with which Maids are ſo much taken, pleaſe but for a while, in heat of youth, and when we want reſolution for better employments, that for her own part ſhe had ſurfetted on them, and now aſpired only to the tranquility of a ſolitary life. She went daily to Maſs and Confeſſion, and was now as much taken with Prieſts as formerly with Gallants; all her diſcourſes were ſcruples of Conſcience, and her curioſity to inquire after able Preachers.

She changed her Romances for Books of Devotion, and read nothing but Soliloquies and Meditations; nay her holineſs was already come to inſpiration, and almoſt to extaſie. She declaimed (O prodigious Metamorphoſis) againſt Black Patches, Ribbons, and buckled Locks, and her modeſty became ſo neglective, ſhe ſcarce dreſt her ſelf, neither could ſhe eaſily have done it; and it was well for her that there was a faſhion of wearing large Scarfs and wide Juſtacores, extreamly proper to conceal riſing Bellies.

All the diſcourſe of the Neighbourhood was the converſion of *Lucrece*; though for all her Gallantry ſhe had ever paſſed for a Perſon of Honour, it was believed ſhe would immediately become a Nun, and the world was not much ſurprized, when it came at laſt to be reported ſhe had done ſo. As luck would have it, ſhe took into the ſelf-ſame Cloiſter where *Devota* boarded. I do not think yet that this luck ſignifies any thing to the Hiſtory, nor will

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give occasion to any admirable event in the prosecution of it; but it jumps with a wicked Custom that hath been long predominant in Romances, all whose Personages are very liable to meet accidentally in remote Countries, how contrary wayes soever they have taken, or how different soever their designs have been. This serves for something, at least to save a new description to such as are so very exact in making them, of all the places they mention; as Authors that intend large Volumes, blowing them up as Butchers do their Meat: besides that, such rancounters give a Connection to the Piece, which without them would be much dislocated. The truth is, that these two Adventurers in Gallantry made a great friendship, and they were my heart and my dear the first day, giving each other relations of their Adventures, but not with too great sincerity.

But they had no long time to cultivate this, for after *Lucrece* had received two or three Visits at the Grate, by such as published the truth of her reformation, and being cloistered, she privately left the House on pretence of Sickness, liberally bestowing on the Nuns all her first Quarters Pension, which she had advanced that she might have no difference with them. She had a very particular care to make the Portereſs her friend by Presents, that she might tell all that enquired after her, that she was still in the Cloister; and for this had pretences plausible enough, as that she desired to avoid the importunities of many Visits, to the disturbance

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of her devotions, to avoid which she had abandoned the world. She also both by word of mouth and letter besought all her friends to let her be at quiet in her Cloister, and not recall to her mind the vanities she had renounced.

There is nothing more easie than to oblige godly people to tell lies, if to a pious end; and the poor Portereſs that was very silly, had not consideration to remember that *Lucrece* might have secured her self against this inconvenience well enough in the Cloister, by telling such as enquired after her, sometimes that she was not well, sometimes retired, sometimes praying, sometimes meditating; but no body being concerned to dive to the bottom of this business, all went away mistrusting nothing.

When she left this, she went to a retirement of another nature at a Midwives of experimented discretion, who very secretly brought her abed, and undertook to provide for the Child. To conclude, after a full eclipse of a year and a half, *Lucrece* entred into another Nunnery, better rented and more austere than the former. After she had been there a few dayes in great privacy, she began by little and little to discover to her neighbors and acquaintance this new Monastery, and pretended to have changed because she had not her health in the other, and doubted the air was bad; sometimes she very devoutly added, that there was too great liberty; that she liked not to see the Parlors filled with people of all conditions and sexes; acknowledging

that

that she had sometimes caused her self to be denied, to avoid that disorder. This strangely edified all that heard her, particularly those that knew her former inclinations for the world. She put on likewise a white Vail, and though a Boarder, did all duties of a Nun, and underwent a kind of Essay of a Noviciate, more austere than that which was effectually gone thorow in the year of Probation. Her works of supererrogation and over-stretched devotion, gave her suddenly such a reputation of Vertue, that all the Nuns admired her at home, and the Governors of the House published it abroad; so as the news came to Mrs *Lorenca*, who frequented that Nunnery, because an acquaintance of hers had lately taken that Order. After she had well informed her self of the condition of this new Boarder, she thought she would make an excellent Wife for her Cosin *Bedon*, whom she intended to marry at what rate soever. For after he had lost his Mistris, and that not without shame, she had often heard him rail at the impudence of the Maids of these times; *Javota* having discovered so much, notwithstanding the solitary and severe education of her youth; which had caused him to take a solemn Oath that he would never marry, unless he lited on a Wife that came out of some strict Nunnery: She therefore propounded to him this new example of Vertue, and he was very attentive to her. There seemed no other difficulty in the business, but how to get *Lucrece* out of the Nunnery, and to obtain a thing so contrary to

her

her manifeſt Vocation to a Religious Life. *Lorenca* ſo ordered matters, that when ſhe went to ſee the Nun of her acquaintance, ſhe prayed her to bring *Lucrece* with her to the Grate.

At that place *Bedou* was obliged to little Courtſhip, on accompt of which he went very reſolutely; but he thought it enough to be a ſilent Auditor, and was raviſhed with *Lucrece*'s excellent Morals on the Miſeries of this tranſitory life, and tranſcendencies of a retirement, which ſhe concluded in prayers for ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport the auſterities of her Order. He neither ſpoke of Love nor Marriage, which he durſt hardly mention to thoſe that lived in the world; yet had a great mind to do both of them: for as her Wit and Beauty ſmote him, her Modeſty and Vertue charmed him: he therfore beſought his Coſin, whom he knew to be dexterous, to cauſe it to be motioned; and ſhe could imagine no better way of doing it, than by the Governors of the Houſe. I cannot tell by what pretence or cunning ſhe concerned them in his intereſts, but they wrought very effectually, according to his deſires, yet not without trouble, for *Lucrece* was a long time deaf to all their Propoſals, but ſhe would have been very ſorry, ſhould they have given them over. She ſometimes doubted leaſt theſe were temptations, whereby heaven ſought to try whether ſhe were conſtant in her good deſigns, and then faining an aſſurance in the quality of thoſe that made them, deſired time to pray for inſpiration how to diſpoſe of her ſelf.

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As ſoon as ſhe ſeemed half convinced, ſhe began to be ſick, and to deſire Diſpenſations from Faſting and other Religious Duties, and to ſeem too weak for that Cloiſteral Life. She then pretended ſhe would change to ſome Order more remiſs, and gave not over, till it was ſufficiently remonſtrated to her, that it was as acceptable to heaven to live in the world, cheriſhing her Husband and bringing up her Children vertuouſly; in fine, they reſolved her for Marriage, with no leſs difficulty than a Malefactor is prepared to die.

Lorenca quickly ſent her Coſin the News, who immediately laid hold on the occaſion, and was ſo proud to have (as he thought) deboſhed a Nun, that he never conteſted the Articles of Marriage, nor made any great inquiry after her Portion, ſatisfied with the common report of the Cloiſter, that ſhe was very rich; thinking it impoſſible for Religious Perſons to lie or believe raſhly. Beſides this, ſhe was ſo cunning, that ſhe bought all manner of Houſhold-ſtuff for a Family, for which ſhe paid only a third in ready money; eaſily getting credit for the remainder. In this ſhe very advantageouſly laid out the Two thouſand Crowns ſhe had received of *Nicodemus*, which ſeemed a great deal more; and it being a fond Cuſtom, now-a-dayes, to ſpend in Houſhold-ſtuff, Preſents, and Charge of the Wedding, half a Wives Portion, and ſometimes all of it, it was no ſlight bait to catch *Bedou*, that he ſhould ſave that Charge: but that which moſt pleaſed him, was a deſire ſignified

nified that the buſineſs might be done without Ceremony, and that his Miſtriſs, to keep out of bad Air, might go no farther than from the Nunnery to the Church, and from thence to her Husbands houſe, who thought he had lited on the Flower of Virginity. This crafty Wench did like Fowlers, that hang a Bird in a Cage with a Trap in it to catch another; for the Grate and Nunnery ſerved only in order to get a Husband. How they lived together, whether well or ill, you may one day know, if a Faſhion comes up of writing the Lives of Married Women.

But now I am afraid the Reader expects the Latter Part of this Book ſhould be the Continuation of the former, and neceſſarily depend upon it; in which he extreamly miſtakes: I would therefore wiſh him to diſabuſe himſelf betimes, and know that this linking intrigues one within another, may be very becoming and heroick in Fabulous Poems, where one may clip and cut at his pleaſure, it is eaſie to bumbaſt them with different Fancies, tacked together with Romantick Thred, according to the Genius or humor of the Inventor: but it is not not ſo with this moſt faithful Relation, to which I only give form, without any alteration of the matter. It is made up of little Stories and Adventures happened in ſeveral Quarters of the Town, that have nothing in common; which yet I draw as near one another as is poſſible for me, but leave the care of their Connection to him that binds the Book.

Book. Take them therefore, if thou pleaſeſt, for diſtinct Stories, and require neither obſervation of time nor place, nor one Hero predominant thorow the whole Piece. Neither expect that I marry all my Actors and Actreſſes at the concluſion; where it is uſual to celebrate as many Weddings as at a Carnaval: for ſome of them perhaps after long made love may reſolve to live ſingle; others may marry privately, without this knowledge of mine. Neither will I oblige my ſelf to bring nothing on the Stage but Love, I ſhall alſo give you Stories of Law and Contention, and in a word all other Paſſions, that agitates City hearts; may according to occaſion preſent themſelves; and if thou findeſt not the great regularity thou lookeſt for, know the fault is not in the Work but Title. Call it no longer Romance, *and as a Relation of particular Adventures, it will no longer offend thee. Chance rather than deſign, may bring together the Perſons already nominated, witneſs* Charoſelles, *who firſt of all preſents himſelf to my memory, of whoſe humor I have already given a ſmall taſte, and whoſe deſcription I have expreſly reſerved for this place. If thou haſt any curioſity for it, thou needeſt do no more but read on.*

The

The History of CHARROSELLES, COLLANTINA, and BELASTE.

Charroselles would not be counted an Author, though it was the only commendable quality he had, and that alone made him known in the world. I cannot tell whether remorse of conscience for the faults of his youth, made him take this Title as an injury, but he would pass for nothing besides Gentleman, as if these two qualities were incompliant: though it was not above ten years since his Father died an Attorney, yet from the time he was able to keep a certain thing like a Coach, drawn by two Skeletons of Horses, and continually covered with dust or dirt, he had taken on himself this quality. His *Pegasus's* (for so they must be called, whilest they served this Nurse-Child of *Parnassus*) were not at all puffed up by their honour, nor carried their heads any higher than when they drew the Plough in the fertil Plains of *Aubervilliers*. Their Master treated them as tenderly as Children of a good Family, never keeping them out late a-nights, nor over-

loading them; nay he almost equalized them to *Bucephalus*, they never drawing any but their *Alexander*; for he was almost contiually alone in his Coach, not that he loved not company, but his Nose was unsociable: the boldest durst never do an injury to his Nose, so vindicative it was and ready to return. This Nose (in the mean time) appeared every where, and there were but few places in *Paris*, where it was not known. The Title of Eminence of right appertained to it, and it ever wore Scarlet; and though probably designed for a *Colossus*, was bestowed on a Man but short of Stature, yet Nature had been no Niggard to the little Fellow, for what wanted in height, was sufficiently requited in thickness; so that he had flesh enough, but cast in an irregular Mould. His Hair was extreamly unbecoming, and in no question his Head the Poetical Painter designed, when he said,

Bristles instead of Hairs arise
Like stands of Pikes stiff, pointed, grosse.
To separate which none can devise:
The Elflock Knots are so uneasie:
And Combs unable to passe through,
His Fingers still that office do.

And indeed he never combed it but with his Fingers, which was his usual posture in all Companies. His Skin was grained like Spanish Lea-
ther, and its Olive Colour embroidered by
Scarlet Buttons, that very frequently pierced it.

in a word, he had the true meen of a Satyr, his Mouth opened wide, and his Teeth were no less sharp, excellent qualifications for biting; a fond Laughter was very usual with him, of which I know not the reason, unless to shew his Teeth, to snap at all he met. His goggle Eyes jutted out like Bay Windows, that they might look every way.

There never was known a Man more envious or ill-spoken, nothing pleased him, and had he been called to Council at the Creation, we should have seen things very unlike what they are at present. He was the greatest reformer to the worse that ever had been known; and continually spoiled what he busied himself to mend. There never met any Assembly of Vertuous or Illustrious Persons, but he decried it: and the better to disguise his Malice, by way of *Encomium*; like those dangerous Beasts, that while they fawn, either scratch or bite us. The Fame of other Men was insupportable to him, and whatever they published that took tormented him. Judge then, if in *France*, where excellent Wits abound, he was not sufficiently plagued. His Natural Vanity was strangely puffed up by some reputation acquired in his youth, by little Works, that had a passable Vent; but this was very unlucky to the poor Stationers, who were caught with the Bait, for as soon as he forsook the Stile that alone suited with his Genius, and began to write seriously, he set out many Volumes that were never read by any but the Corrector of the

Printing-Houſe. Theſe proved ſo fatal to the Stationers, that he broke almoſt the whole Company.

He preſents all he meets with Catalogues of Books he hath ready for the Preſs, and boaſts of Fifty Manuſcripts he offers to ſet out, if he could find any Printer charitable enough to undo himſelf for the Publick; but meeting now that will ſacrifice any more Paper to his renown, he hath lit on an admirable invention, which is to write a Satyr againſt ſome known Author or Book that takes, ſuppoſing its novelty or malice will make it ſell; but he lets not the Stationer have it, without adding ſome of his ſerious Pieces. Theſe excellent qualities acquire him good ſtore of enemies, at which he is little concerned, for he hates all Mankind; and no body is ſo ungrateful as not to requite him. Were this fabulous Hiſtory, I ſhould be very much troubled to fit him with Adventures, for he never made love, but were it a proper phraſe to ſay made hate, that ſhould be the term by which I would expreſs the employment of his whole life. He never entred into friendſhip with any, but broke immediately, and that which laſted longeſt was with a Maid of an humor very like his own; ſhe was a Serjeants Daughter, conceived in law, and brought forth in contention, born under ſo unfortunate a Planet, ſhe ſpent her whole life in pleading. She had a general averſion for all but her intereſt; the vanity of going fine, ſo natural to her Sex, was one of her averſions. She was very temperate, except

when

when she ate or drank at the charge of others; and her Chastity, of which she was eminently possessed, was Vertue by force, because she could never agree with any body. She had no Concupiscence but for other Mens Estates; neither, to speak the truth of her, did she much envy any but those that were litigious; for she had not so great satisfaction in any thing given her, as in what she conquered at the Pens point. She cast an envious eye on those infinite Sheets of Paper she saw tacked together in the *Six Clerks Office*, and sometimes asked poor Clients that solicited them, if they were to be sold; as Horse-Coursers use to enquire after Horses that are rid to watering.

She was very yellow and lean, with repining at her bad fortune, and a second cause of this was the good fortune of others: for her greatest delight was to give other people vexation, and she was never so much pleased with the advantages she acquired, as with the mischiefs she did. Her thin and light bulk was very advantageous to such a trotting up and down as was necessary to her solicitations; for she ridded more ground every day than a Foot-Post. Her diligence and activity were admirable, she was earlier than *Aurora*, and apprehended walking Nights no more than an Hobgolin. Her address in cajoling Clerks and complementing their Masters, was rare, as well as her patience, in suffering their repulses and cross humors, all qualities very necessary to the perfection of one that solicites. I must needs acquaint you with

some tricks of her youth, which gave fair hopes of what she proved afterwards. Her Mother when she was with child of her, dreamt she was brought a-bed of a Harpy, and it was visible in her countenance there was something of such a Monster. When she lay in her Cradle, instead of a Coral, they gave her her Father's Ink-Horn, with which she was strangely pleased, rubbing her Gums with the end of it, to ease the pain of her Teeth, that then began to come forth. When she grew a little bigger, she made Babies of green Bags, and instead of spinning, learned to twist Parchment for the fastening together the Sheets of Declarations. Her admirable Genius for Pettifogging, began more especially to appear when she went to School; for she could read Bonds and Bills, how ill soever written, sooner than her Psalter, though printed.

These excellent Endowments in time rendered her the scourge of her Neighbours, and as terrible as a Countrey Attorney to Plow-jobbers. I will pass by part of her life, without relating many famous atchievements that I take not to be to our purpose; because before her knowledge of our Heroick Censor. This acquaintance was made in the busie Hall, neither could it well have been made any where else: there she daily solicited, and *Charrofelles* then followed a Suit against his Stationer, on account of a seisure of Books, in which he had satyrized some body that endeavoured to prevent their distribution. Nothing is more na-

ral to Clients than to relate their Cases to each other, their acquaintance is soon made, and they never want matter to hold up the conversation.

Collantina (for that is the Name of the Pleading Damosel) first of all asked his business, and *Charostelles* immediately satisfied her, by a long account of his Suit, and when he had done, in requital asked who was her adverse party? *My adverse party*, said she, *alas I have a great many. How*, said he, *do you plead against a Corporation, or many persons concerned in one affair. Nothing less*, said Collantina, *but I have all manner of Suits against all manner of persons; that I now come about contains an excellent Point of Law, and deserves to be well attended to; it cost me but an hundred Crowns, and I have already made it worth me above an hundred Pound.* These last words were over-heard by a *Gascoign* Gentleman that was near them, who swearing a great Oath, cried, *what did you give an hundred Crowns for a Law Suit? I have two you shall have for nothing. That is not to be refused*, said the Lady, *however I will follow them for you, and it shall go hard if I get not something by them.* And to give Authority to what she had said, she began to tell him some of her exploits: She had not advanced far, when the Register came out of his Office, after whom the *Gascoign* made haste, without bidding her farewell: she had also done the like, but that her Story intirely took up her thoughts; and taxed not the *Gascoigns* of Incivility; for they which solicite, are

wont thus abruptly to break off all Complements or Converſations in which they are engaged. *Charroſelles* would likewiſe have followed the Regiſter, but *Collantina* held him by the Cloak, to make him hear out the Story of her Suit; the ſubject of which was pleaſant enough, but the length tedious. Were I one of thoſe that feed on Romances, I mean that live by the Books they write, I had here an excellent occaſion of enlarging the Volume and cheating the Stationer that ſhould buy it by the ſheet. But not having any ſuch deſign, I will ſilently paſs over this converſation, and only tell you that the moſt complaiſant Perſon in the world never gave a patienter Audience than *Charroſelles* at firſt: but when he thought himſelf quit, he found, to his no little aſtoniſhment, that the Lady converted the concluſion of her Suit into a tranſition. *All this*, ſaid ſhe, *is nothing in compariſon of another I have on a difficult Queſtion of Cuſtom, which I will relate to you, and deſire your opinion. I have already conſulted it with three Advocates, of whom the firſt told me* I, *the ſecond* No, *and the the third*, He would conſider. *I have ſped better, by taking the opinion of ſome ſenſible and rational perſon, as you ſeem to be, than of all thoſe great Quoters of Preſidents and Statutes.* Tickled by this little flattery, he could not avoid to afford as flattering an Audience; yet not without an impatient ſtamping and frequent interruptions: but as a River whoſe courſe hath been ſeparated by an Edifice whoſe foundations are laid in the middle of it, as ſoon as rejoyned becomes

comes more impetuous; ſo theſe interruptions augmented the violent torrent of *Collantina's* words; but at laſt her diſcourſe and her Auditors patience came to an end; neither did ſhe then call to mind the advice ſhe had deſired of him, but made uſe of the ſame Rhetorical Figure as before, to paſs uninterrupted to the recital of another affair. But the higher powers interpoſed, and a very dark night came on, ſo that much againſt her will ſhe was forced to give over, promiſing to tell the reſt at their next meeting. Her Countenance and Geſture ſufficiently diſcovered her diſſatisfaction, and doubtleſly in her heart ſhe often exclaimed, *O night! Jealous night!* with no leſs vehement imprecations than Lovers uſe againſt *Aurora*, when ſhe raviſhes their Miſtriſſes from between their arms. Her pleaſures therefore ceaſed in order to ſo neceſſary a ſeparation, yet they omitted not ſome Complements, with promiſes of ſervice and reciprocal ſolicitations in their affairs. *Collantina* being moſt earneſt, deſired of *Charroſelles* a Petition to carry to a Judge, in whom ſhe ſaid ſhe had a great intereſt; he gave it her gladly, offering to do her the like office when occaſion preſented. She took hold of it at that inſtant, and drawing from her Pocket a great bundle of different Petitions, with a Liſt of all the Courts of Juſtice, enquired whether he knew any of the Judges; he asked in what Court her buſineſs depended, ſhe told him in all. *Charoſelles* took the Liſt, and read it by the light of a Candle that was on a Stall, and

marked

marked two who he said were his intimate friends, over whom he had an absolute power. Two or three others he marked, in whom he said some of his acquaintance had great interest; making use of the ordinary terms of such as promise to recommend affairs: *This man is yours, This shall be brought about for you, The other I'll answer for*; and all with as great assurance as if they had the Suffrages of these Magistrates in their Pockets: he took therefore all the Petitions to present or cause them to be presented, but did neither, no more than many others that undertake them, only to furnish their Privies, which is no less than felony against the Privies of Magistrates. But *Charrofelles* was excusable in this, in regard he made conscience of his Vow never to do good to any body.

Collantina was not satisfied with all these courteous offers, but continuing still in the ordinary stile of Pleaders that seek recommendations to Judges in a long succession of generations, even to the tenth degree of Kindred and Alliance, asked *Charrofelles* whether he could give her any address to get access with some other of them. He took again the List, and found many with whom he could do her this good Office; and amongst others marking one with his Nail, said, *I am acquainted with his Under-Clerk, by whose means I can recommend your business to the Upper Clerk, and by him to the Master. This way of going to work*, said she, *is none of the worst.* Marking another, he told

told her, *My Sister-in-law was God-Mother to a Child of his Nurses eldest Son, and that way I can present a Petition. Neither is this to be neglected*, said *Collantina*, *Servants have sometimes greater influence over their Masters, than their Relations or other Persons of Quality. But now it comes in my head, Are you acquainted with any Huntsman? I have to do with one that is a great Lover of sport, and Huntsman and Huntsman are hail fellow well met. I would gladly have such a one mention me to him in the field.*

After this she named another, of whose assistance she stood in need. *This man*, said he, *is very devout, and if you know any of the bare-footed Carmelites, you need not doubt; for I have been told that a Friar that belongs to that Cloister, absolutely governs him; I know not his Name, but the good Friars are still ready to assist one another.* *Alas*, said *Collantina* sighing, *I have not the least acquaintance in the world amongst them. But hold a little*, said *Charroselles*, *I know a recollect Friar about* Lyons, *whom I have heard say he had a younger Brother in that Cloister; he will find out some body of that Order, or of another, which imports not, to do your business.*

Charroselles would then have bidden her adiew, but she kept up close, nominating another Judge, and desiring the like favor she had done before; *That man*, said he, *pretends to Gallantry, is very civil to the fair Sex, and you need not doubt a favorable Audience, if you go to him accompanied by one that is handsom.* *Ah*, alas, cried she, *I am acquainted with a Waiting-*

Gentle-

Gentle-woman, whose beauty is cried up thorow the whole Parish, I am confident she will not refuse to go along with me; for lately at Christning a Child, she was partner with an Attorneys Clerk I sometimes employ. Charroselles again bid her adiew, and she again stopped him and said, *I will name but one more, tell me whether you know any of his friends? Many*, replied he, *and that are so very intimately. For Gods sake then name them*, said she. *They are called Guinnees*, said he, *and going in company, easily obtain whatsoever they pretend to. You are very pleasant* (said she) *I would not willingly depend on such reports, and malice often exclaims without grounds, neither can there be a Judge so just, but the Client that is overthrown, will taxe him of having been corrupted either by friends or money; yet such reports are seldom true.*

This raillery was useful to *Charroselles*, who otherwise should never have escaped Thus at last they parted, but not without protestations of meeting again; each of them going to grope out their Lodging in the dark, which often happens to those that sollicite. *Charroselles* coming home very weary, sat down to Supper with his Sister, and Brother-in-law, that was a Doctor of Physick, with whom he boarded; and told them part of the adventures of the day, and the discourse he had held with a Maid so extraordinary. All of them admired the humor of those that go to Law, and agreed that such are not a little favored of heaven, as are free from the two great follies of Clients, one of which

is the being so importunate in seeking to make friends to Judges; and the other so impertinent in putting their Cases, and advising about them with all they meet. *For my part*, said *Lambertin* (this was the Name of the Brother-in-law) I *admire why recommendations are so earnestly sought, since they signifie so little; neither do I wonder they are so much slighted, since they are often made by persons very remote. Adde* (said *Charroselles*) *that they are made very negligently, and in a manner that so clearly discovers them to be only formal, they signifie no more than Bills pasted on Posts, to publish the Skill and Lodging of some Emperick. For such as present Briefs, said Lambertin, they are more pardonable; for these giving hints of the affair, may be to some purpose; but the mischief is, Judges receive so many of them, that to read them all, would be the business of their whole lives: so that ordinarily their destiny is to accompany Petitions in the House of Office. That* (said *Charroselles*) *is sometimes the cause of their good fortune, for if the Judge happen to be costive, he may pass his time in reading them all the while he is in labour. And I believe as a Lover would think himself very happy to know when his Mistriss's Smock is over her ears and the love fit upon her; a Client were no less so, to know the dayes of the Judges constipation.*

I cannot deny (replied *Lambertin*) *that they which seek to inform their Judges of their Cases, in what manner soever, are very excusable; but they which employ their time to importune a*

stranger

stranger with an account of a tedious Law-suit, in which he hath no interest, cannot be so; nay it sometimes happens, that after all, he that hath listned comprehends nothing, not only by reason of the intricacy of the business, but because the Client omits many circumstances very necessary to make it understood; for he himself having his head full of its notions, imagines others to be as well instructed: but what is worst of all, the Counsel he demands cannot be to purpose, for the ignorant can give no pertinent resolution; and such as are knowing, will see his Writings and Evidences before they determine any thing. Neither are only such as go to Law alone thus frantick, all whom they frequent have a spice of it, and cannot avoid falling into the like fault; of which I had lately a pleasant experience, in an adventure with which I will briefly acquaint you.

One of the mighty Gown Men once expressing an inclination for entering into a near friendship with me, earnestly pressed me to give him a Visit, which I did one Sunday Morning: as soon as he had notice I was there, he sent to desire me to tarry a while in his Hall, whilest in another Room he received the solicitations of one of his Friends of Quality. After a long hour he came to me with a great deal of civility, and his first Complement was his sorrow to have made me stay so long: to excuse himself, he told me he had been engaged with a very great Person, that came to recommend to him a business of much discussion, and in which were many considerable Points of Law: after which he began to repeat it to me with all its circumstances

cumstances and every particular the Party concerned had acquainted him with: in this he spent a long hour, and as he concluded the Bell rung to Prayers, and he not having been at Mass, there was a necessity of our separation without farther discourse. Judge now what advantage or satisfaction either of us received in this Visit.

After Supper, *Charroselles* being a Man of Letters, went up to his Closet, where the first thing he did, was to look over his Collection, for he daily writ down all the remarkable Sayings he heard in company, and afterwards made his advantage of them, by seizing them as his own; sometimes making entire Volumes of them, and otherwhile venting them in other Companies.

He had reaped that day a plentiful harvest, which he will without question fashion into a History, and publish with the first-fruits of his Pen.

He failed not within a while after to visit *Collantina*, and their strange sympathy in wronging their Neighbours, caused them to enter into a great friendship, I cannot say, nor correspondence, but familiarity as much as you please.

At his first Visit, and immediately after his first Complement, *Charroselles* was desirous to treat her with the productions of his fertil Brain, and shew her the Catalogue of his Works, but *Collantina* interrupted him, and would first of all shew him the Breviates of her Suits.

[After

After this he pretended to read to her a Satyr againſt Lawyers, in which the miſery of Clients was ſet out at large; but ſhe would firſt of all read an Information againſt a pretended Gentleman that bore a Coat of Arms belonged not to him, and for uſurping the quality of Eſquire. Perceiving it in vain to expect a long Audience, he preſented her a Sonnet, which he told her was a Maſter-piece in Poetry. *Now you talk of Maſter-pieces*, replied ſhe, *let me ſhew you a Conveyance.*

He thought he ſhould have better ſucceſs by producing ſome little *Stanza*, in which he ſaid a Lover made a Declaration to his Miſtriſs. *For Declarations*, cried ſhe, *I have one very well drawn up, and of three hundred Articles not one hath been marked as defective.* Not a jot diſcountenanced, he very earneſtly beſought her to hear him read an Epiſtle. She inſtantly anſwered, ſhe underſtood not Latine, not believing they were any other Epiſtles than thoſe that are read in Churches before the Goſpels; but *Charroſelles*, that he might be better underſtood, told her it was a Letter. *For Letters*, (replied *Collantina*) *I have of all ſorts, and I will ſhew you ſome in form of Petitions.* When he found it impoſſible to obtain Audience, he drew a printed Book out of his Pocket, that contained a little Novel, which he preſented her, on condition ſhe ſhould read it that night. She would not be ingrateful, and immediately gave him a huge Indenture on the ſame terms. At laſt, I know not whether obliged by night,

or

or on some other interruption they parted, as I suppose extreamly satisfied to have plagued each other.

Charroselles being destitute of no bad quality, you may swear was very opiniastre, and therefore positively resolved to make *Collantina* hear some of his Works and (since that day had proved so unfortunate) to make use of a Stratagem. He therefore plotted to get her on a sudden to walk out of Town, reasoning this within himself, reading then some of my pieces, she cannot possibly interrupt me to shew me other papers; because she will not have them about her: but alas! how weak and deceitful is humane fore-sight! when he had gotten her into the plain field, ignorant of his design, and therefore not likely to have any defensive arms, he offered to read to her an *Episode*, or small History, interwoven in a certain Romance, which was as he told her full of intricacies. *Truly*, said *Collantina*, *it must be so indeed, if it abound more with them than one of my Bills*; and with that drew from under her Coats a Roll of 55 Sheets of Paper, very closely written, and not as in Countries where Clients pay by the Sheet. *I will read it to you*, said she, *before I give it my Attorney, who is to enter it to morrow; I brought it purposely to leave it with him as I go home: you that are a Wit may get advantage by it, for it contains matter enough to make a Romance.*

Since the Law of Nature have so ordained, that what is weak must give place to what is more strong, it was necessary the *Episode*

ſhould yield to the *Chancery Bill*, as a Pigmy to a Giant; *Charroſelles* therefore was reduced to a neceſſity of hearing her, or rather to ſuffer her to read, and the mean time made this reflexion within himſelf. *Am not I the moſt unfortunate of Mortals, to have ſo often ſweat and waked to compoſe excellent Pieces, and am yet reduced not only to an impoſſibility of preſenting them to the publick, becauſe the accurſed Stationers refuſe to print them, but alſo of finding ſome one that hath the civility to hear them read in private; I fear I ſhall at laſt be compelled to do like thoſe unfortunate Lovers, that recite their Adventures to Woods and Rocks; and after the example of a venerable* Bede, *preach to a heap of Stones. Did I yet meet the repulſes only of Criticks, that approved nothing but what they write themſelves, it were to be borne more eaſily; but to ſuffer thus from a vulgar perſon, not capable of diſcerning the defects of my Works (could it be ſuppoſed they had any) and from whom I ought to expect the higheſt applauſes: this, this is too far beyond all patience.*

Collantina all this while read on, and often interrupted our diſconſolate Authors ſad Meditations, puſhing him with her Elbow, and ſaying, *Do you not admire how well my Attorney hath worded this? You ſhall ſee by and by ſomething of the contrary party, and judge how ſhort it comes.* She alſo often asked what he thought of it, and he that had ſworn never to commend any thing, and ought himſelf to be commended that he would not be perjured on this occaſion, in the

terms

terms of a Pedant, of which he had not a little the humor; told her, *I find nothing in it* nisi verba & voces.

Collantina became a-dry with so long reading, which with the heat of the weather obliged this small Pretender to Gallantry to offer her a Collation, of which she accepted. The Cloth was no sooner laid, but the Lady began to poize the Bread in her hand; and to find fault that it was not weight, and threaten to have the Baker punished. This difference, with the thrift of him that gave the Treat, caused them to fare very ill, but the worst was when the reckoning came to be paid, *Charroselles* arguing every particle with the Hoste; in this he was very loud, and at last seconded by *Collantina*, who resolved to have more than her share in that dispute: she her self therefore took the Counters, and wrangled on every point, even on those that had been already passed by *Charroselles*. She said it was not the value of the thing that moved her, but that she would not suffer such exactions; and though we must believe this to be done by others out of avarice, we may allow it in her only to have pleased her self by contesting. But at last *Charroselles* became liberal by force, got free of this trouble, to the no little displeasure of *Collantina*, to see him pass by so excellent an occasion of a Suit.

Our poor Author, who got not so much as commendations for all his Charges, sought many other occasions in his Visits to *Collantina*, of reading something to her, but she ever stood

upon her guard: not that she had any aversion for his Works, but because she had so many other Papers to read that pleased her better. One day amongst the rest, after several unsuccessful attempts, he grew so mad, that he resolved to bind her, and put a Gag in her Mouth to be revenged, and preach to her at his leisure; when a new occasion of a Suit interposed.

I know not what was the subject of their discourse, when the Lady told him, *Now I think on it, I have a request to you, and would borrow a small Piece that is in the Study of your deceased Father. Do you then* (said *Charroselles*) *want any Books of War or Knight Errantry, I have the Fortifications of* Errart, Fritac, de Ville, *and* Marolois, *the Engines of* John Battista Porta, *and* Solomon de Caux; *the Treatises of* Phurinel *and* la Colombiere; *by these to perswade her his Father had been a great Soldier. None of these* (said she) *it is but a Paper that I want. I have divers*, said he, *and some very curious, all that was written during the League, and against the Government*, Le Divorce Satirique, La Ruelle mal assortie, La Confession de Sonci, *and many other. Neither any of these* (replied *Collantina*) *but the Copy of a certain Sentence, which will be a good President in one of my Suits; and as I have been told, was pronounced in a Cause to which your Father was Attorney. Do you speak this,* (said *Charroselles*) *to affront me? Do you not know that I am a Gentleman? That I have Eight thousand Livres a year, a Coach, two Lackeys, and a* Valet de Chambre, *and can you imagine*

me

me to be the Son of an Attorney? What if I should (said *Collantina*) *I conceive it not any injury, for I take an Attorney to be every jot as good as a Gentleman. I have a hundred reasons for this, one especially, very decisive to the advantage of Attorneys; for the richest Gentleman could never yet undo the poorest Attorney; and there is no Attorney so poor but hath undon many rich Gentleman.* Without giving him time to interrupt her, she that admirably understood the Hall and all that related to it, to make appear she talked not at random, named the Solicitor and Serjeants he employed, the Clerks that had lived with him, and Tipling House where he used to drink his Mornings Draught, with so many other particulars, that *Charroselles* convinced and confounded at this reproach, knew not to what to have recourse, but to his impudence, and bravely maintained all to be false.

It seems then, said *Collantina*, *I have lied*, and in that very instant blows on the face were reciprocally and respectively given. She struck first, and cried out Murther first, and though she got the fewest blows, complained the loudest. Poor *Charroselles* was only on the defensive, and though he was not at all restrained by respect of the Sex (for he had not any either for Sex or Age) the advantage was not on his side, for he had not been used to cuff but bite. But it was pleasant above all the rest, that amongst the Neighbours that came in to part them, was the Brother of *Collantina*, that had inherited the Office of Serjeant. Though he loved her very

well, he would not concern himself to part the Combatants, who embraced each other not a jot amorously; but charging those that came in to beat witness, began to write what passed, and the faster they fought, the faster he writ. Our unfortunate Author was at last fain to take to his heels, all the Neighbourhood falling upon him, and reducing him to as sad a condition as a Bird without feathers. When the Serjeant would have sent for a Constable, his Sister was very angry, bidding him meddle with his business, that she was well enough versed in Law to understand how to undo her adversary, and that she would reserve to her self alone the honour of beginning and carrying on the action of Battery.

Going before a Justice, she in an instant gave in whole Volumes of Informations, and then was most evidently made out the saying of a certain Spanish Author, *That nothing grows so fast, nor so much, as a Crime under the Pen of a Justices Clerk.* She quickly got a Warrant for his Commitment, and because she had no wounds, rubbed her Armes with Black-lead, and afterwards caused a Surgeon to lay on a Plaister, giving in evidence of certain knotty Contusions, which obtained two Sentences of Eighty Livres damages each of them.

Charroseller, that had nothing in him of a Pleader, but that which served him to inveigh against certain Authors, to avoid going to prison, was fain to absent himself some dayes, and lie concealed at a friends house in the Countrey;

where

where his only consolation was to discharge his Choler upon Paper, and fence with the Arms of his Profession: he therefore wrote a Satyr against *Collantina*, and the flowing of his Gall extended to all her Sex. He searched his Common Places for all that is severe to Women, and at last formed a Catalogue of all the bad Women of ancient times, comparing them to his adversary, and to her alone imputing all their Crimes. He painted her much more horrible than *Megera*, *Alecto*, or *Tysiphon*. But in the highest raving of his invective, he called to mind that all would be lost, because the Stationers would no more print this Work, than many others of his they had refused; he therefore resolved, that he might no longer write to no purpose, to advise with them before he began. In this he pretended to imitate many Authors the Stationers Pensioners, that eat their Corn in the Blade; I mean, that agree for a Book, when they have nothing of it done but the Title, and the price of it being advanced by them, go to the Tavern and spend it, where they also compose with a flying Pen, and that so long, till the Stationers are sometimes fain to redeem them, the reckoning amounting higher than the price of the Work.

He writ to all that he knew, sending them the design of the intended Piece; desiring to know if they would print it: but the Stationers, still sick of their bad success, sent him word flat and plain, that they would print nothing of his, till he had recompenced their former losses;

this put him in such a rage, that he had torn all he had written, had not his paternal affection prevented him; it yet made him give over his design; but his fury against *Collantina* not at all allayed, he resolved of some lesser invective against her, which he would distribute in manuscript amongst his acquaintance; but because Prose could not handsomely be confined within narrow limits, he attempted Verses, though with so strange an aversion for Poetry, that in the utmost endeavor of his whole life, he could never handsomly couple a pair of Rhimes: but his passion at last mounted so high it became Poetick Fury; and as of old the Son of *Cræsus* born dumb, by a violent emotion, to advertise his Father his life was in danger, got his Tongue at liberty; so *Charroselles* transported by rage against *Collantina*, in despight of his incapacity for Verse, made this Epigram against her:

Thou walking Pillar of the Inns-a-Court,
Thou Soul condemn'd to eternal Pettyfogging,
Pleased with contention, as if 'twere a sport;
To wrangling Normandy *forthwith be jogging.*
There sue thy fatal Stars litigious Bitch,
Decreed to be a Beggar and a Witch.

Though this be a pitiful Epigram, it may pass from a man that made his first Essay, and he sent it to all his friends; but it was lucky for him it came not into *Collantina*'s hands: for she would certainly have entred an action, on accompt of a Defamatory Libel. Well by this he thought him-

himself sufficiently revenged (poetically you must understand) for every man hath his peculiar way of vengeance: Authors by Verses, Scrivenors by Parchments, and Lawyers by Vexatious Informations. A while after *Charroselles* (I know not by what good fortune) grew acquainted with an Attorney of the Kings Bench, famous in his Profession, a worthy Antagonist of *Collantina* and her Brother the Serjeant, and able to make head against them both. This man fitted him with another sort of revenge of his mode. He entred an Action of Battery, and brought in as Witnesses *Charroselles* two Lackeys, their names and qualities disguised, and in other habit, he found also a Surgeon that made a report to his purpose, and in an inferiour Court obtained a Sentence that gave great damages, out of jealousie of its jurisdiction; so that the Serjeant who was comprehended in them as well as his Sister, was fain a while to absent himself: but after many Querks of Law they were all dismist without any damages or reparations; sharing the blows and charges amongst them.

Now Reader it is fit for thee to understand, that it was written in the Book of Fate, or at least in the obstinate Brain of *Collantina*, as little subject to change, that she should never be married, unless to a man that had gotten the better of her in a Law Suit; as *Atalanta* would yield to no Lover that had not first outrun her: and though *Charroselles* had not an entire Victory, yet it happened here as in those antient

antient Combats of Knights Errant, which ceased after reciprocal testimonies of Courage, without an entire defeat on either side; so that we shall not see that aversion which usually follows Law-Suits; this having served to reunite and give them reciprocal esteem for each other. *Collantina*, especially, who thought her self invincible in this manner of Combat, admired the Hero that had held her play, and began to think him worthy of her; but see here a Rival or rather another Pleader, comes in to part them.

I must not omit the description of a Person so extraordinary. He was one that by the secret disposal of Providence unknown to men, had obtained a considerible Place of Judicature.

To let you understand his Capacity, know he was born in *Perigort*, a younger Brother (if his word might be taken) of an antient Family, that had admirably subsisted, and caused to subsist very long the Thatched Roof of its Hereditary Cottage.

Poverty rather than Courage, made him a Soldier, and blind fortune afterwards raised him to be a Trooper, and brought him to *Paris*, mounted (as skilful and inquisitive Naturalists assure us) on a Horse, but such as considered only his height, making, and spirit, took him for a poor Ass. The first Market-day he was sold to a Gardener for Twenty Crowns, which was very lucky; for else worse than *Saturn* that devours his Children, he must have eaten his

own

own Head. The Lackey that followed this Horſe (for Lackey I muſt call him) was very ſuitable to his height and merit; he was a bearded Pigmy, famous at tripping up heels, and ſticking pins in buttocks, and in a word, malicious enough to have been a Page, had he been born a Gentleman; ever ſuppoſing Gentry neceſſary to thoſe Gallants. His temperance was very remarkable, out-doing thoſe that faſt with Bread and Water, for he lived on Water and Acorns. If the Proverb, *Like Man, like Maſter*, be to be juſtified; you may fancy (moſt Courteous Reader, methinks it is a long while ſince I apoſtrophiſed) the Maſter whoſe Character you queſtionleſs expect, I give you, and you ſhall have at leaſt ſome ſlight touches.

He was as ugly as one would wiſh, if it be ſo that uglineſs can be wiſhed for; but I am not the firſt that hath uſed this manner of expreſſion: His mouth was wide, a ſign he loved to talk to his own Ears, that were likewiſe large, certain teſtimonies of the excellency of his wit; his Teeth were alternatively placed in his Gums, like Battlements on the Walls of an old Caſtle; his Tongue was thick and dry like a Neats-Tongue, and no leſs ſmoked, by the daily vapor of a dozen Pipes of Tobaco; his Eyes were little, dull, and hollow; his Noſe and Forehead very prominent; his Hair Black and Sweaty; his Beard Red and dry; one of his Shoulders commanded the other, as a Mountain does a little Hill; and his Stature was as ſhort as his Under-

Understanding. In a word, his Physiognomy had all bad qualities, unless to bely him. Valiant he must needs be said to be from Head to Foot, and this he especially manifested by his Heels and Jaws. Ill fortune followed him so close in the Army, that in twenty *Campania's*, he got not so much as had been left him by his Father (to express less is impossible) so that he was forced to seek a subsistance at *Paris*, that proved his best Winter Quarter.

His mind was very worthy his Body, and though it appeared not in its lustre, unless on the Bench, some sparks of it yet may discover his Character. He enquired what the Brazen Horse on the New Bridge was made of, and they which perceived his simplicity, perswaded him, that Fisher-men came in the night to steal hairs out of its tail to make Lines to angle with. A Friar one day speaking of the Holy Inquisition, he said, *It was a great mistake to call it holy, it having no day in the Almanack.* Walking once in the *Thuilleries*, some of the Company wondring why that Garden was called so, he told them that in former times there had been a King of *France* called *Tuile*, that gave it his Name; was not this to be very knowing in the History of his Countrey? Yet I believe he had as much reason as that other Etymologist, that derived *Salade* from *Saladin*. He was so skilful in forain Governments, that he used to say, *The Dog of* Venice *and Sapire of* Persia, instead of the *Doge and Sophie*.

His

His Apothegms would be many, were a Collection made of them, and might ſerve for a Supplement to the Book of Sieur *Gaulard*, having much of the ſame Genius. Notwithſtanding theſe ridiculous qualities both of Mind and Body, Fortune elevated this Monky to ſit on the Bench, as Mountebanks do by the like Animals to make the People ſport; and he became a Juſtice, which degree, that would have been an honour to another, was the ſhame of *Belaſire*; for ſo this ridiculous Magiſtrate was called. He acquired his Commiſſion by recommendation of one of quality, to whom he was little known. There is nothing of which great Perſons are ſo prodigal as of recommendations, ſince they can no wayes more eaſily recompence real ſervices, than by words and complements: but nothing having been here merited, and ſome body informing of the ſmall capacity of the pretender, ſufficiently diſcovered by his Phyſiognomy, all had been ſpoiled, had he not inveigled a Widdow, who thought it no ſmall honour to marry a Magiſtrate, and was ſo mad for a Husband ſhe would have ſought one in the *Eaſt-Indies*; this Woman alſo engaged her Mother a great Doctreſs, famous for her Intrigues and Poſted Papers. Her Prate more than Skill had acquired her Reputation for curing certain Diſeaſes of the *Scrotum*, and amongſt others ſhe dreſt or rather cheated a Judges Son, whom her falſe reputation had gotten under her cure. This Judge was very eminent, and had no other weakneſs, but to be too much ſwayed by his Children,

Children, by whom he was infatuated. *Belaſtre*'s Wife therefore beſought her Mother, the Mother her Patient, the Patient his Father, who thus ſurprized, ſigned a Certificate in favor of *Belaſtre*, without ever reading it: by this he atteſted him to be a Gentleman, and of good life; nay one article ſaid ſomething of his ability: after this it was eaſie for him to obtain many more Certificates, all men erring by example, and as in a Dance following him that leads. After ſo many authentick teſtimonies, he could not chuſe but take, though he became afterwards as famous for ignorance as others have been for knowledge.

He gave outt, hat providence above had miraculouſly advanced him, and the Parſon of the Pariſh was not wanting to publiſh this in his Sermons, deceived by his pretended zeal.

He ſometimes endeavoured to juſtifie himſelf by the example of a Butcher of *Lions*, choſen Sheriff, who when the Governour of the Town admired how he could perform it, not knowing how to write and read, anſwered, *Well though I cannot read and write, I can ſcore.*

One teſtimony of his excellent capacity, which he gave before he was made a Juſtice, muſt not be omitted; he was one day walking in the great Hall amongſt Officers of the Army that bought Books, and he, that he might not be ſingular, willing to do the like, asked the Stationer for one; who deſired to know what Book he ſought, whether in Folio or Quarto. *Belaſtre* ignorant of thoſe terms of Art, had not known

known what to have said, had not some body pointed to a Volume; he then answered he would have a great Book; the Stationer asked, whether of History, Philosophy, or some other Science? *Belastre* replied, that was not very material, only he had occasion for a Book. *But* (persisted the Stationer) *that you may not lay out your Money in vain, tell me to what purpose you would make use of it.* *Belastre* presently replied, *To press my Bands.* He understood so little his place, that one citing the Law of the Twelve Tables, he cried out, *O what good House-keepers were the Romans!*

Such was the Genius of this Personage, and his very Meen did not a little divert all that knew him; extreamly pleased not only in considering his Cloaths but comportment. He walked the Streets with the state and gravity of a Welsh Judge, and when he was upon the Bench, had usually his Clerk very near to prompt him. He was a most worthy subject of satyr and publick raillery, but that was not his greatest misfortune, for he could make a better shift against the girds of Authors, than against the Actions of *Collantina*, who very unluckily for him had a Cause determined before him, importing only 10 Groats; in which not obtaining satisfaction, she threatned him on the very Bench, and at last found out something owing by him to one of her relations. Though she had no interest in the affair, she put her self at the head of those that prosecuted him but faintly, because of his Office, with so many tricks and devices as confounded

founded the poor man, that quickly saw two unjust Sentences given against him.

She was perfect in the skill of such Generals as carry the War into other Countreys, and make their Troops subsist there; for *Belastre's* Adversaries and Creditors paid her Contribution, and his Friends much more; for she could serve on either side as readily as Switzers, and her fidelity still ceased with her Pension: but a Suit of five years dependance, made ignorant *Belastre* so expert, that he became as famous a common Barretter as any in *France*, which Trade he could not fail of learning in *Collantina's* School. By often frequenting Attorneys and Advocates, he learned some Terms of Law, and by that time he knew a dozen, thought himself Master of the whole Intrigue: it happened on this accompt to him, as I have often observed it to do to many others; for be it Gentleman or Yeoman that once takes to Law, they find a sweetness in it, that draws them on as long as life or fortune supports them: so that these prove the most dangerous adversaries; whereas they which nnderstand the Trade, are the backwardest to plead; and forwardest to agree. He sometimes got the better of *Collantina*, for like the *Parthians* he fought retiring, which does very well with Defendants, and such as are in possession of the thing contested; and she was fain to lay down all Charges by advance, which she could not alwayes do, because her Contributions failed, though her patience was invincible.

Not-

Notwithstanding all animosities, *Belastre* now and then visited her, some thought in order to an agreement, but they which knew her, knew also she was a great enemy to Treaties, and that to speak to her of peace, was to encourage war. He indeed pretended the exercice of that Christian Vertue that commands to love our enemies, for though his conscience reproached him with the unjust possession of other mens goods, he seemed very devout, two contrarieties that have of late very often agreed in one and the same subject.

As for *Collantina*, had she avoided all Visits but of her friends, she must have lived in a perpetual solitude; she was therefore necessitated to receive the little agreeable applications of this adversary: and fortune, that endeavored all means of making him ridiculous, smote him with the love of this person, whom he must needs have adored without a Rival, had it not been for the obstinacy of *Charroselles*, who went on the more zealously, not so much out of affection, as in spight of this new Inamorado.

I shall not break the Rule I have prescribed to my self, neither to steal, nor repeat those things that are found in Romances over and over, though, I report the declaration of love made by *Belastre* to *Collantina*, because it is very extraordinary, neither, in how many Visits he again reiterated what he had so often told her. *Madam, I come hither in pursuit of your love,*

not to seek truce or peace. On the latter account you would not be at all welcome (Mr. Justice) cried Collantina. *But, to make appear to you* (continued Belastre) *that I will obey the Scripture, which obliges us to love our enemies; having no body that is more so, than you, I must love you more than all others. Good* Mr. Justice (replied *Collantina*) *you ought not to call me your enemy, but adverse party; and, if you can be contented that we may ever go to Law, we shall be ever friends. I must acknowledge that some small thought of revenge made me begin this Suit, but I continue it only out of a natural affection to Law; and am in some sort obliged to you, for this occasion of visiting the Papers I neglected; where I found so fertil grounds for a Suit, that hath so well improved under my hands. For my part* (said *Belastre*) *I must confess that this Suit, at first, very much afflicted me, but now that I have learned the quirks of Law, thanks to you and heaven, I am highly pleased in it, and find we sympathize, our inclinations being equal. All that I am troubled at, is that my difference is not against some other person, being so much inclined to all that pleases you, that I would gladly acknowledge a Judgement to you. Have a care of that* (good Mr. Justice, said *Collantina* hastily) *for your best way of pleasing me, is to hold out against me to all extremity. We will begin at the lowest Court, and from thence appeal to higher, till we come to the* Kings-Bench. *I am like Gentlemen that fight, and hold him that acknowledges a Judgement, or that does not plead,* Non est factum, *to be as infamous as he that in a*

Duel

Duel begs his life at the first sight of his blood. I confess this manner of proceeding is new, and may be surprizing, but they which wonder at it, may seek its causes in fate, that hath endowed me after a very extraordinary manner. Well then (said *Belastre*) *since I may sue you without displeasing you, I will bring an Indictment against your eyes, that have committed Murther and Rape, and doubt not of their condemnation with all costs and damages. Now* (replied *Collantina*) *you speak elegantly of Love, and please me better than a certain Author that often importunes me, and talks out of* Ovids Metamorphosis. *But tell me,* Mr. Justice, *how come you by all this? since you are reported to be perfectly ignorant in your Charge. I know a great deal more,* said *Belastre, for my Commission so inspires me, that my Brother-in-law tells me he can hardly know me, and that I have the very Genius of Magistracy. This is a word I do not well understand, but I assure you that many times I determine business better than I expected, witness a Warrant I once was surprized in signing, which though point-blank contrary to what I intended, was confirmed by the Court. Observe how heaven seconds those it inspires, and believe no longer those Calumniators that call me ignorant. Truly,* Mr. Justice, said *Collantina, you are not the first that hath been famous in our Laws, without* Greek, Latin, *or any other good Letters, take courage, and assure your self you will learn more by pleading against me, than if you had studied seven years in the Inns of Court.*

An Attorneys Clerk entred, as ſhe ſpake this, whoſe quality being ſo conſiderable to her, that to entertain him, ſhe would have broken off diſcourſe with a King; ſhe quitted *Belaſtre* to careſs and queſtion this little Bag-carrier, Whether he had taken out ſuch an Order? Whether entred ſuch an Action? with the general ſtate of all her affairs; and this laſted ſo long, that *Belaſtre*, otherwiſe very patient, was fain to quit her without bidding adieu.

As ſoon as he came home, finding he had been ſo happy by two or three terms of Law to have pleaſed *Collantina*, he ſet himſelf to write an amorous Letter in that Stile, neither did he believe any other could be more charming or agreeable, for uſually we moſt eſteem the things we lateſt learned: and certainly there could not be found a more Modern Practitioner. The ſubject of this he took from an impriſonment impoſed upon him by an Order *Collantina* had procured for recovery of a Fine. He ſought in the *Terms of the Law*, which lay conſtantly on his Table, for the moſt extravagant and barbarous words, as School-boys make uſe of *Textor's Epithites*, and having compoſed a Letter very little worth, and as little intelligible, had recourſe to his Clerk, who expunging almoſt all, renued it in the following terms.

Bela-

Belastre's Letter to *Collantina.*

Madam,

IF I complain against your rigors, it is not for having imprisoned me, but that in contempt of Sentences for my enlargement, your Charms have over and above decreed against my heart; which having notice of it, hath voluntarily rendered it self in the Fail of your Merit: it will not appeal from that Decree, nor petition for Prohibitions against Proceeding; but on the contrary submits to all that you please to impose upon it: if you will not rather, admitting its Justifications, seal the pardon of my temerity, out of consideration that the Case is very pardonable; and that if I offended you, it was only in defence of my heart: to which purpose making all protestations that are to be made, particularly to be whilest I live

Your most humble and most patient Servant

BELASTRE.

Having finiſhed this Letter, he looked on the ſtile as admirable, applauding himſelf as if it had been his own compoſition, becauſe he had put in two or three terms of Law, which gave his Clerk hints of drawing it up; and as ſoon as he had written it over fair, ſent it to *Collantina*. I cannot preciſely tell you what impreſſion this made on her thoughts, ſince there was no ſpie to give relation, a great miſfortune, and very extraordinary: for at the reception of ſuch a Letter there ought, according to rule, to have been ſome body that obſerved all words and changes of countenance, moſt ſincere teſtimonies of Ladies thoughts; and that diſcover them ſometimes very indiſcreetly. But there happened a greater misfortune, that the Anſwer (for ſhe hath ſince acknowledged that ſhe anſwered) was loſt, becauſe having no Lackey, ſhe put her Letter in one of the Boxes for the receipt of Poſt-Letters, with two-pence, the immediate cauſe of moſt unhappy influences on all Letters that are paid for beforehand.

If we may yet make conjectures on the ſucceſs of this Letter, the ſtile was very pleaſing to *Collantina*, as extreamly ſutable to her Genius; augmenting her eſteem for *Belaſtre*, and cauſing her to judge him worthy of a more ſmart proſecution, which ſhe indeed performed: for ſhe changed the old Proverb, *That they which love well, correct well*; to, *They which love well, proſecute well*. *Belaſtre* for his part preſſed on, omitting

omitting no occasion of complementing and courting *Collantina*, I mean without prejudice of his rights and pretences. He sent her the best that was to be had at Bakers and Victuallers, presents that accrued to the Exercise of his Function. He caused place to be made for her at the Sessions and Executions, and at last apeing Gallants, who (whether Poets or not) suppose they cannot make love without making Verses, being extreamly addicted to Formalities, would not neglect one that is thought essential; but not being so foolish on the sudden as to go about to make them on his own head, nor knowing how else to come by them, not having right expressly to command any to make them for him; nor wherewithal to buy them; (these being Priviledges that belong only to great and wealthy persons) he found a middle expedient, to take out of some printed Book, those he thought fittest for his purpose, a little disfiguring them, that they might pass for his own more securely; and because his theft would be the more discoverable, if he made it upon any of those Modern Authors are daily read by every body, he was careful to seek out the ancientest Poets that could be found: Guess now by what he judged whether an Author were Ancient or Modern; for he neither knew the time they lived in, nor yet their Stile or Name: he therefore went to the *New-Bridge*, amongst the Sellers of old Books, and there chose such as he found most greasie and dogs-ear'd; supposing them of greatest antiquity.

There he one day lit on a *Theophile* with all those marks, and bought it at twice what it was worth; thinking he had made an excellent Bargain, and cheated the Stationer. After tumbling it up and down, he drew some extracts from it, which if they related to love, he without farther consideration took to be admirable; some of these he sent to *Collantina*, after he had corrected and ordered them at his pleasure; that is, corrupted and spoiled them. He that carried them, was commanded to say he saw them made on a sudden, and that *Belastre* had not time to polliſh them.

Though *Collantina* understood nothing at all of Poetry, she yet put a high esteem on those he sent her; not as good or yet as bad, but because made for her sake: for such women, be they never so fooliſh and ignorant, are more elevated by these, than Persons of Quality, that are wont to receive them: she therefore shewed them as great rarites to all that visited her, even from her Attorney to her Laundress; but she expected that *Charroselles* should prove their greatest admirer. As soon as she saw him, she ran with them in her hand to meet him (who immediately became pale, as fearing a *Sub-pœna*) and suddenly cried, *Could you have imagined Verses should have been made in my commendations? look here, though you that make Books never had the wit to write any thing for me.*

Charroselles muttered between his teeth a kind of Complement it would have been hard to decipher, and received the Papers trembling; appre-

apprehending to ſuffer more in reading theſe Verſes, than had they contained Law French in Court-hand. He immediately fore-ſaw it would coſt him commendations, conſtantly exacted by all that preſent their Verſes to be read, and this was to him an inſupportable puniſhment; but he came off better cheap, for as ſoon as he caſt his eyes upon them, he diſcovered the theft, and told *Collantina* they were *Theophile's*, and that they fooled her, that went about to perſwade her they were made expreſly for her; and for conviction brought her the printed Book, which *Collantina* received with a great deal of joy; not faling to affront poor *Belaſtre* the next time he came to ſee her: telling him as ſoon as he entred, that ſhe had gotten a definitive Sentence ſhe would produce againſt him. *Belaſtre*, that no more doubted of being diſcovered, than if he had robbed amongſt the *Antipodes*, thought ſhe ſpoke of her Suit; and anſwered he would move for an Appeal: but *Collantina* to diſabuſe him, told him ſhe ſpoke of the Verſes he had ſent her; and added, *Truly Sir, you have reaſon to ſay that Verſes coſt no pains, ſince you find them ready made.* *Belaſtre*, that expected infinite thanks, was ſtrangely ſurprized at this raillery; yet no leſs confident than a Knight of the Poſt, deſperately ſwore he made them expreſly for her. *But what will you lay,* (replied *Collantina*) *that I do not ſhew you them printed in this Book? All that you pleaſe* (ſaid *Belaſtre*) who obſerving the Book ſhe had in her hand was new bound, never doubted it could

could be the ſame with his own, which he took to be very old. A Wager having been made for a Collation, the Book was opened in the place of the theft, marked by a great turning down the leaf: which no leſs ſurprized *Belaſtre*, than had his Confeſſion been divulged. He enquired then the Name of him that could diſcover ſo great a ſecret, and being told it was his Rival, accuſed him of Magick; he really thought it muſt be either a Witch or Devil, that could diſcover a thing ſo much concealed: for (argued he) either this man hath read all the Books in the world, and can ſay them by heart; or he cannot have ſeen mine, which is the oldeſt that can be found. A little after this ridiculous reaſoning (common enough among the ignorant) having paid his Wager, he took leave; and to be revenged on his Rival, went to Council to know how to draw up a Bill of Indictment againſt a Conjurer. They told him he muſt firſt of all have a witneſs. *Well*, ſaid he, *where may I find one, I will ſend my Conſtables to fetch him?* This made all that were preſent laugh, but he added in choler, *Why are not Witneſſes Officers, they ſhall do their duty, or I will lay them by the heels?* The laughter was redoubled, and *Belaſtre* perſiſting, ſaid, *Do you think I am ſo ignorant, to believe that in* France, *where the Government is exact, and Officers ſo abundant, I ſhall want ſuch as are neceſſary towards indicting a Conjurer?* but for all his choler, he was fain to defer his revenge to another occaſion.

That

That he might for the time to come avoid the like affront, and repair that he had received, he resolved (cost what it would) to make some Verses on his own head; which as soon as he had once attempted, he thought it impossible not to make them; this is a Disease may very fitly be compared to the Gout or Gravel, of which whoever hath one fit, is never free all the rest of his life. He was very much troubled to discover what were their materials, and having tumbled over many Books, chance brought before him a certain passage, where a certain Poet admired how he came to make so good Verses, having never drunk of Hipocrene; the resemblance of the Name made him take this for Hipocras, and sent to the Tavern to bespeak some Hipocras to make Verses with, and was laughed at for his labour; but he added, *If you have none, make it purposely for me, and I will pay you though it cost a Crown a Pint.* Another time, having read that towards making excellent Verses it was necessary to be in fury, to tear ones Hairs and bite ones Nails, he practised this very exactly. He gnawed his Nails till he fetched Blood, pulled of his Hair till he was almost bald, and put himself into such a Choler, (for he understood no other fury) that his young Clerks became great Sufferers, and long carried the Marks of his Poetical Vein on their Shoulders. At last he had recourse to his Head-Clerk, who also dabbled in Poetry and made Verses (wretched ones you may imagine) and a little before had caused a Pastoral of his com-

posing

posing to be acted in his Chamber, on a Stage made of Boards and Barrel Heads, adorned with his Bed Curtains and two pieces of striped Stuff. This man taught him how to scan Verses on his Fingers, which he before measured with a Pair of Compasses; for he could not conceive that any thing more went to making Verses, than to draw words into files, as he had seen soldiers placed at Countrey Trainings.

This brave Tutor also told him there were Rimes Masculine and Feminine, at which *Belastre* exclaimed with admiration do Verses then ingender like Animals? At last after some Moneths Apprentiship, and scribbling as much Paper as a scrupulous Maker of Anagrams, he framed three Coplets, not without as much sweating as one that had played four sets of six at Tennice.

He had also heard that to make good Verses, one must get the favour of the Muses; to whom all great Poets applied themselves, and marked four lines of *Virgil*, which his Clerk said were the invocation of the *Æneids*, and having conned them, recited them still as devout Oraisons, every time he went to work. Having (as he imagined) so good success in his design, after a hundred applauses to himself (for the most ignorant are still the most satisfied in their own productions) he went with this Master-piece in his Pocket to visit *Collantina*, where he entred with a strange confidence to efface his late affront; crying, *I defie you to prove these Verses stollen, for all the Books in the World have nothing*

nothing like them; not that I care for pretending my self an Author or a Wit, but to let you see that when I have a mind to it, I can make Verses like a Gentleman.

Charroselles was come in a little before very unfortunately for him, and hearing him name these Verses trouble some to all knowing Persons, never considering whether he had a rational Antagonist immediately cried out, *What do you mean by making Verses like a Gentleman?* such wretched as tire all the world? *Belastre* ventured to reply, he meant Verses made by Gentlemen out of Gallantry alone, without understanding the Rules of Poetry, or ever having read, or made it their Profession, *Why the Devil do they meddle in it, if it be not their profession?* said *Charroselles* (something in heat) *Will any body excuse a Mason that makes a bad Kettle? or a Smith a bad Slipper? because they belong not to their Profession? Would not all the world laugh to see a Lawyer that makes no Profession of Courage, go on to the assault of a Breach, and there shew himself a Coward? I have no less contempt for Gentlemen, that pretending to acquire esteem amongst Ladies, neglect Arms, Tiltings, and Riding the Great Horse, and affect to be thought Wits or Poets; yet millions of wretched Verses pass under this specious Title of* En Cavalier, *that justle away all the good and take their places. How many Ladies are there that slight passionate and excellent Poems, made by some man of parts with all imaginable industry, and admire the trumpery of a Pen no smoother than that of* Erra Pater *or* Nostredamus.

O Muſes! if it be ſo that your aſſiſtance is neceſſary to Lovers, why ſuffer you thoſe that dawbe and disfigure you, to be favored by your Meditations and your deareſt Children to be ordinarily ſlighted?

This Enthuſiaſme had extreamly tranſported *Charroſelles*, for his invectives were ever long, (though he had no great intereſt in this, ſeldom making any Verſes) had not *Collantines* impatience interrupted him; ſaying aloud, *Without more preambles let us ſee the Verſes you talk of, be they good or bad, ſince made in my praiſe, they muſt needs pleaſe me. Belaſire* would not wait for a ſecond intreaty, nor defer the applauſes he expected; he therefore read ſuch Verſes as I am aſhamed to inſert here with the ſame gravity he uſed to give order for a *Mittimus*.

Fair Eyes, fair Mouth, fair Noſe,
Since 'gainſt your actions I expoſe
My Heart, it hath a Megrim tane,
Numm'd by the froſt of your diſdain.

In my opinion, ſaid *Charroſelles*, *theſe Verſes have more of the Pettifogger than the Gentleman, I am ſure they have nothing of the Phyſician; for none of them will diſplace the Megrim, which is a diſeaſe of the Head, to reduce it to the Heart: but go on,*

So skilfully y' attacque a heart.
That although mine were no leſs hard
Than the Horſe on the New Bridge, you would
(Had I a doſen) with your love. (*it move,*

Your

Your first, said Charroſelles, *is a kind of a Welſh Rime, which you may mend by being a little bold with the pronunciation of* heart *and* hard, *but one of the next Verſes is too long.* *That*, said Belaſtre, *may eaſily be remedied; for writing the letters of the long Verſe a little cloſer, and of the ſhort ones wider, they may be made equal.* *I ſhould never have thought of this*, ſaid Charroſelles, *and all the help I could have imagined, had been by the* Syncope *of the* Ancients. *Is not* Syncope *a Diſeaſe*, cried Belaſtre, *what hath it to do with Verſes?*

Charroſelles admired all, and was ſtrangely ſurprized, when he perceived the Author, though ſo bad a Poet, was yet better grounded in rime than reaſon, and made more ſolœciſms than limping Verſes. He wondred at his ſimplicity, and asked whether he had ever made any before. *Belaſtre*, told him many, which he had not had leiſure to write fair. *Charroſelles* ſaid, *This then is but a fragment.* *Belaſtre* replied, *I know not, but pray tell me how many Verſes go to a fragment?* The laughter at this was greater than ever, which was no ſooner over, than *Belaſtre* greedy of the reward of his labour, asked what they thought of his Verſes, or (to ſpeak more properly) exacted their approbation. *Charroſelles* told him, *Truly Sir, your Verſes are on the Greek faſhion, which admitted many Poetical Licences, and I take you to be more than a Doctor; for I have ſometimes heard, that a Bachelor is one that learns, and a Doctor that forgets; now, you that have forgot all, are* ſome-

something above it. But to return to your Verses, they are very extraordinary, I never saw any like them; and I doubt not but you will write incomparably, if you have often such rhapsodies. Ha, said Belastre, *I would gladly know the Rules of a Rhapsody, is it possible that I have made one by chance?*

Charroselles smiling at this, insensibly took occasion of declaiming against all the Authors he knew; so that there was not any good or bad but passed under his censure, without considering whether he spoke to persons capable of that entertainment. *But I will purposely omit all,* he said, *for to repeat the detractions of others, is little less than detraction.*

The conclusion was, that *Collantina*, who had long been silent, whilest he talked of these Authors, of which she knew not one, resolved at last, whatever came on it, to speak of Verses, and said, *For my part, I think no Verses better than those of the misery of* Clerks *that write for two pence a sheet; the conceits are good, and the subject very pleasant. If* Clerks, said Charroselles, *be as wretched as those Verses, I pity them; yet they deserve it not alone, Solicitors deserve part, and Clients a great deal more; and indeed, all that are concerned in that accursed Mystery. Why say you so,* quoth Collantina, *Yeomen and Tradesmens Sons, that are once admitted into the* Inns-a-Court, *and perhaps maintain themselves there seven year on the score, quickly after possess themselves of fair Houses and Land, on which they get Judgments with inconsiderable charges,*

charges, and all that while live ſplendidly, unleſs prevented by avarice rather than poverty. I queſtion not (replied Charroſelles) *but their gain is great, but doubt extreamly whether it be honeſt, beſides that, it is a ſad employment to be alwayes poring on Papers of ſo diſpleaſing a ſtile, and to raiſe all ones fortunes on the ruin and blood of poor people. Let thoſe poor people look to that* (ſaid Collantina) *why, if poor, do they go to Law, unleſs well grounded? Grounded or not grounded* (replied Charroſelles) *all are alike ruined: witneſs an Emblem I once ſaw of the Law, where he that had loſt his Cauſe was ſtark naked, he that won it, had indeed a Coat on, but ſo torn and thred-bare, it might have been taken for a Net; the Councellors and Attorneys had three or four Coats one over another.*

You are very bold (ſaid Belaſtre angrily) *thus to cry down our Profeſſion, had I a Conſtable here, I would lay you by the heels. I cry it down* (ſaid Charroſelles) *leſs than Attorneys and Advocates themſelves; becauſe they never plead on their own occaſion, no more than Phyſicians take Phyſick. One of my Friends this very Morning told me that he never had but one Law Suit, of which he got the better with coſts and damages; but he found at laſt by woful experience, that if he had at firſt abandoned the debt he ſued for, it had been a great deal better for him.*

This was his Caſe, A hundred Piſtols were owing him by a bad Debtor, Proprietor of a Houſe worth about Four hundred; he put his Mortgage into an Atterneys hand, who having an Antagoniſt

as very a Knave as himself, so well bandied the business between them, that the Suit at last cost Fifty Pistols more than the House was worth.

He made me a particular complaint on his Bill of Charges, which much troubled him; and seemed very ridiculous; for one Order was reckoned for five or six times: for a Breviate, for Council, for an Assignation, for a Copy of it, for presenting it, &c. which made him imagine himself in the Italian Play-house, where Scaramouchio *acting an Host, reckoned first for his Capon, then for him that fed it, then for him that cut it, then for him that larded it, for Wood, Fire, Spit, &c. Truly,* said Collantina, *these things can be no otherwise, since it is the ancient Custom that they should be thus.*

Charroselles then (who had been forced to learn the Art of Pleading to his cost in his Suit against *Collantina*) said, *will you not therefore grant that pleading is a cursed employment? Since Clients are customarily exposed to so many cheats? You ought to distinguish,* said the Lady, *such indeed as plead out of necessity, and are obliged to be Defendants, are usually poor and come a great way off, but with voluntary Pleaders, who attaque out of Gallantry it is not so; for these are redoubtable to all manner of persons, and can plague them all, which you cannot but allow me to be the greatest pleasure in the world, and that with a Bill one may do more mischief than with a Satyr. Their adverse parties are still fain to redeem themselves from their vexations with money, or abandoning part of what is contested; so that how bad soever their*

their cause be, if they can but spin it out in length, they get by it.

Your speaking of those that take pleasure in pleading (interrupted Charroselles) *puts me in mind of a rancounter I had the other day at the Hall. I met there a Countrey Gentleman that having given a Box on the Ear to an Attorney one of his Neighbours, was terribly prosecuted, and at last condemned in great costs and damages. I heard one of his Countreymen say, Well Battista, so it seems this Cudgel-Attorney was called, thou hast lost thy Suit. What then, said he, I can have another when I please. The laughter caused by this, made some enquire the grounds of the Suit, and at last grant that nothing was more easie than to obtain such Suits; but that it was not the way to grow rich.*

I speak not of such kind of Suits (then said Collantina) *God bless us from them, nothing is so dangerous as to be Defendant in Criminal Affairs; but I mean such litigious ones as may be bought good cheap of necessitous and ignorant persons; by this Trade I have long subsisted, and complain not. I have already undone by it seven good Yeomen and four Families of substantial Citizens, besides that, I have three Gentlemen now in my clutches, and doubt not but by divine assistance to reduce them all to beggery.* Collantina then begun to relate her exploits as well in gross as particular, and had not so soon given over without *Belastre's* interruption, who said, *Without going any farther you have given me sufficient proofs of your skill, and have been long vexations to me on a*

pretence on which there is not a farthing due. How (cried *Collantina* in choler) *do you owe me nothing? Have you the impudence to justifie this? I shall make you see the contrary, and refer my self to this Gentleman*, pointing to *Charroselles*: they then both of them attempted to relate the several Suits they had against each other before *Charroselles*; as if he had been their competent Judge: and both talked at one and the same time, pleaded, argued, and contested; neither of them giving ear to the other.

It is very usual with Clients to make the first man they meet their Judge, to plead their Cause before him, and take his opinion, yet not definitive; so that though I had extended this interposed Story a great deal farther, I had done no wrong to probability, but it would have been pleasant only to the Auditors, and not a jot so to the relator. They had scarcely agreed who should speak first (for this point was long debated) when some body knocked at the door, which proved *Belastre*'s Clerk; who came to him to *Collantina*'s, knowing he was there, to get him to sign the Copy of an Inventory he had newly taken; besides which, he had under his arms a large green Bag of many Papers specified in the Inventory, and deposited in the Office to secure the Fees of the Officers. His arrival made a truce between the two pleading parties, and after a short private Audience of *Belastre*, this Clark called *Volaterran*, gave the Inventory to be signed by this Venerable Magistrate. *Charroselles* that had an Oar in every bodys Boat,

Boat, was curious to see it, and stooping down on pretence of one of his Gloves, read this Inscription endorsed upon it, *Mithophilact's Inventory*. *How*, cried he out, *Is poor* Mithophilacte *dead? he that hath been so famous in* Paris, *as well for his manner of living as his Works? I am confident he hath left many Curiosities behind him. If you have a mind to see them*, said the Clerk very civilly (contrary to the Custom of such Cattle) *this Inventory I have drawn up is very exact. You could not do me a greater pleasure* (said *Charroselles*.) *Nor me*, added *Collantina*. *Belastre* was also willing to hear read a piece he was to sign, thinking it might in some sort recommend him to *Collantina*, so that he not only praised their curiosity, but by vertue of his authority over the Clerk, commanded him to give them satisfaction. The Clerk obeying, sate down, and the rest of them having done the like, after silence made, read as follows.

Mithopilacts Inventory.

IN *the year* 1670, —— *I beseech you*, said *Charroselles*, *pass over these insignificant formalities.* *How*, cried Collantina, *Insignificant! you mistake, nothing is more essential.*

I should grant that (replied *Charroselles*) *if a Bill were to be drawn up, or a Sentence to be given, but all our curiosity at present being to take cognisance of the Goods and Chattels of* Mithophilacte, *it*

were but time and talk cast away. This prevailed to the grief of *Belastre*, that took no little pleasure in circumstances.

First of all a Bed, in which the party deceased then lay, made up of three Planks upon two Tressels, a Mattress, with an old Valese, that served for a Bolster, with a Counterpain of Striped Stuff.

Item, *Two Matted Chairs, with a limping Couch covered with Dornix.*

Also a Firre Chest, on which we found our Seals unviolated, and in it only the Papers hereafter mentioned.

For Gods sake, said Charroselles, *let us make haste to these Papers, which I only desire to see, expecting amongst them something excellent. The rest of his Moveables we may very well judge of by what hath appeared already, and it is evident enough that poor* Mithophilact *died extreamly necessitous. I no longer wonder that he was so unwilling to be visited, and so careful to conceal his Lodging from his most intimate friends; to whom it was as indiscoverable as the fountains of* Nile, *and expecting no less misery through the whole Inventory; Good Mr Scrivener dispatch, and fall to the List of his Papers, since the Companies curiosity aims at nothing else.* This was done as soon as said, and *Vellaterran* having skipped over several leaves, thus continued,

First of all the Testament or Last Will of the Deceased, dated the 13th April —— *For Gods sake, once again,* said Charroselles, *we have nothing to do with dates, let us only hear the Legacies*

ciet, and pass by the Preambit, with those flourishes of Scrivenors, that serve for nothing but to waste Parchment. The Clerk then took the Will in his hand, and hastily mumbling over two or three sheets of formalities, began with a more intelligible voice to read the following clauses:

Imprimis, *For what concerns my Funeral, I leave the care of it to the Landlord of the House where I shall depart, not doubting but his courtesie would have obliged him to it, though I had not made it my request.*

Item, *To all poor Authors that shall attend my corps, I give and bequeath one printed Copy of a Book written by me, intituled,* The Poets Daily Exercise, *in which they shall find a most admirable example of constancy in supporting hunger and misery, with a most zealous Prayer composed by me in their behalf; that rich men may have greater compassion on their condition than they ever had on mine.*

I also give and bequeath to Claude Catharinet *my best friend and second self, my Almanack of Dinners, containing the Names and Dwellings of all my acquaintance; with observations made by me of the blind side of Great Persons, the better to flatter and screw my self into their good opinions, as also into those of their Porters and Stewards: hoping that by help of this Work he may get a subsistance, as I have hitherto done.*

Item, *To all my pretended* Mæcena's *I give and bequeath a free discharge of all that may be owing to me by them, for Incense burnt in Dedi-*

catory Epistles, Panegyricks, Epithalamiums, and Sonnets, or in any other manner whatsoever; being no wayes desirous that their souls should be tormented in the world to come, as probably they will be, for having kept back the Salary so justly due to me. I do no less in behalf of the wicked Stationers, that have eaten the fruit of my labours, and under whom I have so extreamly suffered, since I lay at their mercy.

Item, I give and bequeath to George Soulas, formerly my Servant and Amanuensis, but now by a frequent singring my Works, become my Comrade and Brother in Apollo, as well in consideration of the Wages I owe him, as out of pure liberality, all the remainder of my Works and Papers, as well printed as to be printed; with all such profits as can be recovered of Comedians, Stationers, and all other persons to whom he shall present or dedicate them: yet upon condition (and under penalty of revocation) that he cause these Manuscripts to be printed in my Name, not his own, without robbing me of the honour may from thence accrue; as I know some pilfering Authors have formerly practised.

Item, I constitute and appoint John Freyar Stationer to be the Executor of this my Last Will and Testament; in consideration whereof I require of George Soulas, the sole inheritor of my Works, when he shall print any of them, to give him preference before all others; in recompence of the loss he hath sustained, by the decried Pieces of mine he hath printed which would not sell, &c.

Really,

Really, then ſaid Charroſelles, *I had a great eſteem for poor* Mithophilact, *but I am not pleaſed that he courts theſe ſmall Stationers. It is ſufficiently known how they ſtand upon their terms, when Copies are offered them. They accept none but thoſe of a certain Cabal they fancy, and theſe at their own price; for though others were thrown at their heads, they would not beſtow the printing them.*

You have above a hundred times made me this complaint of your Stationers (ſaid Collantina) *why would you have them print your Books, if they cannot hope to ſell them? Why do you not print them at your own charge, like a certain Author I have heard talk on, that hath a Thouſand pounds worth lying on his hands. Were* I *you, I would rather ſell my Coach and Horſes to purchaſe glory, ſince you are ſo hungry after it; or why do you not rather give over all Baubles of Philoſophical, Romantick, and Hiſtorick Compoſitions, and write Tenures and Law Caſes; theſe are the Books that ſell, and of which Stationers are no leſs greedy than of* Geneva Bibles. *But, I beſeech you, let us quit this Subject, for I perceive you deſire to reply with a tedious complaint. Since the company hath a curioſity to ſee theſe Papers, let us paſs to Conveyances and Settlements of Land and Houſes, which are the conſiderable points of an Inventory:*

Of theſe things (ſaid Belaſtre) *we have not found any, only many* Actions for Paſſive Debts, *neither does the reſt of the Inventary contain any thing but Manuſcripts, which one of the heirs required us to put into it; that he might procure*

them

them to be delivered to him: since as he says, the deceased so bequeathed them. These are the only things we desire, replied Charroselles, *and these I believe are the Legacies to* George Soulas, *you have heard of: I beseech you let us make haste to look over this Catalogue. I am against it*, said Collantina, *and first of all require one Article of the Will to be explained, Concerning the Almanack of Dinners left to* Catharinet, *and which it says is sufficient for him to subsist upon.*

Content (answered Belastre) *I will cause my Clerk to seek it, for I very well remember I put it in the Inventory. I shall have much ado to find it now*, replied Volaterran, *for it contains not above five or six leaves, and is amongst a great many other Papers, but I can tell you the substance of it, having considered it very attentively. This Almanack of Dinners is made in form of a Table divided into Columns, and contains a List of all that keep Open Houses in* Paris; *as also of all other acquaintances of the deceased, with whom he used to dine. It is divided into Moneths, Weeks, and Dayes, just like an Almanack, assigning Meals on certain Dayes at the Tables of certain Great Persons. On* Monday *at such a Lords, on* Tuesday *at such a Bishops, thus he subsisted the whole year, and in case of necessity, if all failed, had recourse to a Gaming Ordinary and munificence of a lucky hand.*

This, said Charroselles, *gives us sufficient light of the whole Piece, and without seeing any more I could very well write a Comment on it; for I am afraid it resembles an Almanack in nothing*

so

so much as Fasting Dayes, of which I belive it contains more than are commnanded by the Church. And in place of the Prognosticks that are wont to accompany every Moon, I suppose it fit to write here very often, Great Famine, Dearth of Friends, House-keeping broke up; *Predictions more infallible than* Lillies. *I conceive he might also have composed an Historical Almanack of Feasts and Weddings, where he had been, and marked all his good and bad dayes in such a Calendar.*

This man (said Collantina) *was certainly in a most wretched condition, since he could not live without sharking, which is in my mind below the meanest employment, and unworthy of him that can otherwise obtain bread and water. That consequence is not good,* quoth Charroselles. *I know Lords and others of plentiful fortunes, that make not the least scruple of being habitual Sharks at certain good Tables; and our poor* Mithophilact *often complained of this disorder: For* (said he) *those men, under pretence of capacity or experience in the Legend of Sauces, and exquisite Palates, think it belongs to them as their due to censure the best Tables, who cannot obtain an opinion of curious and delicate, without their approbation. This so far transported him and others, that they called such persons sacrilegious, for eating up the bread of the poor. I yet hold him excusable, who went not out of Epicurism but necessity: for in what other manner can an Author that hath no revenue live? It is to little purpose for him to labour night and day at the Stationers mercy,*

from

from whom he shall scarce get water for his hands.

Once I saw poor Mithophilact *in great trouble, he was quarrelling near the Colledge of* Sorbon *with another Author, who amongst many injurious speeches, called him,* Glories Almesman, *which he went up and down begging from door to door; these last words were over-heard by one of the Beadles that had order to carry all beggars to* Bridewell; *who with his fellows immediately seised on him, being ragged enough to justifie him of that Profession: and I had much ado to perswade them to let him go. But at last I effected it, demonstrating to them that his Profession of a Poet naturally of it self carried him to* Bridewell, *or at best an* Hospital, *and that therefore there needed no other Beadle than his ill fate to convay him. I could tell you very many other pleasant Stories of him, but my impatience fore-seeing this Catalogue of Books, will not permit it.* Then *Volaterran*, who perceived by a nod of *Belastre's* head, that he desired immediate satisfaction, continued to read.

Cata-

Catalogue of the Books of *Mithophilact.*

A Masiados *or* Gauleidos, *A Poem Heroick Comick, containing the Actions, Sayings, and Prowesses of* Amadis de Gaul *and other Noble Knights.* Divided into 24 Volumes, every Volume into 24 Canto's, every Canto into 24 Chapters; a Work of 1724800 Verses, besides the Arguments.

The Perpetual Motion, or Project of an Universal Romance. Divided into as many Tomes as the Stationer is wiling to pay for.

Poetical Lamentation of an Author, on a loss at remeving House. Of 14000 Sonnets, besides Stanza's, Epigrams, and other Pieces.

I was present (said Charroselles) *when this hapned, and never saw Author more dejected than he at the News of this accident. I endeavored to comfort him as much as possible, according to my small talent; and being told by the Porter that carried the Papers, that they were lost somewhere about the* New Market, *I assured* Mithophilact *they had been taken up by some Butter-woman, to whom they were most necessary, and that he had no more to do but buy as many Pounds of Butter as he had lost Sheets; toward recovery of every one of his*

his pieces. By my faith, said *Belastre*, *this is a very malicious Consolation, and very suitable to your Genius, as you say; but cause not the Clerk, whom I have ordered to go on, to lose time. Volaterran* therefore began to read in the same tone he had begun.

A Discourse of the Principles of Poetry, or an Introduction to Libertinism.

The Grand Register of Follies, in which are contained all that are committed in this vast Kingdom, by an Alphabetical Order.

This (interrupted Charrosselles) *is a brave design, I thought upon it before him, and had gone thorow with it, if I had not fallen into the ill opinion of the Stationers; for it suits my Genius exceedingly. I have often conferred with the deceased about it, who told me he intended 30 Volumes, every one as big as the Book of Martyrs,* or Perkins Works. *But indeed I still fore-told him, let him be never so laborious, nay, though he devoted his whole life to the Work, he would leave it imperfect. But excuse* (said he) *this interruption, and go on. Volaterran* then continued.

A Poetical Dictionary, or Collection of Words proper for Verses, as Charms, Arrows, Darts, Flames, Incomparable Beauty; Wonder of Nature, and the like; with a Preface, demonstrating that there are not above thirty words in which consists the Poetical Leaven that puffs up Poems and Romances to infinity.

A Comment on the Book of Roger the Dane, *in which by explication of the Moral, Allegorical, Anagogical, Mithological, and Ænigmatical Sense, appears, that all things that are or ever were, are contained in it; with the Secrets of the* Philosophers Stone, *much clearlier than in* Argenis, *the* Dream *of* Poliphile *the* Cosmopolite, *or any other.* Dedicated to the Overseers of *Bedlam.*

A Treatise of Chiromancy, *for the hands of Apes, a Work neither seen nor once imagined before.*

A horrible imprecation against Therſander, *who first of all taught the Author to make Verses, or a Paraphrase on this Text,* Hinc mihi prima mali labes.

Rubricology, *or the Art of Inventing Titles: Demonstrating, That a handsome Title is the best Bricker to make a Book sell.*

Certain Orations and Arguments pronounced at Stationers Hall, *at a Consultation about printing several Books that had been presented, with judgement upon them;* Midas *sitting President: where the* French Cook *and* Gardener *were received, and several good Authors both Ancient and Modern rejected.*

Advice and Memorial to the Kings Attorney, *to draw a Patent for Incorporating Poets and Authors amongst other Traces of the City; treating of the strange abuses crept into these Professions; that they ought therefore to be regulated by a Master and Wardens, as other bodies that are less considerable.*

Of Dedications of Books, with all Questions that may arise about them.

I beseech you (cried out *Charroselles* very hastily) *let us read no more, how pleasing soever; but fall on this in particular, for I have often heard it spoken of; besides that the Subject is new, and very necessary to Authors.*

I would gladly satisfie your curiosity, said the Clerk, *but in what time (think you) is it possible to read over these Four Volumes? I believe Twelve long Vacations were not sufficient.* Obstinate *Charroselles* nevertheless would have some read, from which he said doubtless they should derive advantage. The Clerk all the while turning over the Leaves, replied, *I will give you such satisfaction as my time permits, and read you such heads as seem most considerable.*

OF DEDICATIONS OF BOOKS.

OF Dedications in general, and of their good or bad qualities.

Whether Dedications be absolutely necessary to Books. decided in the Negative, contrary to the opinion of many Authors both Ancient and Modern.

Of the first Inventor of Dedications, with some Historical Conjectures that they were found out by a Mendicant.

Confutation of a Popular Error, by which some are perswaded, that the Name of a Prince or great Lord set in the Frontispiece of a Book, can defend it against envy and detraction; With many examples that justifie the contrary.

Consideration of the comparison some have made between their Mæcenas's *and the* Phenix, *which shews, that though it hold in respect of rarity, it is very defective as to the time of lasting; besides that, the ashes of the* Mæcena's *seldom or never produce another of the same kind.*

How to make a judicious choice of Mæcenas's, *and that the most ignorant are the best, verified by reasons and inductions.*

A Paradox easily verified, That the Greatest Persons are not the best Mæcenas's; *it treats also of a sudden palsie, to which Great Mens hands are very subject at the minute of remuneration.*

The Authors indignation against Dedications to unworthy Mæcenas's, *in revenge of which, in the First Book he publishes he intends an Epistle Dedicatory to the Hangman.*

Whether consideration ought to be had of the Charges in Binding, Form of the Print, Florishings, Cuts, and Capital Letters, with other Charges, as of the Picture or Arms of the Great Man sacrificed to; with a Notable Observation, That such Knacks give a presumption that the Book in it self can pretend to no great merit.

Treats of Dedicatory Epistles of Second Impressions, and what they may pretend to; on this occasion

occasion a Mæcenas *was once very pleasant, and rewarded the Author that presented it with an old turned Suit.*

Whether any consideration ought to be had of a Stationer that dedicates other mens Works, or a Book he hath found out unown'd, rightly parallelled with those that steal Children to countenance and advantage them in begging.

Whether an Author may bring his Action at Law against a Mæcenas *for payment of a Dedicatory Epistle.*

On the contrary, Whether a Mæcenas *that payes for a Book before he reads it, the Book proving naught, may have relief in* Chancery.

A Notable Sentence given in behalf of a poor Author that had made a Dedicatory Epistle in the Name of a Stationer for Thirty Sous, by which the Author was admitted to share in the summe of One hundred and fifty Livres a Lord had given the Stationer as a reward for his Dedication, with all the Pleadings of the Advocates, which admirably set out the misery of Authors and Craft of Stationers.

Of a very easie and universal way found out by Mæcenas's *for solving all these difficulties, namely, To give nothing: and on occasion of this a Description of Avarice, and the removal of her Lodging in our times, where she dwells in Courts*

into Palaces; whereas formerly she was confined to Cloysters and Colledges.

Whether Mæcenas's *ought to pay the Dedications of Books more or less, according to the Incense offered up to them in the Epistle; with a new Invention of a Pair of Scales to weigh it.*

Of the value or Carat of Praise, where it is shewed, that to be fine, it ought to be of Twenty four Carets, that is extended to the highest excess.

A true Paradox, That the most moderate commendations are the best; *contrary to the opinion of the Times and Great Men; with a Table of the Degrees of Consanguinity between Flattery and Tossing in a Blancket.*

Of Commendations notoriously false; with proofs that they should be doubly recompenced, and that for two reasons. The first, Because the Author ought to be considered for the injury he does himself by lying impudently. The Second, Because the Mæcenas *will first of all confirm the lie, to make it not appear a crime by a liberal reward.*

Whether Commendations ought to be higher rewarded in Histories than in Poems and Romances.

Many

Many advantages of Historians over Poets and Romancers, and their excellent opportunities to oblige all manner of Persons: the question is Whether the Licence of the later for hyperbolizing and lying can equalize them to the former.

What Wages or Pensions are due to an Author that hath written the History or Genealogy of a Family. Of the prodigious number enobled by such Writers.

Crafty trick of an Author that presented his Mæcena's *a Book covered only with Blew Paper, telling him that was the colour of the Children of the Hospital.*

A Digression concerning Kibed Heels, to which Authors are very subject, while they wait a favorable hour to present their Books.

There were many more, but *Belastre* would not stay, and told *Charroselles*, *You are to thank that Lady* (pointing to *Collantina*) *or you had not seen so much. I have prevaricated from the duty of my Charge, in such a manner as Persons of my Quality seldom do.*

Yet (said Collantina) *since you have gone so far, you must needs shew me one Piece, of which you have made mention in the last Book you read, in a certain place where I had a great mind to have inter-*

rupted you, where the Hang-man is spoken of, who being an Officer of Justice, to all which I bear a respect; I would gladly know what is said of him. Very willingly (replied Belastre) *I had the same curiosity, and should have complied with it as soon as I came home, but we will now look on it immediately.*

He then commanded the Clerk to seek about the middle of the Book that Piece, whose Title he had seen in the Table. The Clerk obeyed, and finding it, read thus:

THE

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

to the First Book,

I intend to publish

To the most Redoubtable

EXECUTIONER

OF

High Justice.

THis is certainly the first Book that hath been dedicated to you, and you look on a Present of this nature to be so rare, its novelty will surprize you. You will possibly fancy I go about to court your good opinion, as all Authors do by their Dedications; but I assure you there is nothing of it: I neither have nor desire to have any obligation to you. This

is the first Epistle Dedicatory *that was ever made without interest; by so much the more valuable, in that it contains neither disguised nor corrupted* Conceptions. *I have been long weary of seeing Authors sacrifice to such as perhaps came short of you in merit, allured by hopes of* pensions *and* recompences *they scarce ever attain to; nay they seldom acquire such* favors *as cannot with* justice *be refused them; and it is not long since I saw a deserving person purchase at a very dear rate a place under a pretended* Mæcenas, *yet was excluded by the* Intrigues *of a* Prating Parasite, *that had made a party amongst his* Servants. *Having heard so many Rascals in the Equipage of Great Persons, and so many Great Persons that have the Souls of Rascals, commended, I was strangely tempted to do the like for you, and certainly with no less reason than such Flatterers. How many of those they so highly vaunt, will never rightly understand themselves, till they come under your hands. They are not so honest in their* Profession *as you in yours, none more punctually executing the* Orders *of* Justice; *whose principal Pillar you are. I do not go about to main-*

tain

turn a Paradox, nor with Isocrates *and other Orators, commend a* Pulse, *the Gowt, or a* Tertian Ague. *It seems to me that you may be very conscientiously applauded, if for no other reason, that you bring many into the right way, and open them the Gates of Paradise, according to the Proverb, That more go thither from the Gallows than from the Churchyard. Now to shew that your employment is not ignoble, is there not a Country in* Asia *or* Africk (*I know not whether*) *where the King thinks it an honour to hang his Subjects with his own hands, and takes this to be so inseparable from his Crown, that any that should go about to concern himself in it, would be punished as a Traytor. When the Holy Fathers called* Attila, Saladin, *and so many other Princes, the* Executioners of Divine Justice; *did they not assign you Illustrious Companions? Neither is your Dignity a little manifested by your Train, for at performance of the Functions of your Magistracy, you are attended by Guards and a multitude of Followers. How many* Officers *are there that labour only for you, and to give you employment?*

How

How happy would it be, were they faithful to you. Your Wealth were without end, could you get into your Clutches all that of right appertain to them, notwithstanding whose frauds it is very considerable. No Revenues are certainer than yours, being settled on the wickedness of Mankind, that increases daily: you ought yet to act with moderation, because it is in your hand to extend your fortune without limits. He that is in an extraordinary manner happy, is said to carry about him a piece of the Rope in which a man hath been hanged; and who can have more of these than you? Your Merit of late comes to be so far owned, that Persons of Quality are no more scrupulous of keeping you company, nor of drinking with you; your Wine being reputed excellent. Let none therefore admire to see you insensibly crowded in amongst Hero's *and* Mæcenas's, *in which rank Flatterirs and Hyperbole's having of late placed so many Theeves and Murtherers, I know not why you should be excluded, whom I take for one of their best friends; I am sure I have seen you give them very close embraces. It is true indeed, that*

seen

soon after you use them ill. But do not Courtiers and Great Men the like? may at the same time that they kiss and complement, betray and precipitate. If any reproach you that you strip men, you do it not till they are dead; but how many Lawyers and Usurers suck the marrow out of their bones and flea them alive. In a word, all things considered, I find you merit an Epistle Dedicatory as well as many others. I should yet apprehend this would scarcely pass for one, did I not beg something; I therefore beseech you not to deny your friendship to certain poor Authors, that stand in need of your charitable assistance: for the Injustice of the Age is arrived to such a height, that many of the best qualified, forsaken by their Mæcenas's, starve; and unable to support contempt and poverty, are reduced to despair: now these wanting the courage of Judas to hang themselves, you by taking that pains, might ease them of a great deal of misery. I would end here, did not one thing come in my head, that usually accompanies such Encomiums of Dedications as are given in haste; which is a Promise of setting out at large the

Life

Life or History of their Hero. *I hope one day to acquit my self of this Duty, intending to write a Comment on the* English Rogue; *where I may properly bestow on you an ample Commemoration and celebrate your Prowesses and Memorable Actions. In the mean time believe me as much as your merit and condition permits me, I am*

Yours

&c.

Volaterran as soon as he had done, for fear they should aske him somewhat else, arose hastily, putting up his Papers in his Bag; and saying, *This is not the way I get my Living*; and so was gone without bidding Adieu. But this haste caused two of his Papers to slip aside without his perceiving, which were instantly taken up, one of them by *Charoselles* and the other by *Collantine*.

The

The later immediately opened hers, and found it to be in a large Character, like those placed on Doors for letting or selling Houses:

HEre Fame is to be sold at a reasonable rate, and is also carried abroad into the Town.

The novelty of this surprized all of them, for the like had not been seen posted in *Paris*; but *Belastre* told them, *I was my self first of all surprized at this, having found a very great Packet of such Affiches when I made the Inventory; which moved me to ask* George Soulas *what the deceased intended to do with them; he told me the poor man pressed by necessity, finding his Ware sold not, intended to set one of these Bills over his Door, not questioning but many Authors would in imitation of him open Shops of Fame. I know no reason but these might spread as fast as* Coffee *or* Ice-Houses, *Trades lately not heard of amongst us.*

Truly Mr. Justice, said *Charrosellee*, *I think this new Trade ought to be incorporated with Tobacco-men and Sellers of Bottle-Ale, since its Merchandise, like theirs, is but Froth*

and

and Smoke. It might indeed be so (said *Belastre*) *but it must then be looked very narrowly after, since it deals in a commodity sometimes strangely sofisticated.* Collantina now spoke in her turn, and addressing her self to *Charroselles*, said, *But you do not shew me the Paper you took up, and which you have so long contemplated? Is it not some Bond or Bill of Exchange?* *I think*, said *Charroselles* (after he had a while examined it) *you have hit the Nail on the head; it is in effect a Bill of Exchange of Reputation, drawn by* Mithophilact *on a* Florentine *of the Academy of the* Humorists: *for he sends him the work of one of his Friends, desiring him upon sight to pay* 12 *Verses of approbation for the value received; promising to put it to account, and make it good in the same* specie. *The same* specie (replied Collantina) *is not currant, so that though one carried it to the Market, he might starve.* *I confess* (replied *Charroselles*) *it is much cried down amongst other light* specie's *condemned to be Bullion.*

Upon this he let loose the Reins to his Fancy, but was interrupted by *Belastre*, who being advertised by his Clerk that there were very considerable Interrogatories to be taken by him, was fain to be gone.

But continuing his Visits, he often met *Charroselles*, who that day tarried but little after him.

I ſhould be very tedious, if I made particular deſcriptions of all the Adventures of theſe Amours (I ſtyle them ſo againſt my will, and every man may call them what he pleaſes) for they laſted long and with equal vigor. They abounded with Diſputes, Contestations, and Quarrels, inſtead of the Complements and Correſpondences uſual at ſuch Entertainments. The ſole compliance *Cherroſelles* had for *Colantina*, was to let her put as many Caſes as ſhe pleaſed, conditionally that ſhe would afterwards hear him read a like quantity of Verſes. And to ſpeak truth, he acquitted himſelf very well, and in his turn was not a jot leſs troubleſome.

I will neither recite the one nor the other, and (God forgive me if I judge amiſs) am of opinion it were more ſufferable to hear repeated thoſe Knotty Pleadings, than his wretched Fancies, that ought to be condemned to perpetual oblivion.

Gueſs now at the remainder of the Hiſtory of theſe three Perſonages, by the pattern I have given you of them; and without holding you any longer in ſuſpence, ſee here in a word the concluſion.

For *Belaſtre*, his Law-ſuit in proceſs of time ſo undermined him (having to do with an Adverſary craftier than himſelf) that he was not only

only made a Beggar (which had been no great matter becauſe he was ſo before he came to *Paris*) but diſpoſſeſt of his place, the only foundation of his ſubſiſtance. His friends foreſeeing his ruin, to prevent it, ſought to make him and *Collantina* (that preſſed him homeſt) friends.

They made it ſo evident, that he had no other way to help himſelf, that they brought him to Propoſals of marrying her, in ſpight of her poverty. But *Collantina* was of ſuch an humor, that hopes of accommodation, which in all likelihood ſhould have inclined her to this Marriage, drove her off: for when ſhe conſidered that as ſoon as ſhe was married to *Belaſtre*, ſhe muſt renounce all her pretences againſt him; ſhe could never conſent nor yield to an unworthy abandoning that Suit, which was her favorite, becauſe moſt intricate. *Belaſtre*'s inclination to agreement, was the only cauſe of her final breach with him; and after diſcovery of it, ſhe would never let go her hold, but proſecuted him till intirely defeated.

Matters were not alike with *Charroſelles*, no Suit depending between them that could be quaſhed by a Wedding; ſo that he was not in like manner excluded. All their Differences were little Conteſtations that daily hapned by reaſon of their obſtinacy and perverſe humors, which their Marriage was ſo far from diminiſhing

nothing, it on the contrary multiplied them to admiration.

I cannot imagine what moved him to marry, him that ſo often proteſted againſt that Ordinance, as well as againſt all things elſe that are good, eſpecially with a perſon that had neither Portion, Wit, Beauty, nor any Quality tending to Society. He did it certainly to ſpite himſelf, and to approve that he was in all things contrary to other men; or rather, by a ſecret Decree of Fate, to unite two ſo unſociable perſons, that they might puniſh one another. Whatever may be of this, the Wedding was propounded and concluded: but alas a day! after how many Conteſtations? Never did Articles of a Treaty of Peace between Princes that were enemies, admit greater debate; never was any Alliance of Crowns ſo ſcrupulouſly examined. It being allowable in *France* to the Wife, by a particular Contract, to reſerve to her ſelf ſome part of her Portion, that becomes not common to them both; ſhe provided to ſolicite her Law Suits apart; that her Husband ſhould give her a general Authoriſation to this purpoſe, and all profits and advantages derivable from them, be only hers. Alſo, that ſhe might be divorced and make her Bed apart when ſhe pleaſed, and it was expreſly provided that without this Condition the Marriage ſhould be null. But that which ſeemed moſt pleaſant, is, that other perſons in their Contracts endeavour all may be expreſſed

in clear and intelligible words, with all imaginable Clauſes to ſecure them from Debate; but *Collantina* on the contrary crowded hers with obſcure and equivocal terms, nay, with Contradictions, to have firſt the occaſion, and then the pleaſure of pleading.

When this Contract was ſigned, you muſt not believe they were yet agreed, they contradicted one another in the Church and before the Parſon, for it had been ſo conſtantly their Cuſtom, when one ſaid *I*, for the other to ſay *No*, they could not here give it over till the Parſon was about to ſend them away: then accidentally they ſaid *I* both together, yet each of them ſuppoſing the other ſaid the contrary. This lucky moment was caught hold on by the Prieſt, who immediately joyned their hands.

At their coming home, the Feaſt had much of the Adventures of the Centaurs and Lapithes, and the bad Omen extended to the very Fidlers, who could by no means tune their Inſtruments. The Wedding was ſcarcely finiſhed, ere they went to Law, and on a very conſiderable occaſion.

As they were dreſſing themſelves the ſecond day, *Collantina* had laid on her Toilet a golden Bodkin with a Ruby at the end of it, which *Charroſelles* made uſe of to pick a hollow Tooth, and in the ſervice broke it: *Collantina* immediately powred out againſt him a whole Volley of injuries and reproaches, amongſt

amongſt the reſt not forgetting the defect of which his Troth accuſed him. *Charroſelles* very deſirous to hold complaiſant the firſt four and twenty hours (which was no ſmall difficulty to him) offered to provide her a fairer; telling her he would cauſe one to be preſented her by a Stationer, that ſhould print ſome of his Works, without giving him any other reward. *Very excellent* (ſaid *Collantina*) *you refer me to them of whom your ſelf could never get any thing; but though you gave me a hundred it would not ſatisfie, I muſt have this and no other, it was my Grandmothers, who gave it me, on condition to keep it for her ſake: The fancy I have for it cauſes me to ſuffer inеſtimable damages.* She then began to rip up his ill husbandry, that he would undo her, and had deprived her of her moſt precious Jewel. Which words not paſſing without infinite replies and aggravations, the quarrel mounted ſo high, it concluded with a reſolution of hers to leave him. She then preſented him a Bill of Divorce both of Body and Goods, which ſome aſſure, ſhe had cauſed to be drawn as ſoon as ſhe was contracted, and kept by her to make uſe on at the firſt occaſion. Would I particularize all the Quarrels and Suits that have ſince hapned between them, ten Volumes would hardly ſuffice, and I muſt paſs the limits preſcribed to the moſt ſwoln Romances.

And now, my dear Reader, before I give over, I would gladly have thee divine the ſucceſs of theſe Pleaders, and which proved more obſtinate *Charroſelles* or *Collantina*; but perhaps it will be better to free thee from that labour, which I well perceive would be to no purpoſe; and to do ſo, I will tell thee a little Tale.

Once upon a time, in the Countrey of Fairies, lived two Creatures that had great Priviledges, one of them a Dog Fairy, that had obtained a gift of catching all the Beaſts he was ſlipt at, the other a Hare Fairy, who, for her part, had a gift, never to be taken by any Dog that purſued her. Chance would ſo have it, that the Dog Fairy was ſlipt at the Hare Fairy; upon this enquiry would be made which gift prevailed, whether the Dog caught the Hare, or the Hare eſcaped the Dog, according to the fate of either of them. The ſolution of this difficulty is that they run ſtill. So it is with the Suits of *Collantina* and *Charroſelles*, they have ever pleaded, plead ſtill, and plead will, as long as Heaven ſpares their lives.

FINIS.

ERATA.

PAg. 22. *l.* 4. *for* ſeems *r.* ſerves, p. 24. l. 2 *for* anſwer *r.* anger, *l.* 14. *for* Carts *r.* Lackey, p. 25. *l.* 2. *leave out* to ſpeak ſeriouſly, p. 43. *l.* 2. *for* promiſes *r.* journeys, p. 45. *l.* 5. *for* others *r.* Oaths, p. 52. *l.* 25. *r.* reſolved therefore, p. 64. *l.* 14. *for* there *r.* at the Bar, p. 82. *l.* 2. *leave out* but of her Son, p. 90. *l.* 8. *after* laſt, *r.* (ſaid *Charroſelles*) p. 94. *between l.* 1. and 2. *add* he, p. 118. *l.* 28. *for* complained *r.* complied, p. 119. *l.* 7. *leave out* that is contrary to honour, p. 120. *l.* 17. *for* Gallant-Platonicks *r.* Goſſip-Platonicks, p. 130. *l.* 29. *r.* declaring their love to you, p. 205. *l.* 7. *r.* ſo troubleſome, *l.* 10. *r.* wretched ones, p. 226. *l.* 19. *leave out* charge in, ib. *l.* 26. *leave out* Treats.